Largest Selling Man's Magazine

TRUE ©

THE MAN[illegible]G[illegible]E

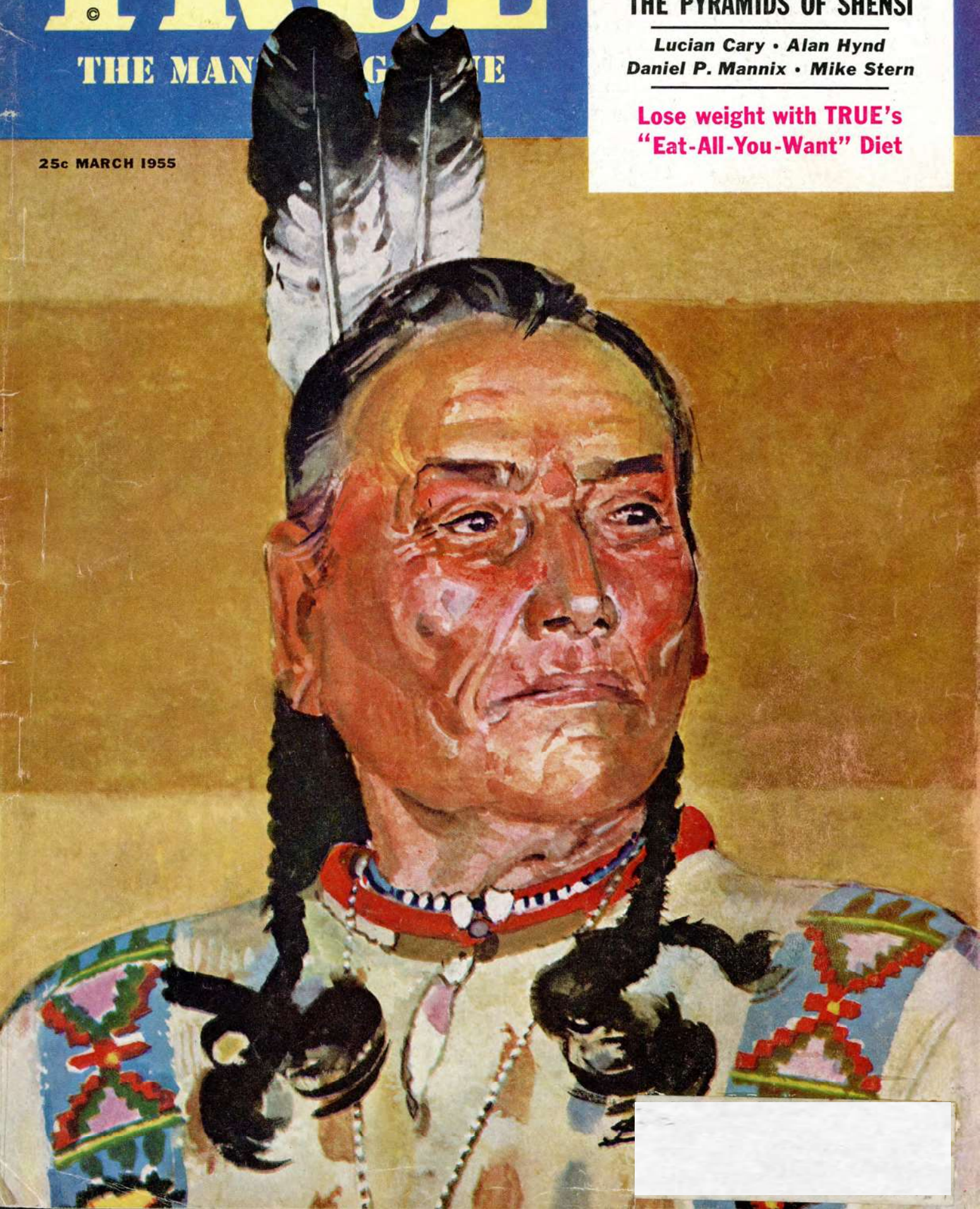
25c MARCH 1955

A spine-tingling story
I SURVIVED THE DEEPEST DIVE

A strange adventure
THE PYRAMIDS OF SHENSI

Lucian Cary • Alan Hynd
Daniel P. Mannix • Mike Stern

Lose weight with TRUE's "Eat-All-You-Want" Diet



America's
Versatile
Outboard
SEA-HORSE 10

Listen!

Something grand is happening on the waterways of America — the restoration of tranquillity — thanks to Johnson's development of quiet outboard motors!

It's not only a quieter ride. It's *smoother*. And no wonder. Johnson's Suspension Drive is the great new outboard development that dissipates vibration. It delivers power to *drive* your boat, not *shake* it—and you revel in a swift, smooth, quiet movement over the water such as you've never known before.

There is a full line of Suspension Drive Sea-Horses—the *new* Sea-Horse 25, the *new* Electric Starting 25, the *new* Sea-Horse 10 and the famous Sea-Horse 5½, noted for winning the National Noise Abatement Council citation for achievement in quiet. • See them at your Johnson Dealer's. Look for his name under "Outboard Motors" in your classified phone book.

FREE! Write for your copy of the new Sea-Horse Catalog. Fully illustrated. Complete details on all models.

JOHNSON MOTORS, 2100 Pershing Road, Waukegan, Illinois
A DIVISION OF OUTBOARD, MARINE & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
In Canada: Manufactured by Johnson Motors, Peterborough

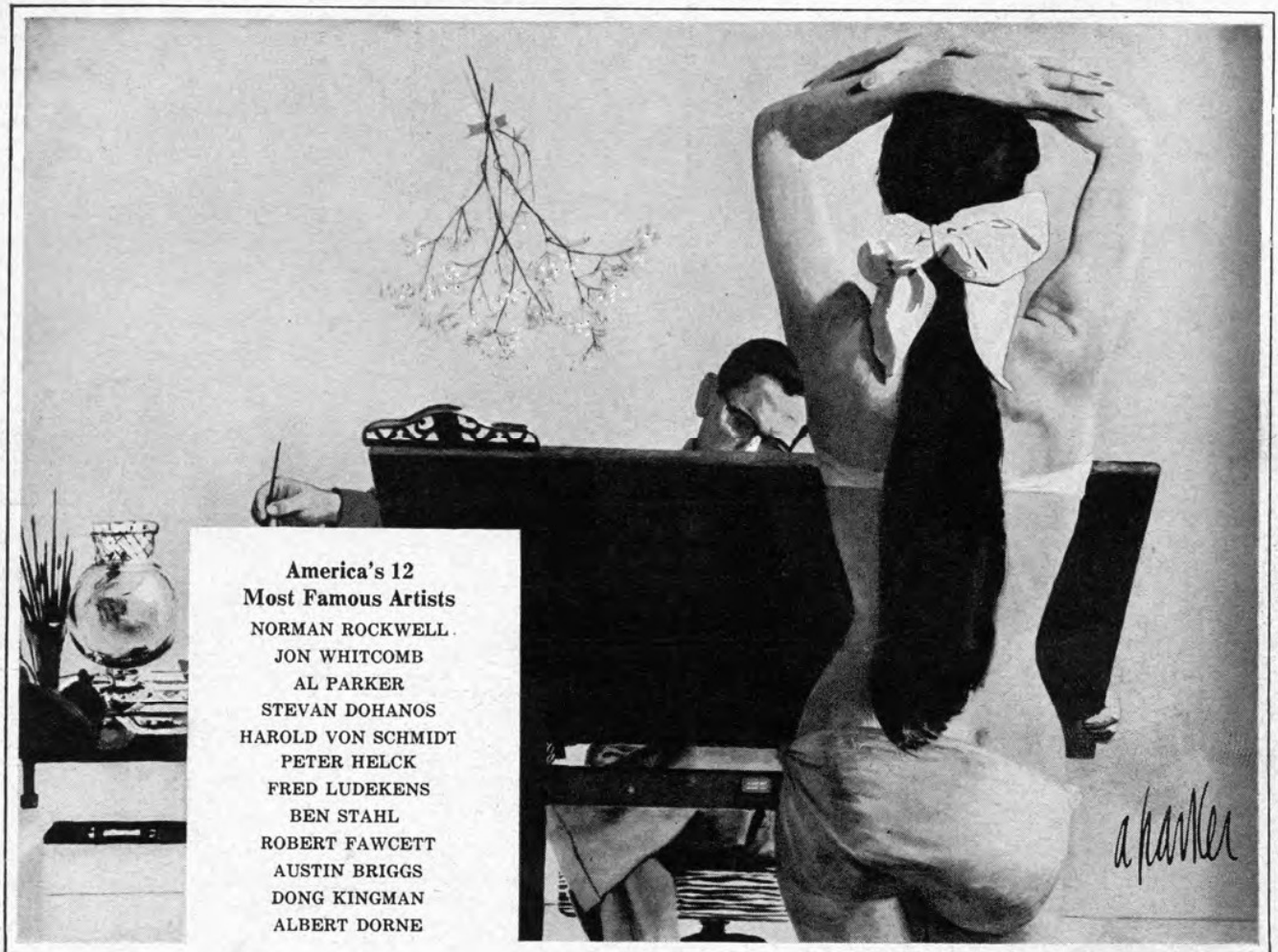
Johnson SEA-HORSES FOR DEPENDABILITY

FOR 1955

SEA-HORSE 25 Electric Starting	25 hp	$525.00*
SEA-HORSE 25	25 hp	430.00*
SEA-HORSE 10	10 hp	310.00*
SEA-HORSE 5½	5½ hp	210.00*
SEA-HORSE 3	3 hp	145.00

Prices f.o.b. factory, subject to change. All ratings are OBC certified brake hp. at 4000 rpm.
**Includes Mile-Master Fuel System.*

Courtesy Maxwell Offset



"WE'RE LOOKING FOR PEOPLE WHO LIKE TO DRAW," say America's 12 Most Famous Artists. Many men and women have hidden art talent they never dreamed of. They could be trained for success and security in the field of art if they only knew their own ability. We artists will help you discover your art talent free! Just send for our **FREE ART TALENT TEST.**

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Mrs. _____ Age _____
Miss (PLEASE PRINT)

Address _____

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in the latest style
LITE
on your feet

LO-LITE
Model 2167-4
Popular, new, low style model in supple Llama-finish calf. Available in maple, brown, charcoal or black.

$14.95 to $19.95

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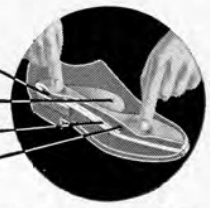
Step in to your Porto-Ped dealer's and try on a pair of Lo-Lites. They're styled to catch the eye and flatter the foot. *Step out* in matchless comfort, too, because Porto-Ped Lo-Lites are extra-light . . . and extra easy on your feet with PATENTED comfort features that let you walk on air.

Porto-Ped
Air Cushion Shoes

The inside story of Porto-Ped comfort.



PORTAGE SHOE MFG. CO., Milwaukee 1, Wis.
Division of Weyenberg Shoe Mfg. Co.
See your Portage dealer or write us for his name

MARCH 1955

TRUE
the man's magazine

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'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange—stranger than fiction.—Byron

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COVER PAINTING BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

VOL. 35 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION No. 214

THE FACT STORY MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Frederic N. Dodge, *National Advertising Manager*

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

Judge Joins Mob!

68th in a series of Nash ads by Ed Zern

WELL, THIS COP hauled this pickpocket into court and said, "Your Honor, I just caught him working a crowd down the street."

"What kind of a crowd?" said the judge.

"There's a big mob of people at an auto dealer's showroom," said the cop, "but I didn't stay to find out why."

"Durned if I know why people hang around them places," said the judge. "Did you catch this bird with the loot on him?"

"You bet!" said the cop. "Four wallets, seven shotgun shells, three gold watches, two hunting knives, a cherry bobber, a dog-training collar, six fountain pens, a dozen snelled hooks, five—"

"Yike!" said the judge. "*The new Nashes!* Court's dismissed—gangway!"

And so everybody including the prisoner rushed down to the Nash Dealer's to see the 1955 Ambassador V-8 and Statesman models with sensational new styling, new air conditioning and a whole slew of other exciting features plus Twin Travel Beds, Airliner Reclining Seats, huge luggage compartment and all the rest of Nash's famous special-for-sportsmen advantages.

This time the pickpocket got five wallets, a popper plug and the judge's crow call.

MORAL

If at first you don't succeed, try, try again.

Nash Motors Division,
American Motors Corporation,
Detroit 32, Michigan

Truely Yours

tell it to TRUE • 67 West 44th Street, New York 36, N.Y.

Onassis Turncoat

In his article about Aristotle Onassis Mr. Hamilton writes: "As a multimillionaire who never has been known to wear a topcoat or overcoat regardless of the weather. . . ."

If that is so, what is Aristotle wearing in the photo on page 16 —a space suit?

—Walter Cortell
Dallas, Texas

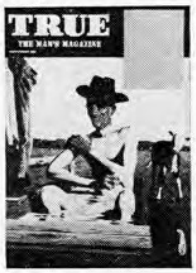
What's that Onassis has wrapped around him . . . an Indian blanket?

—Bruce Henningson
Merced, California

Okay. So it's a topcoat.

Hi Yo, Soapsuds!

The True cover illustration of a cowpoke bathing in a water trough came to life in the Pendleton, Oregon, 1954 Round-Up Parade. The Pendleton Junior Chamber of Commerce, using this cover drawing as a motif for its float, won first place in the "comic" division of the parade.



—Rude Enbysk
Junior Chamber of Commerce
Pendleton, Oregon

Did the cowpoke stand up to acknowledge applause?

Dogs and Cats

Your articles *The Killer Cougars* and *The Dogs That Never Come Back* in the October issue, were terrific. I'll take all that type of story you can dig up.

The dogs used to trail the cougar that killed little Dominic Taylor were specially bred for lion hunting. John Lee and his seven sons of Tucson, Arizona, have developed this outstanding breed of hunting dog that is a fierce fighter and a fine "cold trailer." The Bloodhound, the Blue Tick and the Texas Southern Red Tick Treehound were bred and crossbred to get this dog.

To show you how important cougar hunting is in British Columbia, 500 bounties have been paid in a year.

—Barton E. Harris
Toronto, Canada

Bart, look up the April 1951 issue of True, *and read* Them Reckless Lees of Tucson.

Corporal Punishment—continued

I was elated with the courage shown by True editors in printing *The Crucifixion of Corporal Dickenson* . . . I don't think Dickenson deserved or expected a hero's welcome but neither did he expect a doublecross . . .

—Dr. O'Neil Thompson
Paducah, Kentucky

There is a right-way, a wrong way, and in the case of Corporal Dickenson—an Army Way.

—Pvt. Richard Roth
San Ruford, Calif.

I can certainly appreciate the fact that a man would, at the time of undergoing the infamous Communist treatment, sign fake confessions or any other statements prepared and placed before him. In my opinion such an action is excusable. However, the crime of informing on one's fellow prisoners is one that should not be condoned for any reason of merciful inclination . . .

—Sgt. Thomas Hale USMC
1st Marine Aircraft Wing

Is what Corporal Dickenson did any worse than what Colonel Schwable did?

I don't think any of us have the faintest inkling how we would react to *anything* until put to the test, so who are we to judge another's errors?

—Betty J. McCary
Albany, Oregon

Letters from readers commenting on The Crucifixion of Corporal Dickenson *continue to come in. The score still stands at 15 to 1 in favor of* True's *belief, that in the case of the corporal, Justice was indeed blind.*

Just recently an Army board of review upheld by a vote of 3 to 0 the ten-year prison sentence given to Corporal Dickenson for collaborating with the enemy. The board split, 2 to 1, over the charge of informing.

Guy Emery, Dickenson's civilian counsel, told True *that a defense fund was being formed (c/o Emery at Ansell & Ansell, Tower Bldg., Washington, D. C.). The case will be appealed to the civilian United States Court of Military Appeals which is the last court of appeal.*

Fish Story

Sorry to have to tell Mr. Gilliam from Golden Pond, Kentucky, that the largest crappie did not come from Kentucky Lake.

The enclosed clipping from our local newspaper states that a record 4 pound 14 ounce crappie was caught by a 13-year-old boy, Harold Swaim, in the Shooting Creek area of Lake Chatuge, North Carolina.

This record-breaking crappie is mounted and hangs in the Bristol Hardware Co. of Hayesville, North Carolina.

—C. E. Henry
Franklin, North Carolina

Hey, Mr. Paul Gilliam of Golden Pond, Kentucky, you should wait till you catch a man-size crappie before you send in a picture to a magazine.

The little lady in the photo holds a black crappie that weighs exactly 4½ pounds. It was caught in a strip pit near

Pittsburg, Kansas, and was weighed at an official weight station with all necessary witnesses and affidavits.

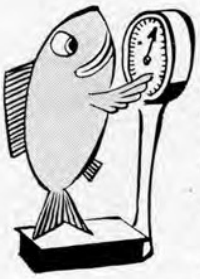
No offense, Paul, your crappie is a dandy.

—Merlin Kirk
Pittsburg, Kansas

A 5 pound 3 ounce—that's right FIVE pound 3 ounce crappie was caught in Wheeler Lake at Keratur, Alabama, in January this year. This record catch was registered and further information about it can be had from Chester Lawley of Richardson's Hardware Store, Tarrant, Ala.

—P. B. McCleskey
Birmingham, Alabama

An unidentified reader mailed us the newspaper clipping quoted below describing the biggest whopper of all.



"Columbia (South Carolina) (AP) What may prove to be a world record crappie has been caught by James Fennel of Elloree in the Santer-Cooper basin (eastern part of South Carolina).

"Chief of Fisheries Jefferson C. Fuller Jr. for the State Wildlife

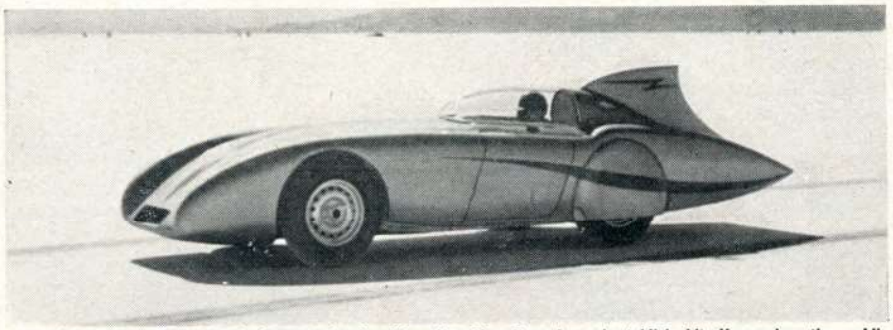
[*Continued on page* 6]

99 International and American Performance Records Set with Full-Firing CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS!

(Subject to official confirmation)

THE M. G. SPECIAL with famed racing driver Capt. G.E.T. Eyston assisted by Ken Miles set 37 International and American Class F records, including top speed of 153.6 m.p.h. and 120.8 average for 12 hours—with CHAMPIONS!

THE AUSTIN-HEALEY 100 S on the Utah Salt Flats set 53 International and American Class D records, including a 24-hour, 3174-mile endurance run at average speed of 132.29 m.p.h.—with CHAMPIONS!



THE AUSTIN-HEALEY 100 broke 9 International and American Class D marks, and established itself as perhaps the world's fastest, modified production sports car with a mean speed of 192.62 m.p.h. over the flying mile—with CHAMPIONS!

SEE FOR YOURSELF!

Replace Ordinary Spark Plugs with **5-RIB CHAMPIONS** Engineered to use all the Power of Modern Gasoline

Find out what your engine can really do!

Insist on—

DEPENDABLE CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO

Truely Yours

[*Continued from page* 4]

Resources Commission, said the fish weighed 5 pounds 9 ounces.

"The fish was 23¾ inches long and had an 18½ inch girth."

In spite of this beautiful string of record-breakers, the official record according to the Museum of Natural History still remains 4 pounds 12 ounces.

Buffalo Tidbits

The following recipe from the Journals of Lewis and Clark is truly a manly "Meal for Men." Thought you would enjoy it, along with the author's original spelling.

"Thursday, May 9th 1805, Near Milk River. I killed one buffaloe and we saved the necessary materials for making what our cook Charbono calls the 'Bondin Blanc' (white pudding).

"About six feet of the lower extremity of the large gut of the buffaloe is the first morsel that the cook makes love to. This he holds fast at one end with the right hand, while with the forefinger and thumb of the left he gently compresses and discharges what he says 'Is not good to eat.'

"The mustle lying underneath the shoulder blade next to the back and fillets are next saught. These are needed up very fine with a good portion of kidney suit; to this composition is then added a just proportion of pepper and salt and a small quantity of flour.

"Then Charbono seizes his recepticle which has never once touched water, for that would destroy the order of procedure.

"The operator sceizes the recepticle (intestine) I say, and tying it fast at one end turns it inward and begins now with repeated evolutions of the hand and a brisk motion of the finger and thumb to put in what he says is "bon pour manger" (good to eat); thus by stuffing it drives from the other end of the recepticle a much longer portion of the (blank space in the manuscript) than was previously discharged by the thumb and finger. It is tyed at the other end then baptised in the Missouri River with two dips and a flirt, and bobbed in a kettle; from whence, after it be well boiled it is taken and fryed with bears oil until it becomes brown, when it is ready to esswage the pangs of a keen appetite or such as traveleers in the wilderness are seldom at a loss for."

—*Capt. Lewis' Journal*
Lee Rohrbough
Albany, Oregon

We're going to try that one—soon as we can find a buffalo.

Sport Fan & Fanatic

I went to school with Hugh McElhenny and really enjoyed your fine article concerning him.

—*Robert Zink*
Los Angeles, California

Your article on Hugh McElhenny confirms what I've always thought about big-time American college football: It is rotten to the core. Any good that was there has been perverted by money-hungry officials, infantile alumni, and assemblyline coaches.

You have the power to fight against this corruption, but instead you are either too blind or too prejudiced or too frightened to chastise such players or systems.

—*Jim Hamilton*
Toronto, Canada

We aren't in the chastising business, Jim. We're in the publishing business, and believe if the facts are given light, correction follows. But correction by agencies other than ours, and, incidentally, slowly.

Egghead

I read where *Slingshot Charley* hit a mallard duck on the wing—dropping it on the shoulder of the fisherman he was guiding. Charley then remarked coldly: "Mah timin's a bit off. Ah meant that mallard to squat smack on yore haid."

Out here in Minnesota our guides are more considerate of their hunters. Under similar circumstances the guide simply yells "Duck!"

—*Elmer Lassen*
Minneapolis, Minnesota

The High and the Dry

The article on *Creeping Prohibition* reached our little town just in time. We Wets carried Mr. Hynd's word around and got out a record of 800 voters. (Nearly twice as many as voted in the last presidential election.) We won nearly 2 to 1.

—*Thurm Peterson*
Rigby, Idaho

Thanks for the map you published showing Dry and Wet areas of Ohio. I'm pretty well familiar with Ohio where my three brothers and I do the same kind of business Jake Ruppert is famous for in New York, but we have to kinda do it on the sly because of various laws, etc. I'm wondering if you can publish a Wet and Dry map of the entire United States. Our family business is getting a bit crowded in Ohio, and we're thinking of branching into new territory—Dry territory, that is.

—*Just call me "Jim"*
Drytown, Ohio

If, and when, these Dry characters take over, I predict: (1) millions of cracked motor-blocks every winter because all available antifreeze will be sold in speakeasies as "Imported Stuff," (2) a boom in the How-to-Do-It books on making stills and bathtub gin, (3) Alcoholics Anonymous will change its name to Alcoholics Unanimous.

—*Philip Shockey*
Morgantown, West, Va.

Hurrah! We never got so much free advertising. Everyone who reads Mr. Hynd's article wants to become a WCTU worker. Thanks.

—*Mrs. Lizzie Hughes*
Mayfield, Kentucky

I'm glad to know that Prohibition is creeping back. The beautiful advertisements for whisky don't show the little devils dancing around in glee waiting to carry the whisky-drinker to hell.

—*S. E. Barker*
Winter Haven, Florida

After reading Alan Hynd's *Creeping Prohibition* I am convinced that the greatest threat to this country is not flying saucers or Communists but Prohibitionists.

—*Sam McGee*
Nopeming, Minn.

My hat is off to Alan Hynd for his remarkable article, *Creeping Prohibition.*

My hometown has been bone dry since 1945 when a sneak election was pulled while most of the "wet" soldiers were in service. Furthermore, being an off year, few people but the Drys thought of paying their Poll Tax.

People here have to drive quite a few miles to get their beer and liquor, and then get pretty well soaked knowing they won't get any more for a week or so. This can mean fatal accidents on the return trip; or, if a cop stops a person with more than a case of beer in his possession, it can mean a charge of bootlegging.

—*Ben Enloe*
Cleveland, Texas

I hereby propose a movement, which I am sure will meet with the approval of all men who can stand up for their right to be let alone. I propose founding an organization whose job will be to prohibit all Prohibitionists.

—*Gene Morgan*
Mayfield, Kentucky

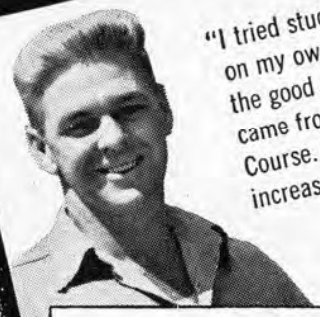
Perhaps I am a "Blue Nose" (it looks white to me), but thank God I haven't a *Red Nose.*

—*Margaret B. Chase*
WCTU Member
Riverside, California

Color has never characterized WCTU noses, or maybe they've been so deep in other people's business you couldn't rightly tell what color they were.

ARE YOU TOO OLD TO LEARN?

not at all, scientists say



"I tried studying my work on my own, but I never got the good out of it that came from my I. C. S. Course. My salary has been increased 73.3%!"
E.L.B.
Ohio

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Michigan

"It's been so long since I went to school, I've forgotten much. But now that I'm taking an I. C. S. Course, I have confidence in my ability again."
H.A.R.
New Jersey

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- ☐ General Chemistry
- ☐ Natural Gas Prod. & Trans.
- ☐ Petroleum Engineering
- ☐ Plastics
- ☐ Pulp and Paper Making

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- ☐ Construction Engineering
- ☐ Highway Engineering
- ☐ Reading Struct. Blueprints
- ☐ Sanitary Engineering
- ☐ Structural Engineering
- ☐ Surveying and Mapping

DRAFTING
- ☐ Aircraft Drafting
- ☐ Architectural Drafting
- ☐ Electrical Drafting
- ☐ Mechanical Drafting
- ☐ Mine Surveying and Mapping
- ☐ Plumbing Drawing and Estimating
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the EDITOR speaking

Take a backward gander at this month's cover subject. The handsome Indian head belongs to a real live hunk of Americana named Charles Crow Chief Reevis, celebrating fourscore years on earth this month. The portrait was painted "on location" (Browning, Montana) by Warren Baumgartner, who became so interested in the chief that he dug up some fascinating history on the proud old man. Here is what Guy Robertson, superintendent of the Blackfeet Indian Agency, wrote to artist Baumgartner: "Big Nose (grandfather of TRUE's cover character) was one of the signers of the 1855 Indian Treaty, which was approved by President Lincoln in 1862, and which concerned the Bloods, North Piegans, Blackfeet, Gros Ventres, Nez Perces, and some Flatheads. At the ratification of this treaty a medal was struck which was about twice the size of a silver dollar. On one side was a likeness of President Lincoln. On the other side, in sign language, was a message of agreement which stated: 'The Indians would drop their bows, their arrows and their hatchets. That there soon would be no more buffalo. That the white man would some day teach the Indian how the white man makes a living with the plow, and that the white man and the Indian will always be friends.'

"Crow Chief has the medal now and wears it on state occasions. Charles Crow Chief

"That's Carmichael, slickest lawyer in town. If there's a loophole in any law, he'll find it."

Reevis is following in the footsteps of his grandfather. He is always doing what he can for the welfare of his people. He has made many trips to Washington to intercede with Indian Bureau officials, Congressmen and others on matters vital to the welfare of his people."

* * *

We're loaded with Indians this month. The main figure of the Tashi Lama in John Pike's moody painting on page 26 was posed by the great-grandson of Chief Winnisook, a huge 7-foot man, who achieved the immortality of having a New York town, Big Indian, named after him. Abram Molyneaux, the great-grandson, is quite a character in his own right. During World War II, Molyneaux served with Counterintelligence in the Philippines and is now a prominent attorney in Kingston, New York.

* * *

The telephone is a wonderful invention. Just recently we picked one up to call Cuba. In a trice (whateverinell *that* is) we heard a lot of gibbering Spanish, then the clear voice of Mary Hemingway came over the wire just as if she were standing in the next room. Ernest Hemingway (everyone calls him "Papa") was out fishing when we called, so we chatted with his missus. We chatted about the time we had served on *Time* (magazine), though at different times. We chatted about Papa and his work and his problems. And we chatted about a whopper of a yarn upcoming in TRUE.

Nobel Prize winner Hemingway is sitting (slightly reluctantly) for a word-portrait by A. E. Hotchner. Hotch, a good friend of Hemingway's who has traveled with him over a good part of the globe, is uniquely qualified to write this story of a man who is truly a man's man. In fact, Hotch's own photographs will illustrate a good chunk of the piece.

Says Hotch of Papa: "This guy has crammed more action into a week of living than most of us get in a lifetime."

Hemingway, a topnotch big-game hunter and fisherman, is more modest about his non-literary abilities. Writing for inclusion in Hotch's TRUE special, Papa says: "As regarding sports I was a mediocre ball player; a slightly better football player; a worthless tennis player and a contemptible performer on the violincello and tuba. Boxing I learned the really hard way and I had a certain aptitude for it. . . ."

All we can say is: Read it.

* * *

After chatting with Mary Hemingway in Cuba we picked up the phone again and called to the North, this time to Stowe, Vermont, just below the Canadian border. Yes, the skiing was fine, they said. The last time we had done any serious skiing was in Switzerland as a guest of the Swiss government four years ago. At the time we hit all the high spots (no pun intended): St. Moritz, Klosters, Grindelwald, Davos. Four years, we discovered, is a long time. Though we managed to get in a good 25 miles of downhill running by the third day (despite some screaming muscles), we discovered one unalterable fact of life: mountains get steeper as one grows older.

—doug kennedy

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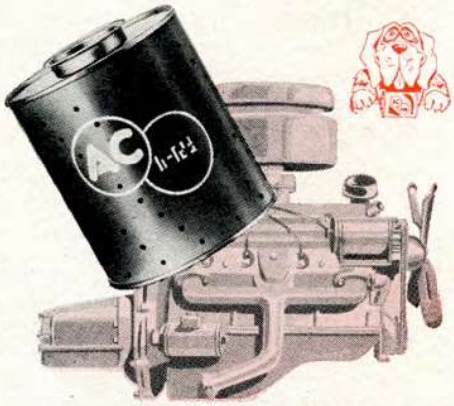

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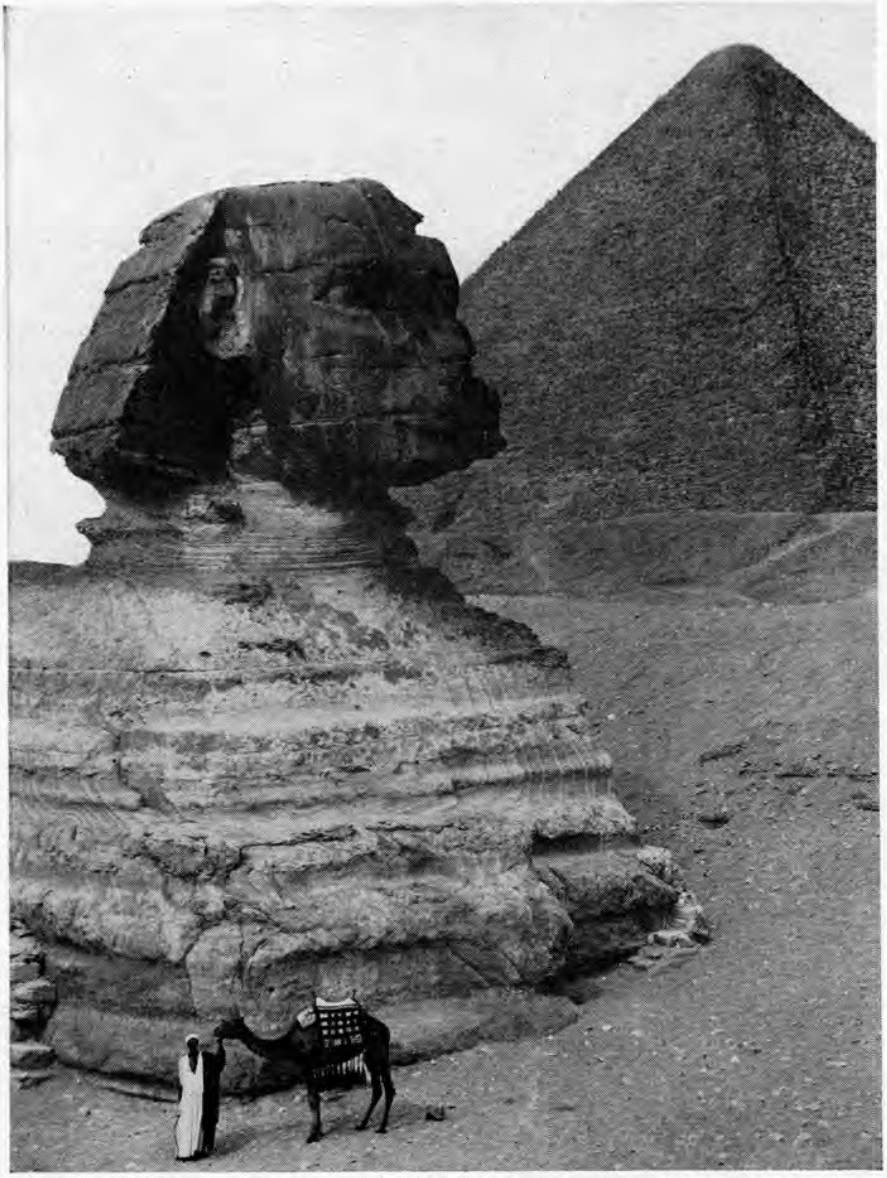
man to man answers

conducted by Robert E. Pinkerton and the staff of True

Americans are so accustomed to watching the swift erection of high buildings that the miracle of precise construction and the power of machines no longer cause wonder. But one knothole engineer, Barry Scoville of Houston, Texas, continued to wonder, however, about a job completed nearly 5,000 years ago. "How," he asked, "did the Egyptians build the Great Pyramid without anything but the most primitive machinery? Men alone couldn't lift those huge blocks of stone. What would it cost to build the Great Pyramid today?"

Men have been wondering about this for untold centuries, and dozens of theoretical explanations have been advanced. Artists have expressed their own ideas, generally depicting hundreds of men drawing a huge block on rollers, and even having crude cranes, man-powered, lift them to place. The problem for the guessers became more difficult when they considered that a pyramid is not like a building but is a solid mass of stone with only a few passages leading to the interior where the king is buried.



The Great Pyramid at Giveh in which King Cheops' 4,700-year-old ritual ship has just been discovered; and the 70-foot Sphinx with face 14 feet wide. But Egypt doesn't have all of the pyramids—see *Pyramids of Shensi,* page 25.

While definite information has not survived from so long ago, it has been said that King Khufu or Cheops employed 7 million men during the thirty years spent in construction of the Great Pyramid. The limestone blocks came from quarries as much as 12 miles distant. Evidently slave labor was plentiful, and undoubtedly hundreds of thousands died. But the remains of only one man reposed in the monument.

The theory advanced by one of the greatest students of ancient Egypt, Sir William M. Flinders Petrie, is the most logical and is generally accepted. Perhaps he got the idea from finding small ramps and bits of larger ones near other ancient structures, and he advanced the idea that a giant ramp was raised across one side of a pyramid and that this was built up as the work progressed until the smaller part, three quarters of the way up, was reached. There a series of short ramps were used, turning first to the right and then to the left.

Such a ramp of earth carried in baskets, would have extended a fifth of a mile from the pyramid to provide a sufficiently gentle incline to get the great blocks to the top. The power came from men alone, for only the crudest machines were known. Rollers were used, and possibly levers at the rear end, but always with the long lines of men pulling on ropes. It must have been a disheartening job with progress so slow. And in the end the great ramp of earth had to be carried away before the pyramid could stand out in its massive glory.

The Egyptians had advanced far in mathematics and astronomy when the Great Pyramid was built. Measurements of the base were exact to within less than one ten-thousandth of an inch and it was a perfect square. The sides were set carefully with the four cardinal points of the compass and two passageways from the center were so delicately laid out that light rays from the pole star and from Sirius at transit shone straight through. Yet Egyptian advancement in science was confined to astronomy and mathematics, and no time was spent on development of mechanical contrivances. They had no incentive, with slaves so cheap.

A New York engineering firm once computed that the cost of duplicating the Great Pyramid in New York City would be $156 million, with five-and-a-half years necessary for the work. Using modern methods and steel and concrete, the cost would be more than $40 million. When built, the Great Pyramid was 482 feet high, about forty stories of a modern building, and each side was 768 feet square at the base, a seventh of a mile or nearly three of New York City's north and south blocks.

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Q: What are records for 100 yards, in football and baseball uniforms? *A/3C Mick Pesek and A/3C Skip Hazell, San Antonio, Tex.*

A: The famed Jesse Owens, in baseball uniform, did it in 9.9 seconds. George Case, a ballplayer, did it in 10 seconds flat. William Steele, USA, in a football uniform and carrying a ball, hit 11.2 seconds. Track record for 100 yards is 9.3.

Q: Can black or grizzly bears run down deer? *Richard E. Canfield, Griffis AFB, Rome, N. Y.*

A: Bears are fast for short distances. An auto-paced grizzly hit 30 mph. A deer, under the same conditions, is reported to have done 49 mph. A bear charging a standing deer might nail him, but he couldn't possibly outrun him.

Q: How many times have the Minneapolis Lakers beaten the Harlem Globe Trotters? *Harry Probert, Sedalia, Colo.*

A: Five out of seven games.

Q: Since corn was planted and eaten by American Indians, why is it not found in the wild state? *Jasper Hawkins, Denver, Colo.*

A: Scientists have puzzled over this for years. They have suggested it was brought from China in pre-Columbus times but have been unable to find ancient corn in Asia or proof that it was grown there. Columbus saw it on his first voyage. Ancient civilizations in Central America and Mexico raised quantities of it. Before the white men came it was bartered between Indian tribes, and New Mexican women carried it on long trails into Texas. Corn is a cereal grass, probably discovered several thousand years ago by Indians and developed and crossbred until it no longer resembled the ancestral wild grass. One of their early successes was a stalk 20 feet high. The Mayas had a corn god more than a thousand years ago, an indication that the plant was well developed before that time. Also, six varieties of corn were known 500 years ago. So perhaps the grass, from which corn came, still grows but is not recognized. Scientists have found two or three grasses which they suspect may be the ancestors of what is now our leading grain crop.

Q: My land is overrun by badgers, yet I have never seen one. Why? *Mark C. Wilson, Vernon, Tex.*

A: Because he is a night worker, and therefore rarely seen. The badger is a carnivorous mammal and belongs to the same family as the skunk, otter, mink, weasel, fisher and sable. He lives in underground burrows and preys on other burrowing animals such as prairie dogs, ground squirrels and pocket gophers. His long claws (five on each foot) and his great strength enable him to excavate them with astonishing speed. He hibernates in cold regions, otherwise is active the year around.

Q: What kind of a tree or bush does a prune grow on? *Leslie Frank, Omaha, Neb.*

A: On a plum tree. Prune comes from the Latin *pruna,* which early Anglo-Saxons turned to plume, from which we get plum. The prune plum differs from others in that it may be dried when the pit is left in. Most plums would ferment in the process. Fifty years ago prunes were small and tasteless, and "boarding house prunes" were a common subject of humor. Today great horticultural advances have been made and prunes, large and luscious, are prized by epicures. To overcome a former prejudice, growers on the Pacific coast, which produces most of our prunes, market the finest under the name of purple plums. The prune plum is remarkable for its high sugar content. Fresh prune plums reach the market but are not in such favor as the damsons and greengages. The plum is believed to have originated in western Asia in the region south of the Caucasus Mountains to the Caspian Sea.

Q: What are some of the official world's records in typewriting? *Pfc. Emmet E. De Lay, APO, N. Y., N. Y.*

A: In an official test, October 21, 1918, Margaret B. Owens typed 170 actual count words without error in one minute. Other records are, amateur class, 149 net words per minute for thirty minutes by Margaret Hamma on an electric typewriter in 1941. In the professional class she typed 149 net words per minute in a sixty-minute test on the same day.

Q: What is the origin of the idea that a four-leaf clover brings good luck? *A. M. Morris, Abilene, Tex.*

A: This is not definitely known as people believed in its charms before history was written. Faith in its good-luck properties prevailed throughout Europe in early times. One theory is that this originated with the druids, who believed in the magic power of plants. Another idea is that the four-leaf clover somewhat resembles the Christian cross, but it was revered before the time of Christ.

Q: Is the Kodiak bear found only on Kodiak Island? *K. Orpen, Vananda, British Columbia, Canada.*

A: Several varieties of the Alaskan brown bear exist. The brownie of Kodiak Island is the largest and he is also found in Alaska and the neighboring mainland.

Q: What world records for the 100-yard free-style did Duke Kahanamoku set? *Dr. Frank W. Henderson, Houghton, Mich.*

A: Duke Kahanamoku was one of America's best-known swimmers forty years ago. On July 5, 1913, in San Francisco, he set his first world record for the 100-yard free-style in 54.6 seconds. On January 2, 1915, in Australia he lowered this mark to 53.8 seconds, and finally on September 5, 1917, in Honolulu to 53.0 seconds. The present record for the 100-yard free style is 49.2.

Q: Did the Indians who sold Manhattan Island for $24 really own it? *Pfc.*

Barry C. Hammer, FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

A: The nice thing about this legend of the sale of the island is that it is true. It is not so well known that Indians put one over on the Dutch purchasers in 1626. The Dutch gave $24 worth of trinkets for this piece of real estate but paid them to the Canarsie Indians, who lived in Brooklyn and didn't own it. The Manahata Indians, from which we get the word Manhattan, lived on the island and were its owners. They protested the sale until the Dutch reimbursed them.

Q: Where did the bagpipe of Scotland originate? ***Mrs. Jean M. Kelly, Unity, Saskatchewan, Canada.***

A: The bagpipe has been so long associated with Scotland that most people believe the Scots invented it, but it was known in India centuries before the birth of Christ. Emperor Nero is credited with introducing it in the West in the first century A.D. In one form or another it was used in nearly every European country. It became popular in France, where it was known as the musette. It was used most widely in the British Isles, not only in Scotland but in Northumberland and Ireland. The use of a leather bag to hold air that is forced into the pipes indicates its primitive origin. Because of its short range, few composers have written for it.

Q: Why do dogs, even the best bred, roll in carrion? ***Dr. Woodrow W. Corder, Buckhannon, W. Va.***

A: All dogs will do this, even the best bred and reared pets, if given the opportunity. Dogs, despite their long association with man, have retained many behavior patterns, or dogways, from their once wild state. Rolling in carrion is believed to have been due to an effort to disguise their dog scent from their enemies. Hunting and farm dogs are particularly prone to it, but only because they have a greater opportunity.

Q: Has the mystery of the mound builders ever been solved? ***C. B. Puterbaugh, Baxter Springs, Kan.***

A: As with so much American archaeology, we haven't much more than theory. These mounds are found from Wisconsin to the Gulf and from the Mississippi River to the Appalachian Mountains, Ohio alone having 10,000 mounds and 2,000 enclosures of earth. Some are only an acre in extent. Largest is the Cahokia in Illinois, 1,000 by 700 feet. The Serpent Mound in Ohio is 1,300 feet long. At first, it was believed the mounds were built by peoples who lived in the area before the coming of the Indian. The nature and size of the mounds indicate an agricultural race with an established political organization. They are believed to have been used as foundations for buildings, as forts and temples and as totemic symbols. None of this describes the Indian culture as white men first saw it, so it was assumed they were built by pre-Indian people. The latest theory is that the mound builders were ancestors of our Indians.

Q: How did the story of the alleged surrender of five men in the Alamo get started? ***James Buie, Suffolk, Mont.***

A: When the famous siege, from February 24 to March 6, 1836, ended, only five of the defenders were alive. Probably it was assumed that they surrendered at the end of the hand-to-hand fighting within the fortified chapel. It is far more probable that the five were wounded and out of ammunition. General Santa Anna ordered that they be killed.

Q: How many baseballs are used in a major league game? ***Philip H. Reed, Santa Monica, Calif.***

A: Five to six dozen is usual, though the number will vary. All balls going into the stands or bleachers are retained by those who get them. Those going into press box or radio and television booths are usually returned. Balls marked or injured by fouls are used in practice.

Q: Where is tin-pan alley? ***Mrs. Ethel Beebe, Sterling, Ill.***

A: Fifty years ago tin-pan alley was on 28th street, just off Broadway, in New York City. After 1910 it moved up town to 38th street. Later, practically all publishers and song writers took quarters in the Brill Building, 1619 Broadway, between 49th and 50th streets. Though pianos were not allowed in the building originally, several hundred offices are now occupied by music publishers and writers. Another group is at Sixth Avenue and 49th Street. The present trend is for song publishers to get offices on Madison Avenue, but the Brill Building is still tin-pan alley.

Q: What is the title of the processional music played at the beginning of a bullfight? ***Henry F. Cooke, E T 3, Boston Naval Shipyard, Boston, Mass.***

A: The Mexican Tourist Bureau tells us that it is called *Baso Double.*

Q: Do U.S. Army soldiers in the ranks have to buy their clothing? ***William J. Bates, Spooner, Wis.***

A: They are supplied with their initial outfit. After that, they must buy replacements.

TRUE will answer any reasonable questions you ask, free of charge, including questions on resorts, fishing and hunting vacations, where to go and how to get there. Every question will receive a personal reply, provided it is accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. The most interesting questions and their answers will be printed. Address your questions to TRUE Magazine, Dept. T-3, 67 West 44 St., New York 36, N. Y.

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Deep under the sea, Samazan's helper meets him with fresh oxygen tanks barely in time to save the exhausted diver.

Photographed for* TRUE *by Roger Coar

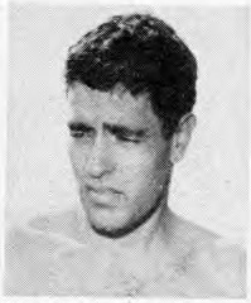
I survived the deepest dive

The "raptures" seize skin divers at 200 feet under the sea. At 300 feet men die in agony. Author Samazan, sponsored by TRUE, aimed at 400 feet. His spine-tingling plunge went deeper than a free diver had ever dared go before—and lived to tell

By John Clark-Samazan

as told to James Phelan

We were in the workroom of the U.S. Divers Co., in Westwood Village, discussing a diver who had descended in the Pacific to within a few fathoms of the deepest free dive in history. A clerk who does not dive turned to me in jest. "Why don't you break the depth record, Samazan?" The others looked at me in silence. I shrugged my shoulders and went home. The question followed me like a buzzing wasp. . . .



Samazan's record came after 14 years of diving.

Why not break the record? To anyone who knew the history of deep diving and its enormous problems, the question would have answered itself. The deepest free descent—a dive with no hampering connections between diver and surface—was then 306 feet, and had been made in 1947 off Toulon by Frederick Dumas. A French pioneer with the Aqua Lung—a tank-equipped breathing device which enables a free diver to carry air or oxygen with him—Dumas had made thousands of dives before he ventured below 300 feet.

The year before, another French man-fish had gone deeper. He was Maurice Fargues, a colleague of Dumas' and a diver with long experience. He descended 396 feet and scrawled illegible marks on a board at that frightful depth. Seconds later the sea assassinated its invader. He was hauled to the surface lifeless, with his mouthpiece dangling on his chest.

In the winter of 1953, a Miami lawyer named Hope Root went down 400 feet off Florida, traced by sonar. At 400 feet he stopped for three agonizing minutes, much too long for the meager air supply in his double tank. Suddenly the sonar showed him plunging toward the bottom. Whether he had become confused through depth drunkenness, or blacked out from oxygen poisoning, no one could know.

In Sweden an engineer named Zetterstrom, using an injection device that is a hybrid of helmet and free-diving apparatus, descended a fabulous 465 feet on a mixture of hydrogen and oxygen. He conversed sanely by telephone with the surface, but in the subsequent ascent the winch raising him locked in gear and hauled him up to a death from sudden decompression.

These three fatalities summarized the difficulties. Fargues and Root made their dives breathing compressed air. The man who ventures below 300 feet on air is flicking a chip off death's shoulder. Air is 78 percent nitrogen. You breathe it without harm all your life at the surface, but under the pressure of a deep dive the nitrogen has a rapid and dangerous narcotic effect on the brain. The French, who pioneered Aqua Lung diving, poetically term the reaction "raptures of the great depths." I had experienced it and found it misnamed; for me it held no exhilaration. Ordinarily when deep I am intensely alert, but the nitrogen in the air I was breathing that time made me sodden and careless of rudimentary safety measures. I was 250 feet down in the Pacific when my air tank became exhausted save for the 300-pound reserve. Nitrogen dullness made the simple task of pulling the reserve rod seem complex.

Zetterstrom had conquered the dulling effect by replacing nitrogen with hydrogen, only to fall victim to another trap of the depths. In diving you can go down fast, but once you have been deep the sea does not relinquish you quickly. Pressure charges your blood with gas, like champagne in an unopened bottle. A quick return to the surface pops the cork. The gases, suddenly freed of pressure, boil in

Just before the plunge, Samazan clears lungs with oxygen.

and sought sunken treasure for wealthy adventurers whose optimism was exceeded only by my pessimism. Eventually I drifted to California, where I discovered the Aqua Lung.

This invention of two Frenchmen, Captain J. Y. Cousteau and Emile Gagnan, has been miscast as a toy by weekenders who invade the sea only to impale fish. It is excellent for serious diving. Captain Cousteau used it for his remarkable underwater explorations in the Mediterranean. With it, I have plotted ocean currents for the city of Los Angeles, done salvage work, and labored to advantage on undersea engineering jobs.

To my mind, the lung is related to the helmet like the airplane is to the kite. It affords a freedom of movement that the cumbersome full-dress diver cannot match. Its use can be taught to the novice in a third the time required by the suit-and-helmet, and its operational cost is only a fraction. One can don an Aqua Lung and be at work 200 feet below the surface before the conventional diver is halfway into his suit.

For more than a year, a revolutionary concept of deep-sea diving had been shaping in my mind, based on the Aqua Lung. The one drawback to the Lung was depth. Helmeted divers can work below 300 feet because of the knowledge gained in deep experimental dives that culminated in a 510-foot descent a few years ago. To lower the record depth of the Aqua Lung would lower its operational depth.

One of the answers to depth was a nonpoisonous breathing mixture. Zetterstrom had [*Continued on page* 20]

the blood and can cripple or kill you with air embolism. You must return slowly and let the gas seep gradually back to the lungs, whence it is exhaled. The decompression time lengthens the deeper you go and the longer you are down.

The whole subject is a complex one, much of the data is conflicting, and figures for a dive below 300 feet are mainly speculative.

The best guess for the 350-foot free dive I thought of was that it would require a decompression period of 80 minutes, which injected an enormous obstacle. Not even a triple tank could last that long; the diver would gasp his last breath long before he could return safely to the surface. At great depths a diver breathes up in a few minutes a tankful that would last an hour in shallow water, because the enormous water pressure—about 151 pounds per square inch at 350 feet—requires the tank valve to go on almost full to counteract it.

"You see," I argued to myself, "the dive is impossible."

But the idea kept buzzing in my head. Breaking the depth record did not in itself attract me especially. I agreed with Dumas, who recently attempted to discourage exuberant amateurs from going after his mark. Merely to try dropping below 306 feet for bravado's sake was like competing to see who could jump from the highest point and land on his head.

The value of a deeper descent lay in the data it would yield professional divers. I began diving with the Aqua Lung in 1952, after twelve years of undersea work, chiefly in a helmet. In 1940, at the age of 16, I had started to dive. France, where I lived, had collapsed then, and I'd enlisted in the British Navy. For five years we tested underwater demolition devices, miniature submarines, early breathing devices and many fantastic war inventions. When peace came, I bought a $12,000 boat and went to Cuba, where I hunted oil under the sea for the Venezuelan government

As he goes down, tanks on back, helper follows part way.

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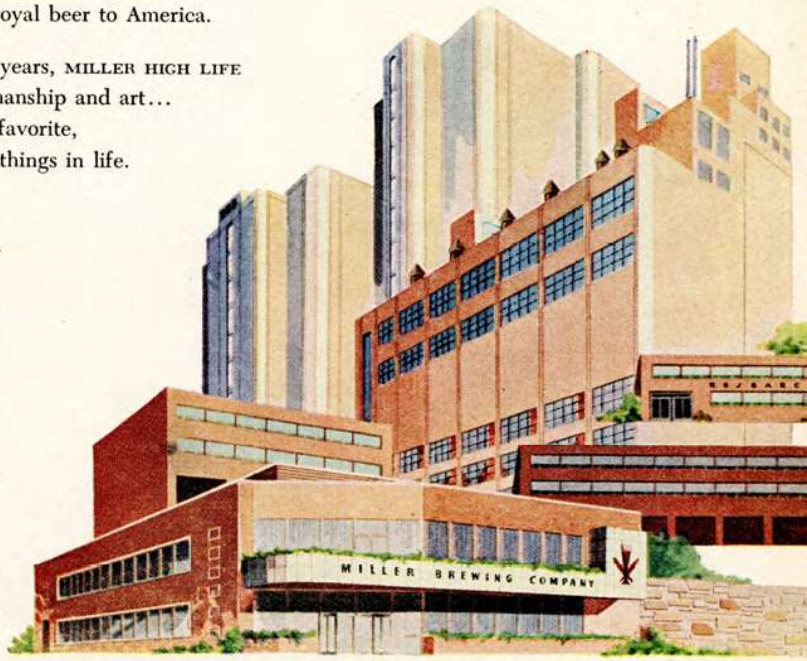


Brewed and bottled by the Miller Brewing Company only ...and only in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

©Miller Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

[*Continued from page* 16] come closest to it with his combination of hydrogen and oxygen—an exceedingly explosive blend. But almost no research had been done on the use of helium with oxygen, a standard mixture prepared for hospitals. There was only one place where such research would have meaning—below the 300-foot level where compressed air becomes lethal. If it could be shown that the Aqua Lung would function much deeper on helium-oxygen, the helmet diver might become obsolete. And the economy of the lung would open up many underwater jobs now forbidden by expense.

During this week, after the clerk had started the question of a new record buzzing, I got in touch with the editors of TRUE and asked whether they would be interested in backing such a venture. They assured me they most certainly were. It was time for action.

I went to my friend Sam Lecocq, an Aqua Lung technician, and asked him to make me a triple tank. He raised a Gallic eyebrow as I told him I was going to try for 350 feet.

"A triple tank won't last through the decompression period," he said.

"It will take me down and bring me part way back," I replied. "Another diver can bring down a fresh tank of helium-oxygen and we'll switch them on me."

"Under water?" Lecocq asked.

"It can be done," I told him. He tapped his forehead, shrugged and went to work. We made the dive from the *Anna M.* off Catalina Island's Casino Point on September 12 in 370 feet of water.

We had worked out a timetable of 87 minutes for the dive—7 minutes to the bottom, 80 coming up. Parry Bivens, an amateur diver from West Los Angeles, would follow me down and wait with a double tank of helium-oxygen at 225 feet. We'd attempt the tank switch at that depth only if my triple was exhausted. Otherwise we would move up out of the pressure to a safer level.

We ran a 100-pound anchor to the bottom on a rope attached to a buoy. The anchor had a double function. It held the rope taut to give me the shortest distance between two points. It also discouraged cynics from speculating whether I had gone down only 100 feet, hauled up the line to the 350-foot marker, and claimed a record on that basis.

The rope bore markers every 50 feet to announce the depth. From 300 feet down there were depth tags every 10 feet. They were attached to the rope by Don Callen, president of the Catalina Chamber of Commerce. We further discouraged the cynics by using tags with numbered stubs, like parking tickets. As the rope was paid off into the water, Callen detached the stubs to check against whatever tag I brought up.

I put on foam rubber underwear, two pairs of wool socks, a French-made rubber suit with the improbable trade name of "Tarzan," and a waterproof watch on each wrist, then slipped my hand through the loop of a sealed flashlight. I went into the water at once—the heat of a rubber suit can enervate a man in a short time out of the water.

Weather favored the dive. The sunlight sparkled on a calm sea.

The triple tank was rowed to me in a dingy. I was buckled into the harness and towed to the buoy. Forty-five pounds of lead were strapped around my waist and I took another thirty pounds in a belt over the crook of my arm—enough to offset my buoyancy so I could sink down the rope without effort.

My watches both said 10:28. I took a last look at the blue bowl of the sky and slipped on the face plate. With a small wave to the *Anna M.*, I put in the mouthpiece and went down the rope.

The water was blue and clear and luminous with sunshine. A few fish watched my descent with stolid unconcern. I felt a strong sense of confidence and went down fast, clearing my ears automatically as the pressure mounted.

I passed the thermal break marking the bottom of the layer of warm surface water and found the temperature suddenly dropping as I went into the chill of the ocean depths. The 100- and 150-foot tags sped past, then the 200.

The light faded swiftly as if a stage hand were dimming a vast blue theater. I looked up and there was nothing but the rope and my exhaled air, fleeing to the surface in swelling bubble clouds.

I began, as always, to take on a sense of the depths. There are no real words for the feeling. The essence is an awareness that you are alone and deep beneath millions of tons of water.

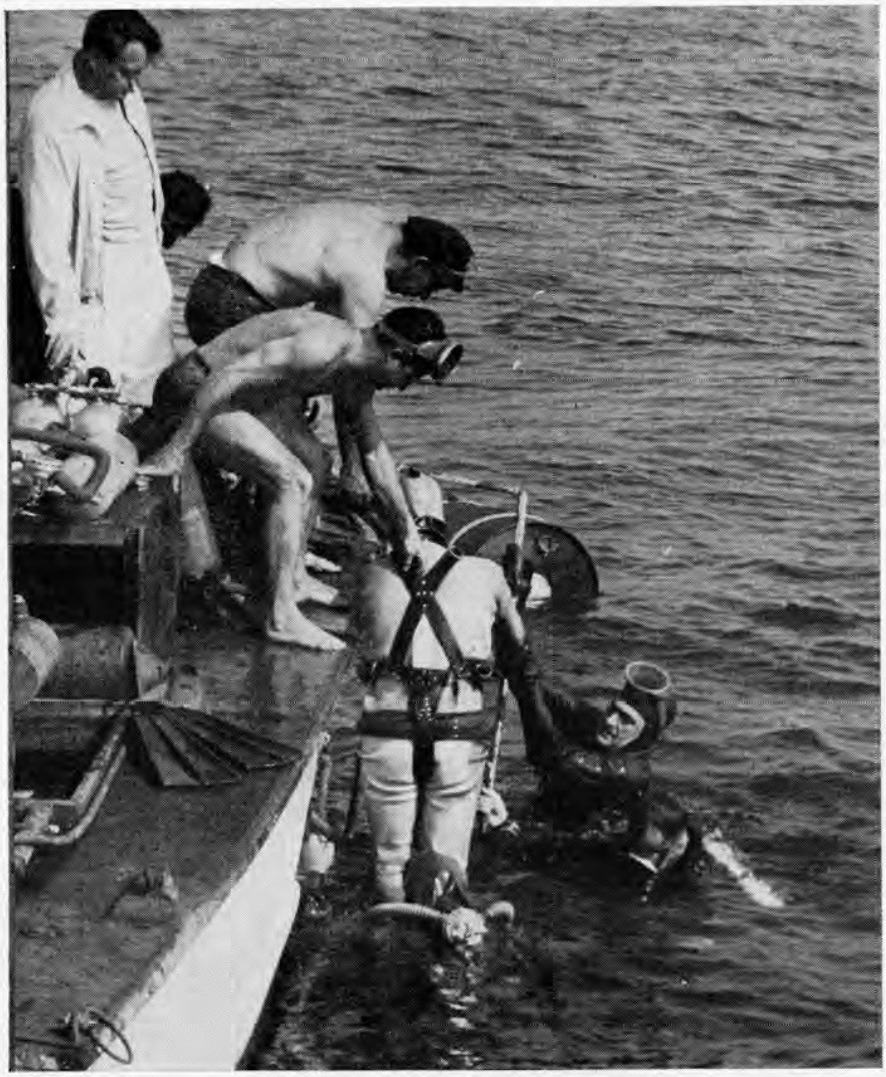
With the gas forced into your blood from compression in the deep, you know that you cannot escape to the surface at will—and still live. Your life rides with the functioning of a device the size of an alarm clock—the demand regulator that feeds you the breath of life. Reason tells you these things but instinct does not accept them. If something goes wrong, instinct cries out for you to go up where there is air. This urge must be overcome and you must deal with the trouble where you are. You tell yourself that to surface means to die, but your lungs shout back, "At least die in the air."

Each time that I have been in trouble while deep I have had to fight this battle. It is a struggle that does not lessen with experience. I urge this warning to enthusiastic amateurs: below 200 feet it is easy to panic, and panic can cost your life.

Now, shooting for the record, I dropped past the 250-foot tag and the water went purple, then black. I breathed at a measured tempo to conserve the tanks.

The 300-foot tag slipped up into my

[*Continued on page* 70]



Samazan emerging after his record dive.

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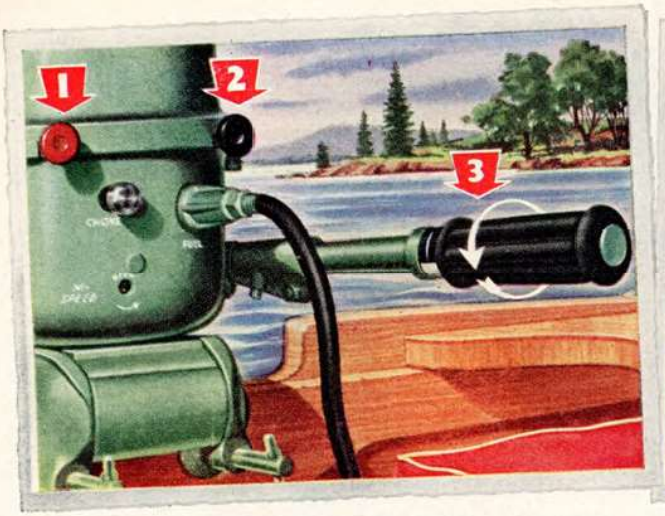

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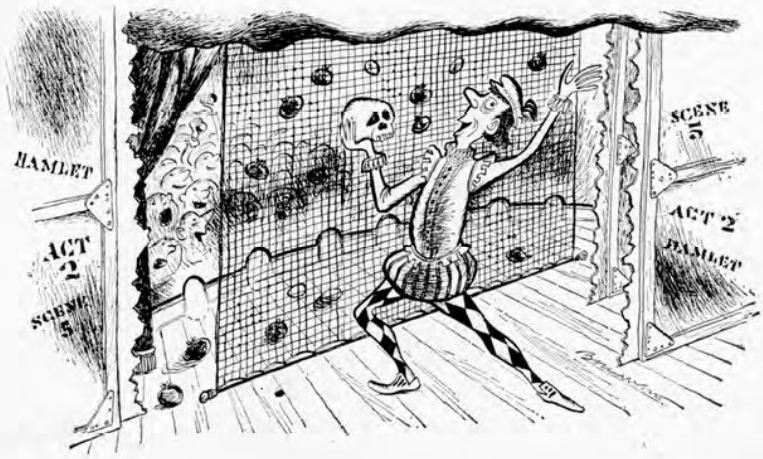
strange but TRUE

by Mee Morningside

To celebrate a wedding or to honor a visiting dignitary, the nomadic Mohammedan tribes in the Arabian, Syrian and North African deserts give a feast at which the main dish is without an equal in size. After its foods are cooked and "put together," it consists of eggs stuffed in fish, the fish stuffed in chickens, the chickens stuffed in sheep and the sheep stuffed in a roasted camel. *By Margaret Mann, Winter Haven, Fla.*

The most universal of infectious diseases is tuberculosis, which is found in every part of the world. Of its four varieties of bacilli, the human type not only attacks man but such animals as monkeys, lions and elephants; the bovine type attacks man as well as cattle, sheep, pigs and rats; the avian type attacks the latter animals as well as birds; and the fourth type affects cold-blooded creatures such as fish, frogs and snakes.



America's most determined ham actor was James Owen O'Conor of New York who, upon inheriting a small fortune in 1887 at the age of 38, dropped his law practice to become a tragedian. As the backer and star of his own company, he presented Shakespeare's plays from coast to coast until his money gave out four years later. O'Conor was convinced that his acting had never been equaled and his audiences agreed with him. They came only to jeer, catcall and throw elderly eggs and tomatoes, from which he had to be protected by a wire screen stretched across the front of the stage.

Many families in the rural sections of China still have a kitchen god whose picture is hung on the wall of the kitchen where he observes the members of the household during the year. Then, on New Year's Day, his picture is burned. Thus he is wafted to heaven to make his report on their behavior. If a family fears it may be unfavorable, it soaks his picture in wine before the burning so he will arrive drunk and be denied admittance at the Golden Gate.

The Hindus of India are believed to play more varieties of musical instruments than are found in all other countries combined. Because almost all of their earlier instruments have remained in use, these people now have several thousand altogether, including some 300 kinds of orchestral drums. In fact, their most popular instrument today is still the seven-stringed vina, which was invented more than 1,200 years ago. *By Walter Smith, Newark, N. J.*

When Rothenburg, Germany, was finally captured in 1631 during the Thirty Years' War, Marshal Tilly of the conquering army was so enraged by the town's prolonged resistance that he declared it would be annihilated. After the marshal had finished his tirade in the public square, a smart innkeeper came forward and presented Tilly with a three-quart tankard of fine wine, which he and his seven aides soon emptied. Within a few minutes the marshal's heart had so softened that he announced he had changed his mind and would spare Rothenburg if any citizen could drink the huge tankard in one draft. Whereupon a brave

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soul stepped out of the crowd and accomplished the feat, thus consuming the largest drink in history and the only one that ever saved a town from destruction.

Upon being divorced, Negro couples on the West Indian island of Barbados divide their possessions and property so equally that sometimes the husband even saws the family home in two and takes his half with him when he leaves. Eventually the open sides are boarded up by the occupants, and these structures are referred to as "divorce houses."

An odd hoax was perpetrated in New York in 1824 by two retired gentlemen, Lozier and DeVoe, at a popular outdoor loafing place where they spent their summer afternoons. As its frequenters were credulous fellows, Lozier, whom they idolized, easily convinced them one day that the mayor had put him in charge of a huge project. To prevent lower Manhattan from sinking into the harbor under the weight of its new buildings, he was going to have the long island sawed off at its marsh-connected upper end, turned around, and reattached to the mainland. Obtaining a ledger and legal forms, Lozier and DeVoe began to sign up laborers and award contracts for equipment, which included 100-foot saws and 250-foot oars. After eight weeks of this nonsense, all those connected with the undertaking were instructed to be at the loafing place the following Monday morning so they could proceed together to the northern end of Manhattan. Accordingly, the hundreds of workmen and dozens of contractors with loaded wagons showed up and waited for hours before they realized Lozier and DeVoe had taken a powder. *By Andrew Ford, Duluth, Minnesota.*

Thirsty camels, when given free rein in the desert, have been known to lead their lost caravans to oases more than a hundred miles away. Moreover, one of these animals will often drink, within a few minutes, as much as 25 gallons of water, weighing over 200 pounds.

An odd murder trial was that of Liu Fook, a Chinese houseboy, who was accused of strangling Rosetta Baker in San Francisco, shortly before dawn on December 8, 1930. Both Fook and the rich widow were in their sixties; he had worked for her for nine years; and he was the one who discovered her body. Among the many individuals who had known the victim, Fook alone was suspected of the crime. At his trial, which began on February 24 and closed on March 18, 1931, the testimony disclosed that he and his "bossmissy" had often quarreled, that his face was scratched and a finger injured (as though bitten) on the morning of the murder, and that a shirt button and a broken heel, found on the floor beside the body, had belonged to him. Despite this and other strong circumstantial evidence, the jury quickly acquitted the defendant. The jurors believed his lawyer, who swore that Fook could not be guilty because, traditionally, no Chinese who had worked in the United States had ever killed his white employer. Right after the trial, Liu Fook took a fast boat for Hong Kong and never returned. *By Edward Bailey, Long Beach, Calif.*

For acceptable Strange But True paragraphs, accurately and briefly written, True will pay $25 each on publication. Readers must state their sources of information. No contributions can be returned. Address Mee Morningside, True, 67 West 44th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

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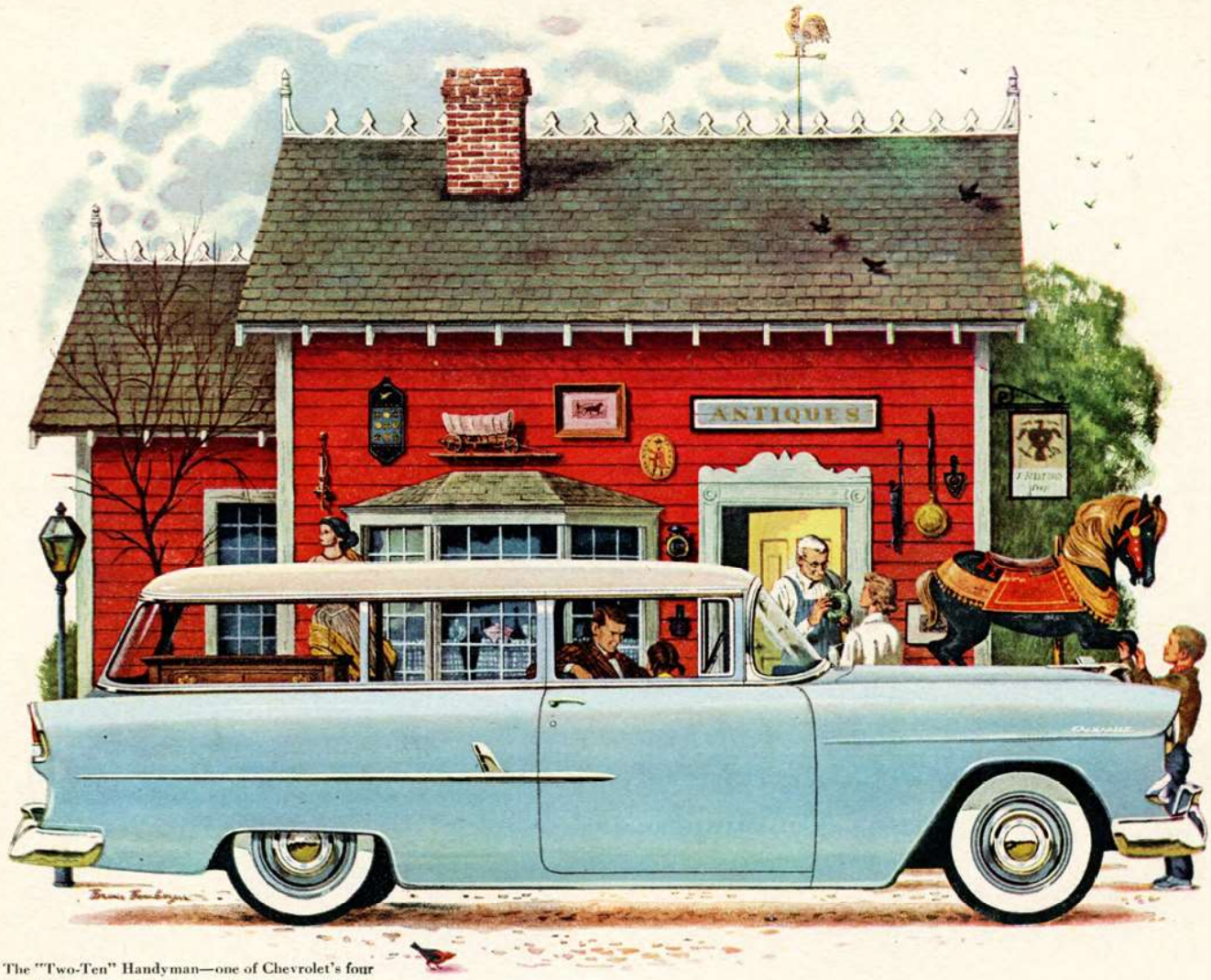

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When explorer Schroder went on his strange mission to Mongolia's Red God, he discovered men who could transfer their minds 2,000 miles across the bleak plains to a distant battle. He also stumbled across the world's eighth wonder, the...

PYRAMIDS OF SHENSI

BY FRED MEYER SCHRODER

As told to Robert Easton

In the summer of 1912 my partner, Oscar Maman, and I were having difficulties carrying on our profitable trading operations in Mongolia. We were right in the middle of a full-scale revolution that had stopped our caravans from making their trek from Mongolia to China and back.

The Mongols, after years of oppression under their Chinese masters, had revolted and there was fighting all along the trade routes that put an end to commerce. It wasn't so simple to choose one side or the other and stick with it, for we had a double ax to grind. The Mongols were our friends, and we couldn't afford to offend the Chinese. Neither could we stand by for a long time while waiting for the revolution to run its course. To do this would mean that we'd go broke.

Today, traders in a similar position would have to hold their hands while the issues were decided by representatives of the warring states, debated by various world councils and parliaments, and hashed over by neutral representatives. But in 1912, things were different. Two outsiders such as my partner and I could take a personal hand in the matter. And why not? Our personal fortunes were at stake. Besides, getting mixed in with revolutions could be fun in those days.

We were running our caravans from the Great Wall into the interior, and the caravans carried all manner of interesting things. We carried cigarettes, piece goods, candles and tobacco. We also carried guns and ammunition to the Mongols, who then used them to kill Chinese. The guns were hidden in Peacock cigarette cases, the ammunition in Three Castle brand cases. The identification was thus made easier for the Mongols when they unloaded the contraband.

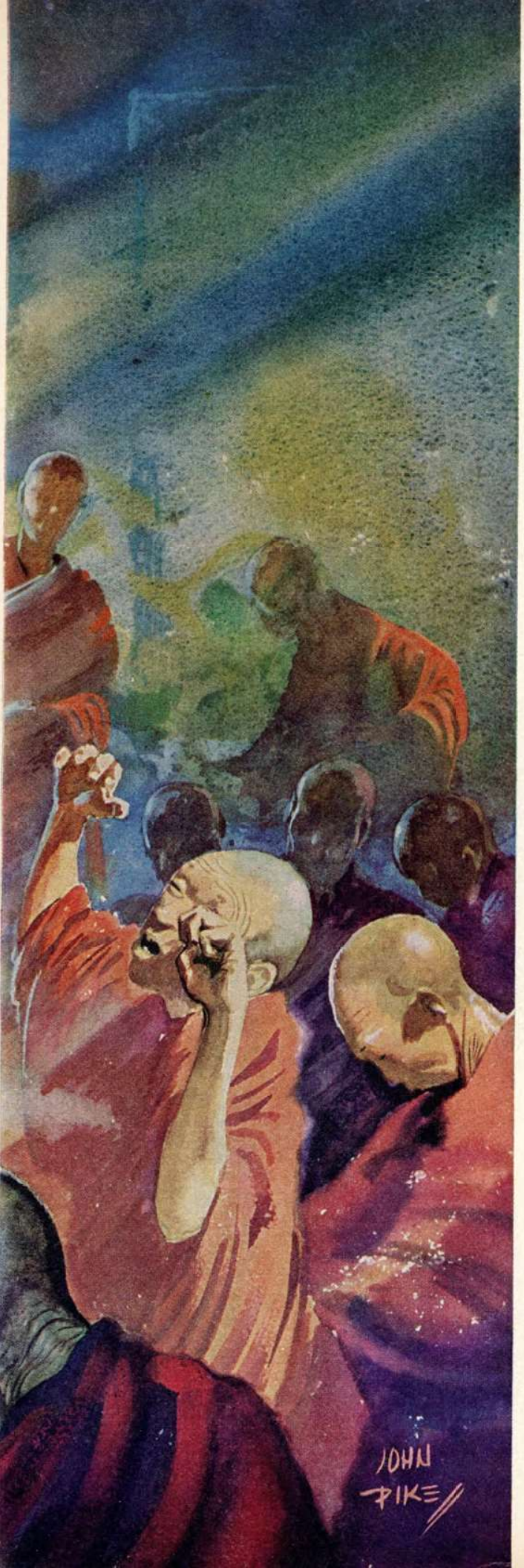
It was risky running all that hardware right under the noses of the Chinese, but, as I say, life was interesting then.

One June morning Maman and I were wakened in our house in our compound in Urga, capital of Mongolia, by a message from the Living God, emperor of the country, saying that he wanted to see us in his palace immediately.

The Living God was third-greatest god in the world according to the Lamaist religion. The Dalai Lama of Lhasa and the Tashi Lama of Kumbum ranked higher, but he was high enough for us, especially since he was our friend and customer as were the lamas of the clique ruling Mongolia. It was a church-state like Tibet. Rather it hoped to be, when the war with China was won, and the war was rapidly being lost.

"Maybe the Chinese armies have arrived," I said to Maman as we rolled out that morning in answer to the god's summons.

"They will be here any minute if those stiff-necked princes don't rally to the fight with their tribes!" Maman had been a Norwegian naval officer and he had no patience with the kind of indecisive tactics



Illustrated by John Pike

of the Mongol princes. "How do they think we're going to stop 400 million Chinese!" he exclaimed.

"We've always calculated one Mongol fighting man the equivalent of ten Chinese," I reminded him.

"True enough, but not equal to twenty or thirty."

"What we need," Maman said, "is something to unite all these blasted tribes behind the revolutionary government here in Urga, and maybe that's what this morning's meeting is about."

We rode up the dirt main street, between mud and log buildings, to the palace of the god among a cluster of shops and compounds. That dirt street was also the caravan trail from China to Siberia. Looking out along it, you could see the grassland roundabout the town illuminated by the breaking day. Here and there was a wooded hill. Close to the town were the hivelike tents of mongols, camped on the outskirts for a summer's visit. Herds of cattle, horses and sheep grazed about.

At the steps of the palace, a mud-brick structure in Tibetan style, we tied our horses and, after stating our business to a young lama in the antichamber, were led to the apartment of the god. The corridors were filled with incense and the stench of human bodies. Many thousands of lamas lived in the lamasery adjacent to the palace and it was like going into an ant's nest where the air has not been changed for a thousand years.

We found him sitting on the floor on a prayer rug surrounded by his cabinet ministers, all lamas and dressed as he was in red robes and yellow sashes. The god was a well-meaning young man who served as figurehead for the clique. The true power was in the hands of the Minister of War and Minister of Finance, two hardened rascals, who sat close to the young god. They were all drinking tea.

"Welcome *Sole-ah-toe* and Horse Gate," the god called out, using our native names, Horse Gate being a literal translation of Maman. We exchanged greetings and sat down on prayer rugs.

"Pardon us for disturbing you, but our humble councils need your sage advice," the god said. "The Minister of War was just about to discuss the military situation. I felt sure you would want to hear him."

The Minister of War minced no words. "*Sole-ah-toe* and Horse Gate," he said, looking directly at Maman and me, "you know that unless the situation takes a turn for the better, the revolution is over and your trading privileges will be finished."

"Agreed," I replied.

"Our 20,000 scattered troops cannot hope to hold the border against 200,000 Chinese. We must have a united nation and we must have it quickly. You know that the princes have been reluctant to rally to the fight with their tribes. When there is no prospect of loot, a prince moves slowly. There is one thing, however, that will unite Mongolia to a man."

"What is that thing?"

"The word of the Red God, the Tashi Lama of Kumbum. His approval will [*Continued on page* 88]

The Tashi Lama took me to a room where I saw men who performed astonishing feats of telepathy.

VARMINT SNIPERS ON THE MOHAWK

From the woodchuck-infested hills of the Mohawk Valley, Lucian Cary reports on the precise sport of small-game sniping, where a man can dust a groundhog's butt with a bullet at 400 yards

BY LUCIAN CARY

True's Gun Expert

No one loves the woodchuck —except rifle shooters. Early every summer woodchucks chew up my garden, pull down pea vines, nip the tops off tomato plants. The woodchucks have holed up under the barn and even under my shop. They seldom feed more than 15 feet from safety except in the dawn when I am asleep. They hear me coming around the corner of a building and scuttle for their holes. And when I do get a shot the range is so short there's no satisfaction in it. Farmers do not like woodchucks any better than I do. Some say a single woodchuck will eat half a ton of alfalfa in a season. Others say they have lost registered cattle that broke legs in a woodchuck hole and had to be destroyed.

Rifle shooters take a different view. They value the woodchuck. They consider the woodchuck out in the open the best of all live targets. The big-game season is short and you may hunt every day for a week without getting a shot. Over the greater part of the country woodchucks are out from June to October. And you aren't limited to one or two. There is no bag limit.

Fact is, this business of clobbering woodchucks has become so popular during recent years that the arms companies have developed special ammunition for it, the Winchester .220 Swift and Remington's .222 being outstanding. These and their counterparts have been fashioned to produce high velocity and flat trajectory at varmint-sniping range—200 to 500 yards. In this department the woodchuck has rivals as a target—crows for instance. But crows are warier than woodchucks and they are harder to take because they are so much smaller. A crow may look big flapping across the sky. But perched in a tree his body is small. Killing a crow at 200 yards is harder than killing a woodchuck at 300. The prairie dog was once a favorite target but there are no longer hundreds of millions of prairie dogs on the western plains. Some western shooters specialize in hunting coyotes. But none of the animals or birds regarded as vermin are as numerous as woodchucks and none are found over so large a part of the country.

The woodchuck has a habit, designed for his protection, that is often his undoing. He is as much a grazing animal as a cow or a sheep. When he is feeding he may be hidden, even after the hay is cut. But he stands up every now and again to look around even when he has neither heard nor seen any cause for alarm. Then he is a good foot tall, maybe more. When he goes down on all fours again he may be hidden. But the hunter has only to wait until he stands up again.

I went early last September to the Mohawk Valley in central New York. The valley, with its tributary valleys, is famous woodchuck country, especially liked by men who go in for long shots at woodchucks. The party consisted of John Holmes, the custom stocker, gunsmith Bob Wallach, and photographer Ozzie Sweet. We drove from Northville, New York, to Coblesville where we picked up Arthur Eldredge, a man who knows the country. As we drove out of Coblesville into one of the lesser valleys I saw why the country is so well suited to long-range shooting. There is almost always a hill on either side of the road. After the hay is cut you can spot a woodchuck at 200 or 300 yards with the unaided eye and often much further with binoculars. The hill makes a backstop so you do not have to worry about how far a high-velocity bullet will go.

We sat in the edge of an alfalfa field about ready for its second cutting. There may have been twenty woodchucks

Photographed for TRUE by Ozzie Sweet

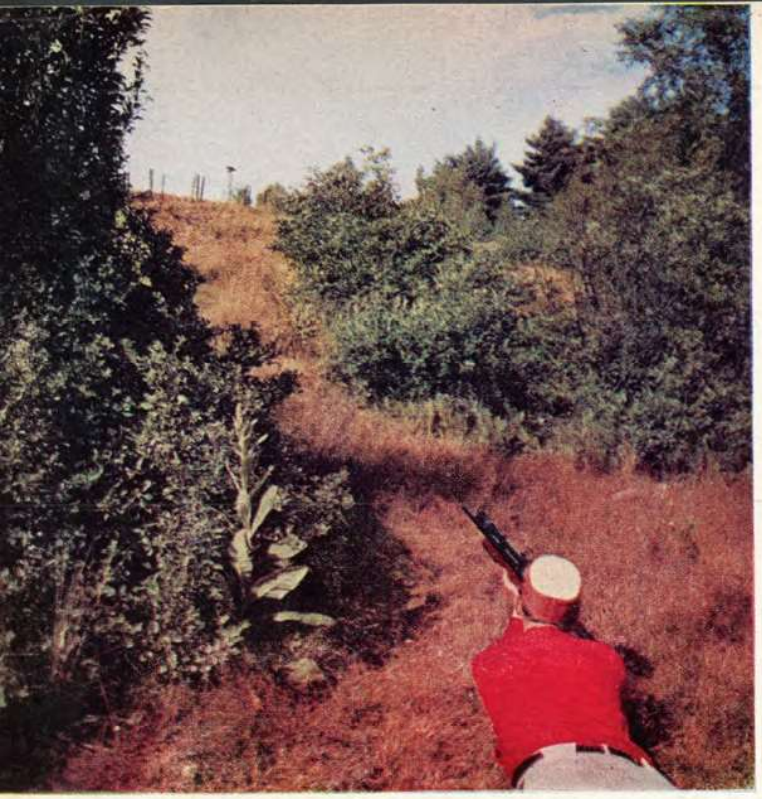
in that field but none stood up high enough to be seen. We studied the opposite hill. Eldredge had a folding tripod rest of a type I had not seen before. It consisted of three light wooden legs with nails in the ends that went on the ground and so hinged together that the legs would fold. Eldredge had no more than set up his rest when he saw a chuck that looked to be 250 yards away. Eldredge's rifle was a Winchester Model 70 that had originally been chambered for the .220 Swift cartridge but is now chambered for a variation of the Swift known as the Wilson Arrow. And he was using a high-power Lyman target scope.

When Eldredge shot, the chuck fell over but got up again and ran into his hole. He undoubtedly died there, but under woodchuck rules he did not count as a kill. Eldredge passed the tripod over to me. I put the barrel of my rifle in the crotch, adjusted the legs so the rifle was at the right height as I sat on the ground, and found it the steadiest woodchuck rest I had ever tried. My rifle, of which more later, is a single-shot chambered for the .22 Wasp cartridge and the scope I was using is a target type by John Unertl of 8 power.

Presently someone saw a chuck on the hill a good bit further away than the one Eldredge had shot. It was moving slowly toward a large rock. I noticed that there was a bit of breeze coming over the alfalfa from left to right. And the rifle was sighted for 200 yards. I'd have to hold over, as well as to the left. My allowance was too great. The shot struck three or four inches high and three or four inches

Sighting for chucks at site of famous novel *Drums Along the Mohawk*. Chucks are easier than Indians.

A sunning woodchuck gets photographed through the shooter's scope sight.



Scope-assisted sniper John Holmes draws a careful bead on a loafing crow. He'll never know what hit him.

ahead of the chuck's nose. It did not seem to disturb him. He climbed up on the rock and stretched out. I noticed that the wind had died, so I held directly on the chuck. The chuck disappeared in his hole at the end of the rock. The bullet left a splash on the rock at what I guessed was 3 inches below. So I came up four clicks on the scope sight and waited. It wasn't five minutes before the chuck's head reappeared. All but his head and a bit of his shoulder was hidden. I held dead on, this time, and killed the chuck.

We all walked over there. The chuck proved to be hardly more than half grown. Looking back, we agreed that the distance was probably 300 yards. The bullet had gone within an inch of where I had held the crosshairs of the scope. I'd have taken more pride in the shot if I hadn't felt it was on the lucky side, even if I had taken two "sighters."

Other men kill chucks at much longer ranges—400 and 500 yards. This is usually possible only if the shooter can take sighting shots. He sees the dust kicked up by his first bullet and adjusts his hold accordingly. Even so he needs a finely accurate rifle of high velocity and flat trajectory. If a chuck is not killed instantaneously he will get into his hole and you won't know whether you've killed him or not. At 100 yards a bullet striking too far back may cut a chuck almost in two. But at long range, where the velocity of the bullet has gone way down, a hit that doesn't kill instantly means that the chuck will get into his hole.

John Holmes said he saw two chucks go into the same hole 100 or 175 yards away. He knew that under the rules of woodchuck behavior one or the other would soon come out. So we sat down and waited. We didn't have to wait long. His first shot missed but when he got another he killed cleanly. During the time after that we talked a lot, did a lot of watching and I managed to kill another small chuck that got half into its hole before it died.

We drove on toward home. But in the dusk somebody saw a chuck standing up in a field where the hay had been recently cut. I got out, crossed the fence, and found myself in a patch of weeds so high I could not shoot except standing. While I watched, one chuck after another stood up. I counted six. But the field was flat. The chucks were from 250 to 300 yards away. And beyond them was a house with barns and out buildings. I couldn't shoot. I did note that there was a plantation of evergreen trees along the right side of the field. A man who sat down in the cover of those trees would get some shooting with no danger of shooting into a barnyard or a house. It was too late in the day to try.

However, I no longer had any doubt about the number of chucks to be found in central New York. We had seen ten chucks in less than two hours. A man who started out walking across fields in the morning would undoubtedly have had shots at twenty, maybe thirty, before dusk. There are probably places just as good in Pennsylvania and in Ontario. There are undoubtedly places as good in the West. Fred Etchen and his son Rudy Etchen, best known as trap shooters, hunt rock chucks out of Sun Valley, Idaho. They have a Jeep with four-wheel drive that takes them to the top of a high hill and they get shot after shot without moving.

The rock chucks of the West are so closely related to the eastern woodchucks that few people would see any difference. The biologists identify many subspecies of chucks between northern Georgia and Alaska. The rock chucks are more likely to live in piles of rock, as their name suggests, but otherwise their habits are similar to those of the eastern woodchucks that dig holes with two entrances.

There is now special ammunition for woodchucks. I would guess that more woodchucks have been killed with the .22 long-rifle rim-fire cartridge than with any other. But I would also guess that more woodchucks have been badly wounded with the .22 long-rifle than with any other. The .22 long-rifle is not a woodchuck cartridge. It has neither the power nor the flat trajectory. I did meet a man once, an expert rifle shot, who killed many woodchucks with a Winchester Model 52 target rifle shooting the .22 long-rifle. But he knew exactly what he was doing and he did not take long shots.

Some twenty years ago, Grove Wotkyns, a retired Army officer, took the old black-powder Winchester center-fire cartridge, loaded it with smokeless powder and a jacketed bullet. He got twice the velocity of the .22 long-rifle with excellent accuracy. He called the new cartridge the Hornet.

It was such a success that Winchester began making ammunition before any commercial rifle for it was on the market. Today Winchester chambers the Model 70 for the Hornet and the lower-priced Model 43 for the Hornet or for a slightly more powerful cartridge, the .218 Bee.

Winchester produced, in addition, the .220 Swift which gives the highest velocity and consequently the flattest trajectory over hunting ranges of any commercial cartridge, and the .219 Zipper. The Zipper was and is a good cartridge but at present no commercial rifle is made for it.

More recently Remington brought out the .222 cartridge. It is possibly the best commercial woodchuck cartridge. It gives a 50-grain bullet a velocity of 3,200 feet a second at the muzzle, almost three times that of standard .22 long-rifle cartridges. When sighted for 200 yards the bullet is only 2.5 inches high at 100. This is far better than the Hornet or the Bee, a bit better than the .219 Zipper. It is not as good in flatness of trajectory as the Swift. Here the bullet rises only 1.4 inches at 100 yards when the rifle is sighted for 200. On the other hand the .220 Swift makes more noise. It is also more expensive to shoot.

Remington chambers the Model 722 bolt-action rifle for the .222. Savage furnishes a bolt-action rifle for the cartridge. The Sako, imported from Finland, is also chambered for the .222. This rifle, which uses a small bolt-action of the Mauser type, is furnished in two weights of barrel. With the lighter barrel the rifle weighs about 6 pounds. With the heavier barrel it weighs nearer 7½.

Marlin is now supplying rifles with the Sako action, Marlin stocks, and Marlin's micro-groove rifling. The complete rifle weighs about the same as the Sako with the heavier barrel. I had heard some surprising reports of the accuracy of the Marlin with micro-groove rifling. So I went down to New Haven to see for myself.

In testing rifles for accuracy, Marlin has followed a routine of firing two five-shot groups at 100 yards with each of the two brands of ammunition on the market. One hundred and fifty guns averaged an extreme spread of 1.13 inches for the four five-shot groups. In another test, nineteen guns averaged just under .95 of an inch. I fired one of these rifles fitted with a 10-power scope. The first group of five shots measured .95 inch. The next one was not as good but I wasn't as good either. I have never before seen as good averages with commercial center-fire ammunition in lightweight rifles. The Marlin theory is that their micro-groove rifling, which in the rifles I saw consists of 16 very shallow grooves rather than the usual four or six grooves, deforms the bullet less than conventional rifling and hence gives better accuracy.

Many men hunt woodchucks with big-game rifles using the .250 Savage, the .257 Roberts, the .270 and the .30-06 cartridges. The ammunition companies produce the .270 with a bullet of 100 grains with a light jacket at higher velocity than the standard 130-grain bullet for woodchuck shooting. They also produce the .30-06 with a bullet of 110 grains rather than 150, or 180, or 220 grains. Shooting woodchucks with a big-game rifle is excellent practice. But a big-game rifle can hardly be a first-rate woodchuck rifle.

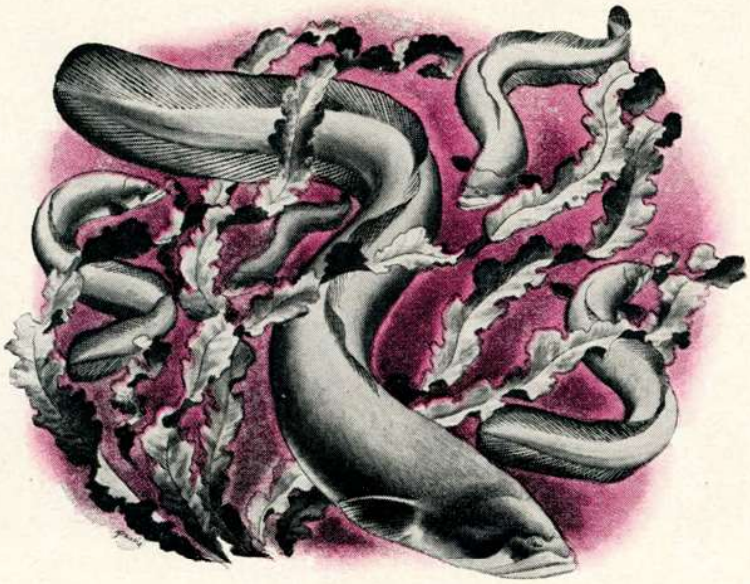
I prefer woodchuck rifles with heavier barrels than those the arms companies offer. This means having a custom gunsmith fit a barrel. In fact, I have two woodchuck rifles that are custom made throughout. One of these, the single shot I spoke of earlier, was built on a Sharps-Borchardt hammerless falling-block action [*Continued on page* 69]

Holmes works on a 14-pounder while Cary kibitzes.

Now both men have shot; they head toward victims.

***Right:* Lucian Cary pulls one of the victims from its burrow.**

grahe



THE KILLER WAS CONTINUOUS

A New Zealand giant eel is a set of murderous jaws followed by an endless length of violently flexible body. The trick is to attract the beast with bait, slug it with a gaff, then hammer it to death with anything handy

BY ALAN BURGESS

Illustrated by Glenn Grohe

Joe whirled the baited night-line round his head, cast, and watched it kick up a white spurt of water far out on the dark surface of Lake Matheson. He tied the end to a strong sapling. "That's set for the big one," he said. "By the time you're back, around midnight, we'll have an eel on the hook big as a sea-serpent. Wanna bet?"

Joe Tamasi, Maori guide, face hammered out of weathered brown teak, with black eyes that bored into you like hot needles, knew this untouched, unfinished, virgin West Coast of the South Island of New Zealand better than any man living or dead. "Lemme tell you," Joe said, "the big New Zealand eel is a fightin' black bastard with ears. Give him a chance an' he'll bite your leg off. You wait an' see."

Half an hour later, armed with some weird fishing apparatus, we crouched in the darkness at the edge of one of the small, deep streams which drained into Lake Matheson.

Lucian, Marine biologist down from Auckland University, held the bait. Lucian Reynolds was a small, whimsical guy with a soft New Zealand accent. He has the same sort of determined approach to life that took Hillary to the top of Mount Everest. And Reynolds also is possessed of a passionate inquisitiveness about the private life of the eel.

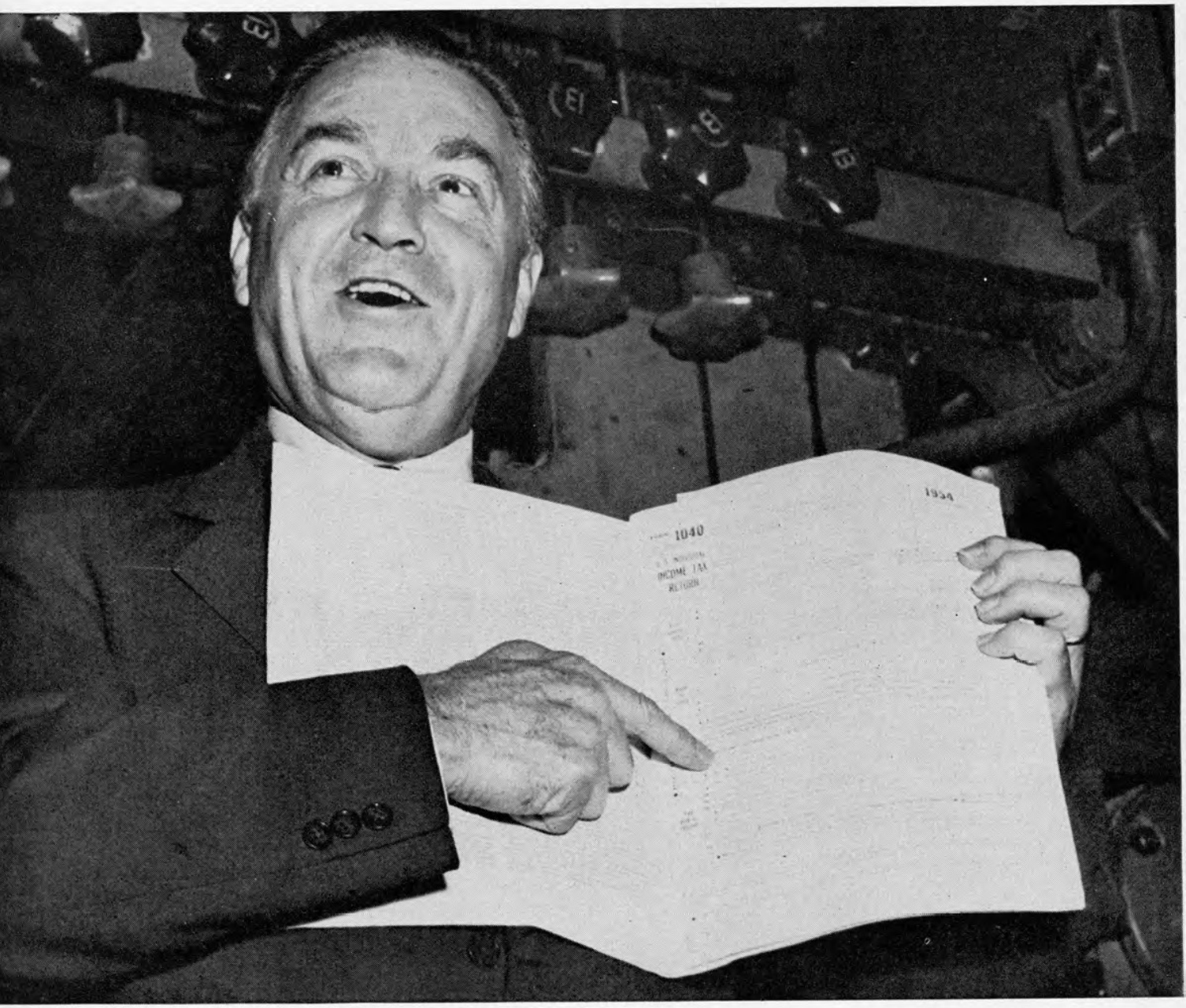
The bait, dangling on a piece of string, was a chicken which by its smell had died shortly before Captain Cook landed in New Zealand. Joe held the payoff—a gaff big enough to hook a basking shark.

The general idea was to attract the eel with the bait, slug it with the gaff as it rose to the surface, hook it out onto the bank, and hammer it to death with anything handy. In New Zealand they call this particular brand of mayhem "eel-bobbing."

Lucian clicked on the torch. A bright circle of light probed down through the clear water to the pebbled bottom of the slow-moving stream. He slipped the chicken into the water. You could almost feel the smell leaving the carcass and eddying downstream toward the lake, the haunt of the great eels. As far as we knew no one had ever hunted them in Lake Matheson before. Gossip had it they were as big as boa constrictors and twice as vicious.

There is no doubt at all that eels are tough customers. Freshwater eels, congers, morays, or electric eels are all well able to take care of themselves. They're not actively, pugnaciously dangerous, although no native diver would trust a hungry moray within 10 [*Continued on page* 72]

The sharp teeth of the huge black eel splintered down on the gaff handle that the Maori had jammed in its mouth.



Commissioner Andrews, known throughout the land as the only man who can laugh at an income-tax return—and mean it.

THAT HAND IN YOUR POCKET IS HIS!

When T. Coleman Andrews plucks the cash from your wallet, he does it with a smile and says he's your servant. Maybe he is, but his Internal Revenue Service still insists on your share of the nation's $70 billion tax bill

BY JERRY GREENE

INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE

A new bronze plaque, a new name, a new look.

Clerks, stenographers, section heads and a few citizens walking down Constitution Avenue in Washington, D. C., one day in 1953, gawked in disbelief. A workman sitting in front of the cornerstone of a vast, sprawling building was chipping off the metal legend: "Bureau of Internal Revenue." In its place, they observed with amazement, he hammered in fresh bronze letters reading: "Internal Revenue Service." T. Coleman Andrews, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, had done it again.

This chipping and changing came as no surprise to those who knew Andrews. Practically all his life he has hated the traditional bureaucrat whose get-away-boys-you-bother-me attitude drives the citizens to frenzy. Consequently his first step, once his feet were well under his desk, was to lay out $176.25 of the taxpayers' money to abolish that thorn in their sides, the Bureau. The 54,000 employes of Internal Revenue, however, paused not one moment in performing their taxing jobs.

This change in title of the world's biggest tax agency was only one sign of a sweeping reorganization. For despite the fact that Andrews is an old-line Democrat, he was hand-picked by Secretary of the Treasury George Humphrey to revitalize the agency for the first Republican administration in twenty years.

Nothing quite like Andrews has appeared on the capital scene for a long spell. For this Bat Masterson of the adding machines got busier than a cat climbing a tin roof trying to put the tax cheats behind bars.

It is certain that President Eisenhower personally didn't know what he was getting when Andrews was hired to collect $70 billion a year from 65 million people and to straighten out an agency where a former assistant commissioner was himself under indictment for forgetting to pay the impost on substantial thousands of his own income.

But if Ike was unaware of the true caliber of his money-man, others were not. Convictions in tax-fraud cases jumped 57 percent during Andrews' first year in office—and Andrews' men turned out to be fantastic bird dogs when it came to tracking down tax evaders.

There was, for instance, the brilliant Samuel Savitt of Rochester, New York. He had merely neglected to pay $20,000.93 in taxes and owed an extra $13,309.55 in delinquency and fraud penalties.

Savitt wanted to duck those taxes badly. How badly seemed hardly believable. A respected citizen in his community, Savitt had been running a substantial tax service firm. The cash was rolling in, but apparently not fast enough, so he branched out in 1946 to become an investment counselor. Then he began to play hanky-panky with his customers' cash to meet the costs of his gambling in Florida, Cuba, Mexico and Bermuda.

So engrossed was he with four-flushes and also-rans that he didn't get around to filing his own income-tax returns in 1948 and '49. To compound his troubles, he began jiggering the tax returns of his clients, telling them they owed certain amounts, then reporting for them—and paying the government—substantially smaller amounts. A man of his talents correctly believed he was living dangerously and he obtained three pistol permits, explaining he needed the weapons for protection of tax receipts.

Internal Revenue threw his books at him in 1951, indicting him for failure to file his own returns, for willfully aiding the preparation of false returns, and for forgery, mail fraud and violation of the Security and Exchange Act, a total of forty-one counts.

Savitt, naturally, took it on the lam.

The Postal Inspectors were the first to pick up his track. From his letters they learned Savitt had joined the Foreign Legion and was deep in the jungles of Indochina. It developed that he had once marched four days and nights without food or water while toting a couple of bullets in his shoulder, that he was the sole survivor of a company of sixty-eight, and that he had been awarded the Croix de Guerre and promoted to sergeant. Savitt's belated heroism was for naught.

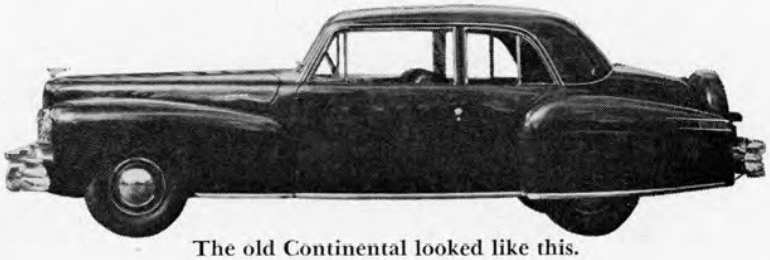
The end was foreordained. Invalided out of the Foreign Legion, Savitt was promptly picked up in Paris and speedily extradited. Pleading guilty, he got three years for tax evasion and four years for forgery.

Andrews' men had scored again.

Commissioner Andrews is big—6 feet and 195 no-fat pounds—and easy-moving and soft-spoken, with wavy brown hair touched with gray at the temples. Looking more like a natty country squire than a Certified Public Accountant, he is a fanatic on the subject of honesty in the handling of tax money. He has a record for trouble-shooting in government going back a quarter of a century, and he has been the instrument for sending more people to jail than half a dozen marshals of Masterson's day. Like Bat, he has racked up a flock of experience in wading into a mess and swinging with both fists, then moving on to do battle elsewhere.

With this background, Andrews has won a reputation as the most outspoken high-level man in the government. He does not hesitate to make his views known fully, leaving no doubt where he stands.

"I think my worst fault," he [*Continued on page* 64]



The old Continental looked like this.

FORD'S NEW $10,000 CAR

After a seven-year lapse, the famous Lincoln Continental is back on the assembly line—with a design traced from distinguished ancestors. Not since old Henry Ford came up with the sprightly Model-A has a new car roused so much interest. And it may well yet stir up plenty of controversy, too

BY EUGENE JADERQUIST

SOMETIME LATER THIS YEAR—probably in September—the biggest styling story of the American automobile industry since the end of World War II will climax: Ford Motor Company will display the $10,000-per-copy successor to the most fondly remembered of all American classic cars, the Lincoln Continental. Not since the dour Henry Ford yanked the Model-T off the market in 1927 and began preparing the Model-A has there been such interest in the styling of a new car.

Right now the tightest secret in spy-infested Detroit is the shape, size and contour of this new Continental. I am one of the few reporters who has been allowed to enter through the locked door of the Continental Division's styling section where dwells the only full-size model in existence. But the big story behind that locked door is not the shape of the new grille or the dimensions of the top alone. It is the months of industrial sweat and agonizing command decision that went into the re-creation of the famed Continental.

It's not easy to explain something like the legend of the Lincoln Continental. It was a car of contradictions and compromises. Both to the man who couldn't afford to buy one, and to the few who could, it was the most beautiful automobile in America; to automobile stylists it was pretty but outdated, a throwback to an earlier design era. Mechanically it was a good bit less than great. The Continental's Lincoln Zephyr V-12 engine had few boosters in or out of the industry. Workmanship? It was what the trade calls "cobbled"—a car built from components intended for another. Continentals were made by extending and reshaping body panels from stock Lincolns. The job was done well but it was nothing to frighten Rolls-Royce. Luxury? Only somewhat more than was available in other high-priced American cars of the period.

Yet, with all its drawbacks, the early Continental was America's dream car. It had personality. It was an immediate hit with such people as Ethel Waters, Bing Crosby, Franklin Roosevelt, John Steinbeck; it is still a celebrity favorite, despite its age. No other American car manufactured during the Lincoln Continental's life span has a fan club—yet last October, 151 spit-and-polished Continentals carried some 350 members of the Lincoln Continental Owners' Club through the rainswept streets of Detroit in a parade highlighting the first annual convention of the club.

In 1947, the next-to-last year of its "first life," the factory list price of a Continental was $4,662. That same year the going bootleg price in San Francisco was $7,500 with plenty of takers. One new-used Continental brought $10,000 in Los Angeles. Today, eight years later, an as-new Continental will cost you $2,500. Only 5,322 were built during the six model years of the car's existence (1940-1942; 1946-1948), but an estimated 3,500 are still in existence—an incredible survival rate for any American car.

The handful of engineers, executives and stylists who formed the original cadre of what is now the new Con-

One of three proposed Continental designs produced for competitive judging by Ford stylists. Idea for brushed aluminum top was dropped, but shape of windshield and side windows will probably be retained in the production version.

tinental Division were handed a tough task in 1952: to create an all-new car with a family resemblance to the historic Continental and at the same time mold a vehicle that would capture the imagination of the 1956 car buyer. This creation has been one of Detroit's most perplexing styling assignments.

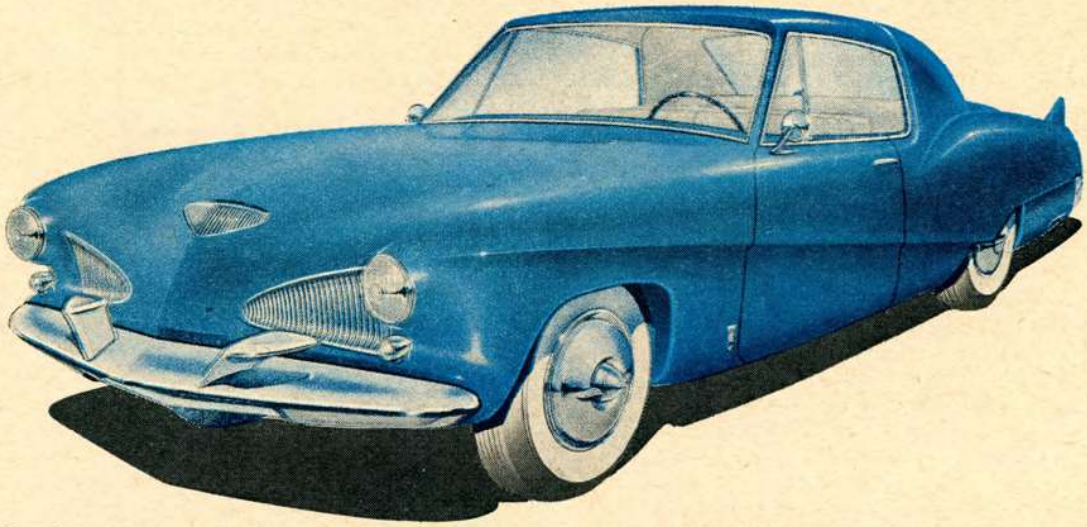
Logically, the new Continental could have been built as the old one was—by letting the Lincoln-Mercury Division of the Ford Motor Company patch it together from 1956 Lincoln body panels and add it to the top end of the line. Instead, the Ford executive committee set up a completely separate group to do the work. It might also have seemed reasonable that Ford Central Engineering department be put to work on the project. Instead, however, the committee authorized the new group to set up its own styling department. And it might also have seemed obvious that the right man to head the project would have been someone with experience in the building of the first Continental. Instead, the committee chose 27-year-old William Clay Ford, youngest of the ruling family. It was his first important administrative post in the company which his two brothers head.

In August 1952, Bill Ford moved into a rambling, one-story frame building nestled against a small grove of trees about 9 miles west of Detroit. Officially he was the manager of a unit called Special Product Operations—nobody at Ford wanted to advertise the fact that the Continental was to be revived. Together with his chief engineer, Harley Copp, he began to build a staff.

Ford and his new team were working on a short budget, against a tight time limit, against some of the finest professional talent in the world of automotive design. One of the first company moves was to invite four free-lance designers to submit proposals for a luxury two-door, four-passenger hardtop coupe. The outside designers weren't told that the car was intended to be a Continental, but so efficient is the Detroit grapevine that most of them were fully aware of the fact. Meanwhile, Bill Ford's own stylists were hard at the same job. And so began a strange contest.

The stakes were high. Bill Ford and his group wanted the recognition that would come with the selection of one of their proposals; each of the outside stylists was working toward a fat, prestige-filled position as consultant to the Ford organization.

For two months the stylists in Special Product Operations poured suggestions, ideas, sketches across Bill Ford's desk. These designs were either all wrong or subtly wrong. Some would have stunned Buck Rogers in any century. There were windshields that wrapped all the way around the car; hoods so low they couldn't have covered anything



This "Continental" was submitted by an outside stylist for design competition. It bears very little resemblance to the Continental which Ford will manufacture except for similarity of "blind" rear-quarter treatment and rear window.

Bill Ford *(left)* discusses contours of one of the interim designs with stylist. Continental will not resemble this Model X-1500-4 in any particular except for grille. Note the similarity to the Cadillac design in the hood contour.

but an in-line engine lying flat on its side; grilles that came to a murderous point. The more sober proposals might have made acceptable 1956 Lincolns, but they weren't close to what Bill Ford wanted in a Continental.

This was not the first Ford attempt to design a successor to the Continental, by the way. Once, in 1949, when the 1948 Continental was yet fresh in the memories of the organization, a proposed 1949 Continental was created. Unfortunately it was based on the 1949 Lincoln, the first of that make to reflect the national trend toward fat, bulbous bodies. The stock Lincoln looked like a barrel on wheels; the Continental derived from it has been sympathetically described as resembling a highway version of the Super Chief. No one has seen it since. Again, in 1951, Ford built a "dream" car labeled "Continental Nineteen Fifty X." But it was as far toward the radical as the abortive 1949 attempt had been conservative. Later, after the company decided to spend serious money on the development of a workable design, the name of this proposal was quietly changed to the meaningless designation X-100.

With two attempts and failures to look back on and with nothing usable passing across his desk from his own styling section, Bill Ford stepped into the role his father Edsel had created during the building of the first Continental. Edsel Ford had hovered over his designers' shoulders constantly, ordering changes, making suggestions. This was to be his personal car. Since it had to please no one but him, Edsel could afford to override stylists' suggestions. At one point, early in the development of the car, Edsel had walked into the design department to find that the stylists had carefully tucked the spare wheel into the trunk. In 1938 this was the logical place to put the spare wheel.

Edsel took one look at the inner spare, said, "I want it outside," and left. With these words he created the Continental's most distinctive feature: the exposed, rear-mounted spare tire. (He had also seeded a million-dollar industry which sprang up after the war—an industry which charged high unit price for taking spare wheels out of hiding and putting them back outside.)

One of Bill Ford's first moves was to coin the phrase "modern formal styling," as indicative of what he wanted the 1956 Continental to look like.

The styling department digested this phrase slowly. Previous drawings were consigned to the files and fresh paper was mounted on all the drawing boards. There was a period of preliminary sketching and experimentation while the artists tried to turn Ford's words into pictures. Time was running short. It was late January and Special Product Operations had not yet produced one possible sketch for a future Continental.

The first sketches Ford received in answer to his request for modern formal styling were tentative, full of contradictions in feeling and form. Some of the rocket-ship approach was still evident, but at least the rocket ships had fenders. Then, with an abruptness that startled everyone, the operation began to jell. On the same day two promising sketches appeared on Ford's desk.

These were labeled X-1500-2 and X-1500-4 and put through the scale-model stage immediately. A scale model of the 1948 Continental was built to compare with them. And then began the late-hour conferences between the members of the design group, the engineers, and Bill Ford. Moving a fender line two inches proved to be an all-night job; changing the height of the grille required days. Finally,

after X-1500-2 and X-1500-4 had each gone through four separate modifications, both were thrown out. They had been a starting point, nothing more.

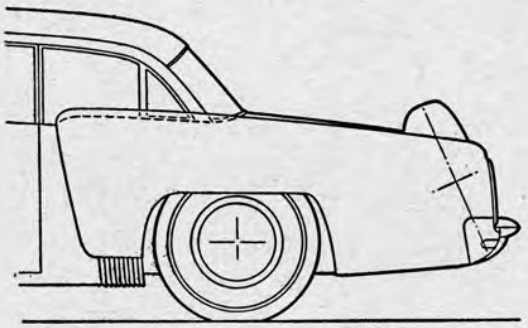
But now everyone at Special Products Operations knew the trail was hot. Each succeeding sketch was a little closer to what Ford wanted. He began to haunt the styling studio, suggested modifications while the sketches were still on the boards. Better than anyone else he knew what he wanted the new car to look like. In his own mind it already existed; all he had to do was make it come alive in a drawing.

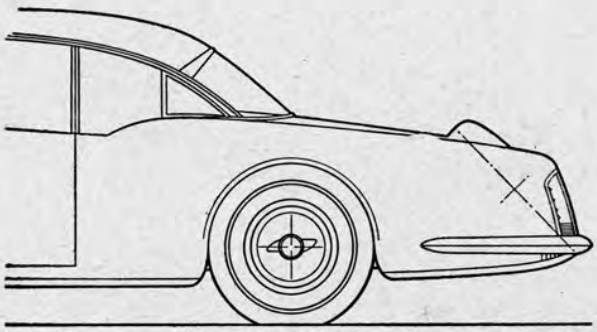
On one occasion, Ford walked into the design room after a short vacation. He took one look at a proposed design, then reached for a pencil, slashed once vertically, said, "This overhang is too long"; made a careful horizontal mark, said, "The hood should be extended this far," performed a more careful series of alterations and corrections, said, "And try this . . ."

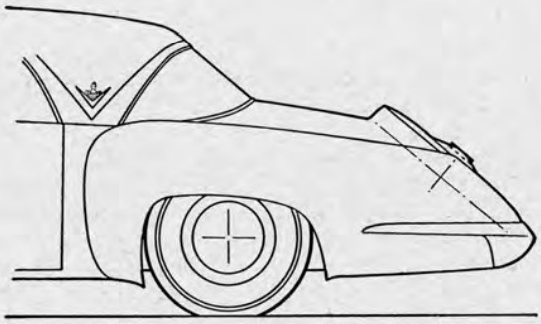
When the deadline date for the contest arrived, Special Product Operations had three designs to submit for judging. The offerings of the outside stylists had already been received. All the drawings were rigidly held to a formula: each stylist, including Bill Ford's group, was limited to three different designs. Of each design there had to be five walk-around perspective views, all colored the same Prussian blue. Accompanying these five drawings there had to be a simple, pen-and-ink series of four sketches in precise 1/10th scale. Thus the perspectives could be measured against the scale sketches to detect deliberate exaggerations. (It is not uncommon for a stylist to make the hood look longer than it really is, or for lowness to be emphasized by fudging a little on the sketch.)

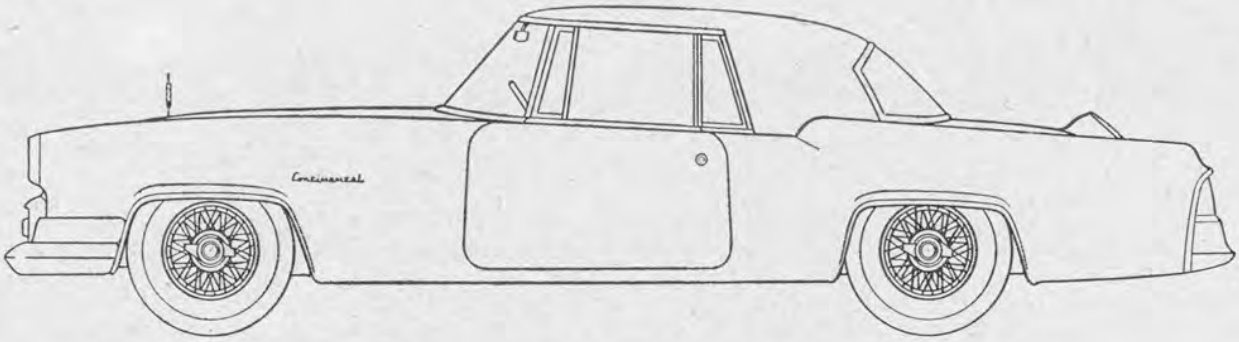
Other limitations were of a more general nature. The basic structure of the chassis had been given so all contestants would use the same wheelbase and tread. There was a minimum height, a minimum ground clearance. The passenger compartment could be located toward the front or toward the rear within a 14-inch limit either way, thus giving the stylist his choice of a long or short hood. Such dimensions as overall length and width were left variable.

For the judging, the drawings were identified by a code number only, then ranged around the walls of the styling studio. Bill Ford ushered the judges into the studio singly, then left each man alone with the [*Continued on page* 68]









Three Ford drawings *(above right)* indicate trend of design thinking on traditional Continental spare tire. Top drawing probably indicates an actual tire in cover; others suggest an imprinted facsimile in steel of rear deck. Drawing of whole car incorporates most likely design features of the new Continental based on information and drawings supplied to TRUE by Continental Division. Resemblance to earlier Continentals (1940-1948) is strong in some areas, weak in others.

Photographed for TRUE by Sid Latham

Munching away at Danny's Hideaway Restaurant, Bob Curran stuffs himself on TRUE's plan—and melts the fat down.

On True's three squares a day you can...

EAT BIG AND GROW THIN

You don't have to starve to get that lard off your middle. If you follow this tried-and-TRUE plan, you can even gorge on your everyday foods—and trim yourself down to the man women dream about

BY DONALD G. COOLEY

In theory, everybody loves a fat man. In practice, though, a fat man is more than likely to be 1) unloved by women; 2) unable to get out of his own unathletic way; and 3) unable to get top marks on a life-insurance exam.

Do a fast checkup. If 1, 2 or 3 fits you—and you don't fit your clothes—then, Mac, you're fat.

Don't put off a diet. Take off the weight. Take it off with TRUE'S EAT-ALL-YOU-WANT diet. That suet will melt off as fast as a pound a day at the start, 2 pounds a week later. Bob Curran, a 232-pounder, ate himself silly for weeks —and lost weight.

On TRUE'S EAT-ALL-YOU-WANT reducing plan you can really eat all you want. You can't be hungry, because when you feel like eating, you eat. You don't worry about calories or arbitrary menus. You don't go shopping for whey juice or barley husks or other exotic food supplements. You do eat, till you're full, from a great variety of foods that furnish the essentials of good nutrition. Ask Bob Curran.

Who's Bob Curran? Bob was our guinea pig. A magazine editor, Bob weighed his 232 pounds the day he started the EAT-ALL-YOU-WANT plan. You can see from the photographs that Bob was quite a chunk of man, especially around the belly, before he began the plan. He wasn't sure it would work for him. He had tried diets before, with disappointing results. He liked to eat, and here he was being invited to eat all he wanted. This was exactly what he had been doing and he didn't like the shape it had got him into.

TRUE's plan is tailor-made for men who don't care how many grams of phosphorus are contained in a kilo of beefsteak or whether a lamb chop is served in lace pants. And it is strictly for men.

But before we show you how simple and sound it all is, let's be sure you *should* lose weight. Unless you are carting around a little extra lard, no reducing diet is safe. Even if you feel sure you are overweight, have your doctor check you over. He may find carbon in your valves or some other health defect that requires consideration.

Plenty of men don't realize they're too fat. "Comfortable" is the word they use. The insurance companies look at their mortality tables and come up with other words, as well as the solemn advice that men as little as 20 percent overweight have a 42 percent higher death rate. Stop patting that bay window, however modest it is, and be honest with yourself. Is your load of lard going to shorten your life? Does it hurt your golf game? Does it make you sweat too much and groan at the thought of summer? Bob Curran asked himself these questions. Except that he's already married, he might have asked the next one: Does overweight repel women?

You may ask that. The answer has to do with a fat-soluble substance called testosterone, the male hormone. Testosterone has a lot to do with erotic drive, but it has to be on tap in the body. Dr. Fred Simmons, an eminent Boston specialist in the treatment of infertility, thinks it likely that significant amounts of an obese man's sex hormones may be dissolved in his body fat, where they are inaccessible to Eros. There is quite a bit of evidence that fat men are prone to be derelict as sires, to say nothing of the fact that a grossly fat man is conjugally confronted by sheer mechanical impediments. Even if love does manage to find a way, it's an uphill road.

Don't take it for granted, however, that just because you're big you're fat. A few big-muscle boys are overweight according to the standard weight tables, but they're not really fat. The fighter, Joe Louis, when he was heavyweight champion, is reputed to have been rated "too fat" at first for acceptance by the Army. The story goes that Joe was dunked under water, and when his specific gravity was figured, he wasn't fat at all. He just had muscles. If you feel like sparring with Rocky Marciano, it may be that you aren't actually overweight. The point is, if there's even a suspicion that you're too fat, see your doctor. Bob Curran did this, too.

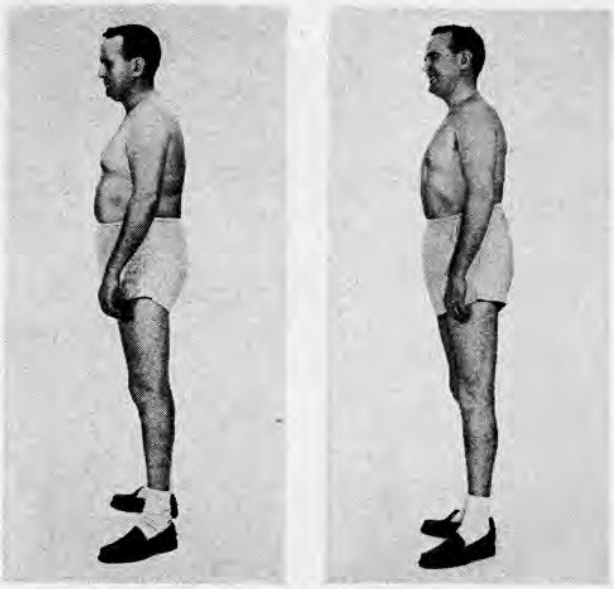
"I put on weight very easily," Bob objected when TRUE asked him to try the plan. "I used to play football and had no trouble keeping in shape while the season was on. But as soon as football season was over, I'd start getting fat in a hurry."

Bob's job nowadays is a sedentary one, and overweight had become a chronic handicap. He lifts some pretty heavy manuscripts and dodges artfully through a field of writers bent on tackling him, but that doesn't add up to enough exercise to keep his weight down. So he began hopefully, but not cockily, to trim off fat by eating all he wanted. He started by losing a pound a day during the first week of this diet.

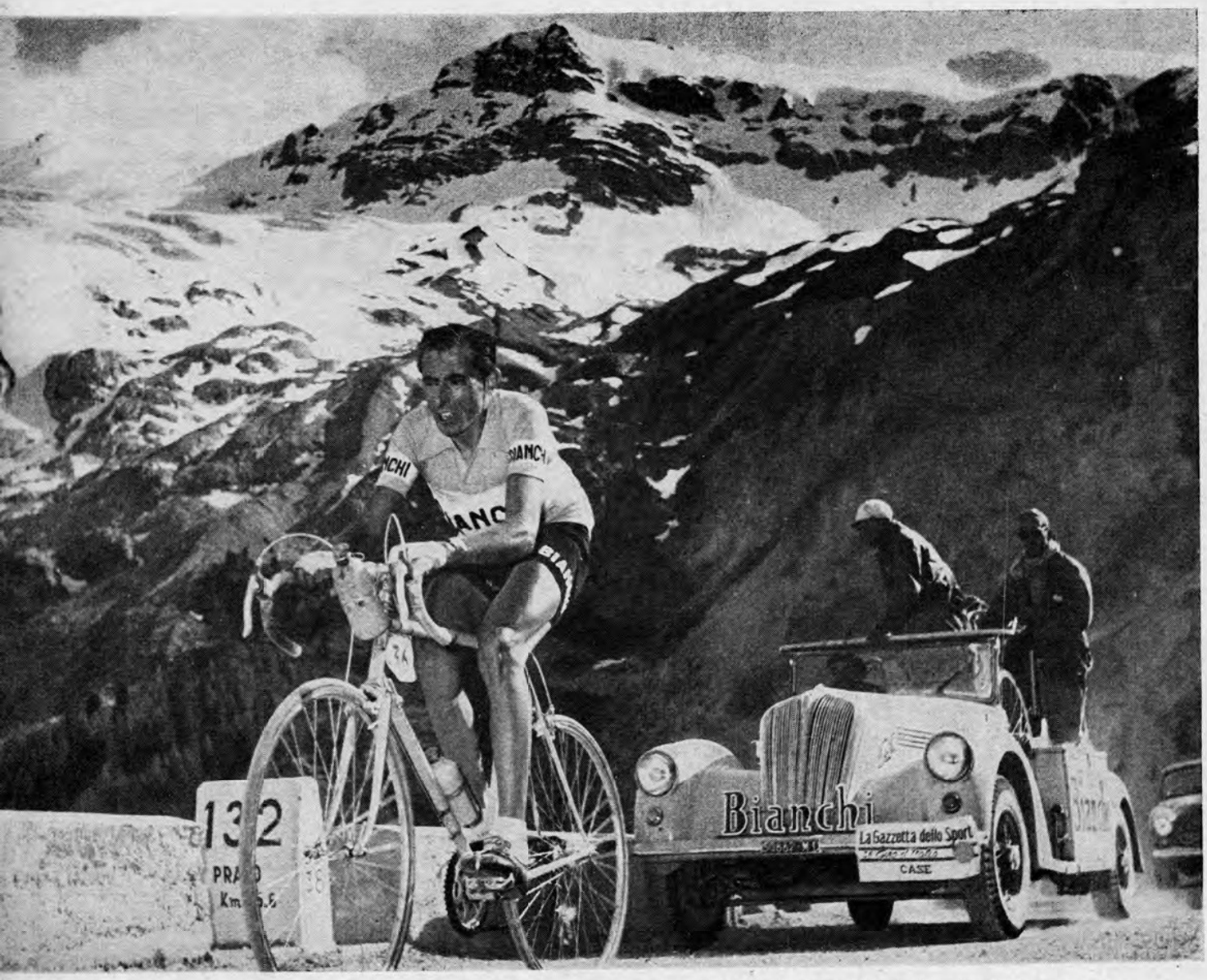
From his 232 pounds the day he began the plan, Bob Curran was down ten days later to a shade less than 224 pounds. Total loss, 8 pounds, a bit less than one pound a day.

"It was a great lift to see for myself that the EAT-ALL-YOU-WANT plan really works," Bob says. He kept taking in his belt notch-by-notch for six weeks. You can see the handsome results in his "After Taking" photo, which shows enough space between his midriff and the top of his pants to hide a kangaroo. Here's his box score:

Original weight, 232 pounds. Weight at the end of six weeks, 208 pounds. Total weight lost, 24 pounds in six weeks. Average weight loss for the entire period, 4 pounds per week. This is twice as fast as the [*Continued on page* 76]



Before and after, or from 232 pounds to a muscular 208.



In the famous and killing 4,855-kilometer Tour de France race, Coppi climbs the French Alps, far ahead of opponents.

MERCURY ON A BICYCLE

Italy's Fausto Coppi is Europe's "Giant of the Road." He earns his fame the hard way—by pedaling 3,000 miles to victory, or beating a Fiat up the Alps

BY MIKE STERN

The most popular athlete in Europe today is a homely fragile-looking, 34-year-old bicycle rider named Fausto Coppi, who once earned a living as a salami stuffer, and today makes roughly $65,000 a year simply by pedaling a bicycle faster than any man alive.

European countries are as fiercely nationalistic in their choice of sports heroes as they are in their support of political idols. But Coppi has managed to demolish state boundaries. The French love Italy's champion, and tender him as much affection as that given to Hopalong Cassidy by American children. There is a Coppi bicycle manufactured in France, and the French newspapers refer to him reverently as *Le geant de la route* (giant of the road). One day in a highly religious French town, a priest discovered that he was alone in church during services. Even the ladies of the parish were missing. Outside the church, the good Curé found his parishioners lined up in the town square waiting for their great *Fosto* to whiz by. The priest

scrambled back to his empty church, raced through the service and ran out to join his flock, just in time to see the first group of racers come tearing past, Coppi, as usual, heading the pack.

Italian sportswriters have in the past saddled Coppi with such names as the Human Locomotive and King of the Mountains, but they were at a loss as to what he should be designated officially. Champion was too ordinary. Campionissimo, which is the ultimate in champions, was out because it was once used to describe Coppi's teammate and rival, Gino Bartali. The writers finally settled on Super-Campionissimo, an appellation that will be hard to beat. At the rate Coppi travels, no sportswriters will have to coin new superlatives for generations.

Part of this enormous adulation of Coppi is because the bicycle is not a toy to Europeans. Nor is it a vehicle to be taken lightly. It is a principal means of transportation. A bike rider in Europe, knowing full well his own limitations, finds it natural to treat Coppi's manifold achievements with awe. It is the same as a sandlot baseball player's emotional relationship to a Stan Musial or Ted Williams.

Coppi has done such wonderful things with the bicycle that experts believe it unlikely his feats will ever be topped. In a single year he has won the Tour of France (the World Series of bicycle racing), and the Giro of Italy. In that same year (1949) he also set new records by winning the Milan—San Remo race and the Giros of Lombardia, Romagna and Veneto. By American standards you might compare Coppi to a Ben Hogan winning the triple crown of golf, or a Citation winning the triple crown of horse racing. Only, in Coppi's case, it would be a sextuple crown.

Trying to assess Coppi's fabulous record, European cycle authorities have taken to metaphysical explanations. Coppi, they write with smug assurance, just doesn't understand the limits of human endurance as it relates to a bicycle. What these critics are really saying of course is that Coppi is just not human.

The experts have certain grounds for their appraisal because until 1949 it was thought that the human physique would never be able to stand the killing exertions necessary to win the French Tour (4,855 kilometers or about 3,000 miles) and then less than three weeks later, compete in and win the Italian Giro, which is considered to be only slightly less difficult.

Fausto Coppi confounded the experts.

I remember reading the European papers at the time and they all pointed out very sagaciously how this was the sort of accident that, like lightning, could only strike once. So three years later, in 1952, Coppi won the two races again. Now the experts contend that for Coppi this is possible; for the rest of the human race, NO!

Coppi doesn't smoke or drink. When he isn't in training and the occasion demands it, he will allow himself a half glass of red wine. When in training, roadwork is everything for Coppi. For example, when he begins preparations for the mighty Tour of France, he knocks off the equivalent distance riding over the roads that simulate as closely as possible the real thing. This means that if the Tour has 1,000 kilometers of mountains, he will train over 1,000 kilometers of mountain roads of similar height. When talking about his preparations for the famous French race, Coppi says, "I've got to get 4,855 kilometers in my legs to be ready for it."

Coppi's 1952 victory in the Tour was witnessed by about 5 million people, probably the largest sports turnout in history. The race began in the marketplace of St. Louis in Brest on June 25, 1952. Eighty-eight racers from France, Italy, Belgium, Holland, England, Switzerland, Spain and North Africa took off in a solid mass for Rennes, 264 kilometers away. There are 23 laps run on as many days so that eventually the racers circle the entire country. The time consumed in running each lap is totaled and the one who has circled France in the least time is declared the winner. A description of one of the laps in the '52 race will serve to explain why Coppi won that classic so easily.

On the Metz-Nancy leg, run on one of the hottest days of the year, sports experts predicted that even Coppi couldn't lick the combination of elements against him. This was a 60-kilometer headlong sprint, with racers taking off one at a time, a few minutes apart. Those who started in the morning had a favoring breeze and a comparatively cool roadway. When Coppi took off at 2 in the afternoon, the direction of the hot wind had shifted and was blowing in his face, the sun was at its peak and the road was a sea of melted tar. Adding to his handicap, Coppi had two flat tires. Still, he scored the fastest time for the lap, beating Roger Dedock of Belgium, an early morning starter, by almost a full minute over the 60-kilometer course.

When the racers hit the mountains in the 238-kilometer Mulhouse to Lausanne, Switzerland lap, encompassing some of the world's tallest mountains, Coppi made the other racers look as if they were standing still. He zipped up the Alp d'Huez, a zigzag climb to a height of over a mile, without once raising out of his seat. His average speed over those mountains was better than 25 mph.

Since every type of terrain is encountered in a major road race, a racer must be skilled as a climber, sprinter and flat rider. Coppi does all three better than his closest rivals, especially climb. He can clamber up the Alps with his bicycle almost as fast as a Torpolino (small Fiat).

The bike which Coppi has used to propel himself into the hearts of his European countrymen is a Bianchi racer with a handlebar gearshift capable of putting the two-wheeler into ten forward speeds. The bike weighs 17 pounds. To give you an idea of how fast these bicycles are capable of traveling, the world's [*Continued on page* 93]

Coppi grabs a bag of lunch from team chief during big race.

THE CASE OF

THE POISONER WHO COULDN'T SPELL

For awhile homicide expert Carey thought he was seeing double—two corpses, two bottles of poison and two murder suspects—until he finally distilled from all these a single incriminating clue, the misspelling of a simple word

BY ARCHIE McFEDRIES

Illustrated by Stan Galli

Of the hundreds of detectives who have run down murderers for the New York Police Department during the past half century, comparatively few have been on a par with such fictional sleuths as Sherlock Holmes. But Arthur Carey, who died a year ago at the age of 87, was in Holmes' class. When, in 1928, Carey turned in his badge after forty years on the cops, he had lost count of the number of murder cases he had solved.

It was Arthur Carey who conceived, founded and headed the Homicide Squad of the New York department—a little band of tough-talking, tough-minded men who have never had to tip their hats to Scotland Yard or the French Sûreté or anybody else. You would never have looked twice at Carey had you passed him on the street. He was a round-faced, blue-eyed man with thinning brown hair, of medium height and build, dressed in plain blue or gray clothes right off the store racks.

Carey's outstanding characteristic was his infinite capacity for taking pains. The man was tireless. Nothing was monotonous to him if there was the slightest chance that it might prove productive in an investigation. He could submerge himself for days and nights in a sea of records and come up looking almost refreshed. He never tired of asking questions—sometimes the same question over and over again of one man or of a dozen. He would get on the trail of a suspect and stick to it with the tenacity of a piece of marine life clinging to a rock.

The case that made Carey's reputation broke on the afternoon of Wednesday, December 28, 1898. Carey, only 33, was assigned to look into the death of a Mrs. Katherine Adams, a socially prominent widow of about 50. Mrs. Adams had lived in a large and fashionable brownstone house on West 86th Street with her daughter, Mrs. Florence Rogers, an attractive divorcee. The lady had been quite wealthy, and not obliged to take in roomers, but had rented a suite in her home to a young socialite named Harry Cornish. Cornish, a tall, pale, superior-looking character of 30-odd, was the physical director [*Continued on page* 82]

When Henry Barnet's body was secretly exhumed, Carey found it loaded with cyanide of mercury.

Primitive Wacamba tribesmen with their 120-pound-pull bows are as deadly as modern commandos. Their ally—poison.

The ivory thieves of Tsavo deal in instant death—and steal a fortune in tusks every year. In a special report for TRUE, *author Mannix tells about the men who risk their lives to hunt down . . .*

AFRICA'S TWO-LEGGED GAME

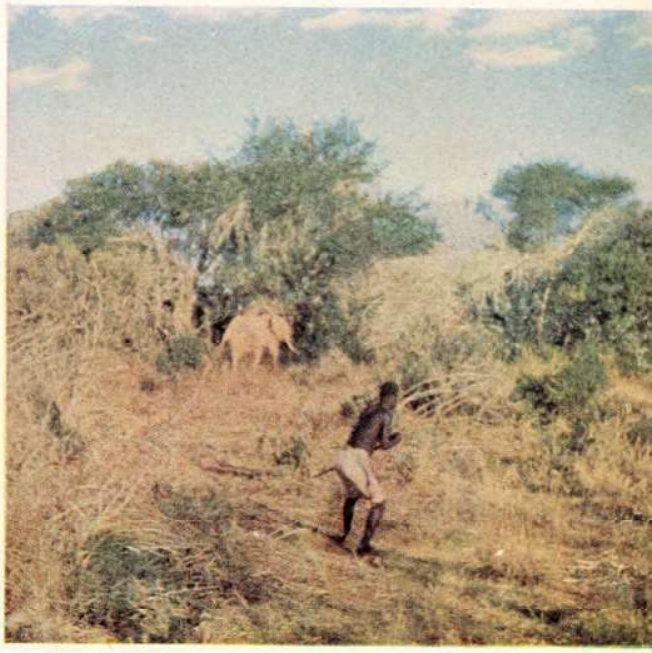
BY DANIEL P. MANNIX

Photographed for TRUE *by the Author*

The carcass of an elephant already stripped of its tusks.

Hunter wraps arrow with secret *mrichu* poison.

Warden Sheldrick interrogates freshly captured poacher.



In the jungle, former poacher shows how he did it.

Led by a white game warden, a small group of native rangers moved quietly through the East African bush following a curious line of footprints made by sandals cut from an old automobile tire. For three months the men had been following the marks of those sandals and they had never seen their owner. But now the tracks were very fresh and the quarry should be just ahead.

Suddenly the patrol came on a group of natives sitting around a small campfire. Instantly the natives were on their feet, grabbing for their bows and arrows. The rangers opened fire. After a moment's hesitation the natives sullenly surrendered and were promptly tied up with their own bowstrings.

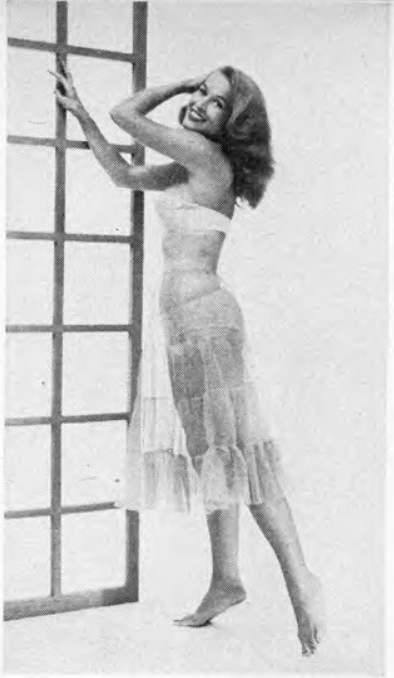
The young game warden carefully examined his prisoners' feet. None of the men were wearing the tire sandals. The rangers quickly picked up the trail again and followed it at a trot over the sandy soil. In thirty minutes they came on the body of a freshly killed elephant. Blood was still oozing from the socket holes from which the ivory tusks had been removed.

The warden swore to himself when he realized that the owner of the sandals must have been engaged in cutting out the tusks while the rangers were capturing the rest of the gang. Instead of panicking when he heard the shots, the poacher had calmly finished the job and then departed with the ivory. Although the men trailed him until after dark, the poacher escaped with his loot.

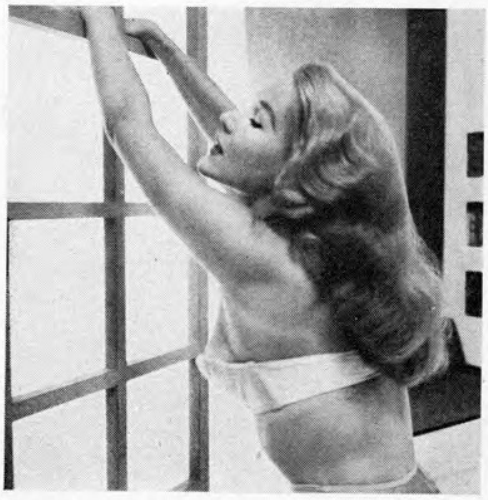
Temporary setbacks like this are all in the day's work to David Sheldrick, the young warden who controls the eastern section of the great Tsavo National Park in the heart of Kenya Colony. Sheldrick handles an area of 5,000 square miles, comprising some of the finest elephant country in Africa. With ivory selling for as high as $2.50 a pound, the Tsavo area is a major temptation for native poachers who can easily bring down an elephant with one of their deadly poisoned arrows. [*Continued on page* 78]

In the weird and wonderful world of advertising, where "idea" men are paid $50,000 a year just for thinking, a 24-year-old redhead also makes $50,000 a year just for owning...

The World's Most Expensive Body



Photographed for TRUE by Robert Halmi



Her name is Penny Duncan, and in view of the accompanying pictures it seems superfluous to give you any of the vital statistics such as bust—waist—hips. She makes her big dough—and a pretty penny it is—by stripping off her street clothes and getting down to the barest lingerie essentials as the highest-priced underwear model in the world. Penny can't remember the last time she had her picture taken with all her clothes on. But, posing at fees ranging up to $100 an hour, Penny just doesn't care. If anyone happens to be interested in marrying a full-bodied redhead who makes $50,000 a year, forget it. Penny has already won the *Mrs.* America title.

HOW BARNUM TOOK THE SUCKERS

"There's one born every minute," said the Prince of Humbugs. And the world's biggest bamboozler proved it by making his name a legend

BY ALAN HYND

Illustrated by Morton Roberts

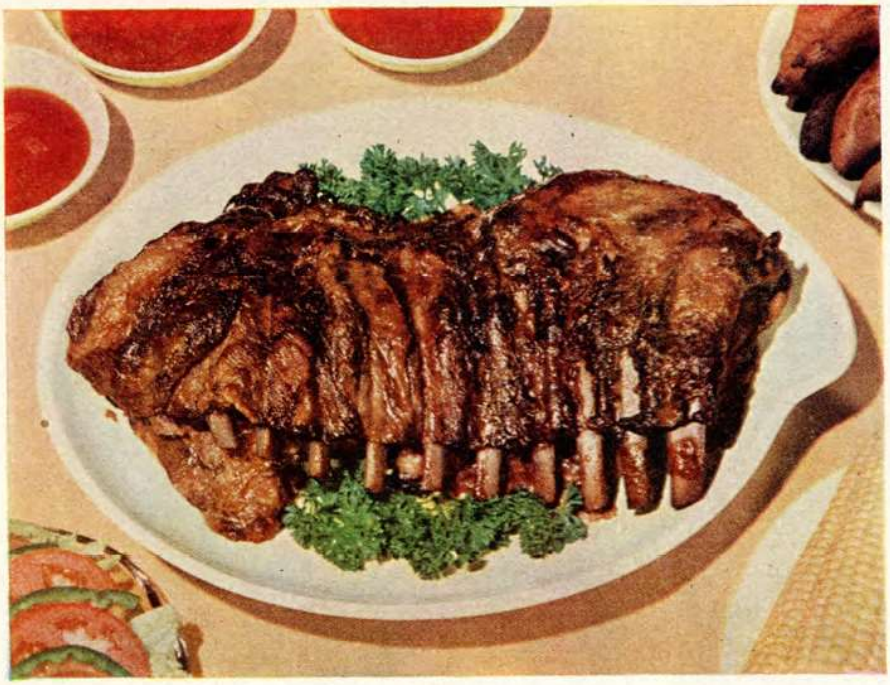
Phineas T. Barnum, decked out in a lavender long-tailed suit and glistening with diamonds, stood halfway down the gangplank of the Swedish ship one fine Sunday morning in the autumn of 1850, his con-man's eye searching out his stooges planted in the crowd on the New York pier.

"Here she is, folks!" Barnum shouted to the crowd, jerking a thumb toward the pretty girl immediately behind him. "Now let's have three great big cheers for Jenny Lind, the Swedish Nightingale—the greatest singer since time began!"

As the cheers died down Barnum caught the eye of a stooge holding a bouquet of red roses. At his nod the oaf threw the bouquet to the songbird and screamed, "Jenny, I don't want to live without you!" Then he beat his chest, moaned, rolled his eyes and plunged into the Hudson River.

"Save that man!" yelled Barnum, waving a gold-headed cane to the crowd. "Save

"Here she is!" Barnum shouted, pointing to Jenny Lind, the Swedish Nightingale.



meals for men

BARBECUED SPARERIBS

His name was Achmed Abdullah and, although born a Moslem, he was a solid man on a sparerib. The scion of an Afghan family with a lineage as long as Paul Bunyan's arm, Achmed came to America by way of England and France. In time, he gained fame not only for his hotly spiced love stories but for his artistry when it came to concocting richly spiced dishes accompanied by tall glasses and even taller tales.

In his youth, Achmed was a lieutenant with the Bengal Lancers in remote corners of India. For exercise he rode on pig-sticking hunts. In that connection, he learned quite a bit about the sauces that are the spice of life to barbecued pork (wild or domestic), as well as the barbecuing process itself. I bore witness to this on a tingling fall day in Ogonquit, Maine, when Achmed obtained several sides of spareribs which he roasted in a venerable tin oven placed upon the coals of an open hickory fire.

He allowed about five ribs per person which is ample. The roasting was divided into two parts. The first, about 30 minutes, over a fairly hot fire that produced an oven temperature of about 500°. This was to sear and seal the meat and melt away the fat. Next, with splatches of water, he reduced the fire to just over 300°. At the same time he hove the melted fat out of the pan—but *not* into the fire.

During the next 90 minutes—at five minute intervals—he basted the spareribs with the following liquid: Two cups salad oil into which had been blended ¼ cup raw minced bacon, four buds thinly sliced garlic, ¼ cup onion vinegar, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper and three teaspoons chopped parsley. He kept this mixture in the blender, which he gave a brief twirl prior to each basting, to keep it well mixed. A kitchen range will do the job if you have no open fire. The range is unimportant, but the *continual basting* is the do-or-die of this dish.

He starts the barbecue sauce by mixing the following ingredients: ¼ cup finely sliced dill pickles, ¼ cup lime or lemon juice, 3 tablespoons onion-vinegar, 5 teaspoons brown sugar, and 1½ teaspoons mild prepared mustard.

In a No. 10 heavy aluminum frying pan, he sauteés one large, well-chopped onion and ¾ cup celery stalks in 3 tablespoons bacon fat. When done, he blends in 3 tablespoons of flour, being careful not to burn it, and adds one No. 2½ can whole, peeled, tomatoes to make a thickish red paste.

To this he adds the sugar-vinegar-lemon-mustard combination plus ½ cup of boiling water and lets it simmer slowly 15 minutes. Then the sauce is transferred to a double-boiler to keep hot and avoid scorching. To prevent the sauce from thinning out, insert a sheet of paper between the lid and the saucepan of the double-boiler.

Comes the time for removing the spareribs from the oven—the exact time to serve the meal. The ribs are taken out of the pan. The fat and basting liquid are drained off. The sauce goes into the pan. The brown meat "nubbings" on the bottom of the pan are blended into the sauce—dusted lightly with curry powder—and served steaming hot with the spareribs, but in a separate bowl. Individual custard cups are used for sauce.

—Hans Christian Adamson

that poor lovesick man!" Two more of Barnum's stooges jumped into the Hudson after the first. They had no sooner hit the water than another of Barnum's boys, crying he didn't want to live without Jenny, followed them into the drink.

As excitement ripped through the crowd, Barnum, feigning alarm, placed a restraining arm on Jenny Lind and gave the nod to another stooge, one who specialized in fomenting fake riots. "We'll all be killed!" bellowed the riot expert. Another stooge promptly picked up the song: "We'll all be shoved into the river and get drowned!" Several more Barnum plants joined the chorus.

"Hey there, Officer!" Barnum bawled to one of the cops on the pier. "*Do* something about this! These people are going to riot!"

As the cops grabbed their billies and swung into action the excitement rose rapidly. Meanwhile Barnum stood on the gangplank and surveyed the carnage until things gradually subsided. Then the showman and the singer were escorted to Barnum's open carriage, drawn by not two, not four, not six, but eight horses.

All the way up Broadway to Jenny Lind's hotel, Barnum stooges, planted in the crowds that lined the street, carried on where the boys on the dock had left off. They either fainted or threw so many bouquets into the carriage that Phineas and Jenny were practically covered.

Barnum had an empty carriage following and he stopped to transfer the flowers into the second vehicle. "Here," he cried to the driver. "Take these to the hospitals and pass them around to the poor sick people with the compliments of Jenny Lind."

Just outside the Irving House, where Barnum had hired a whole floor for his attraction, a carefully rehearsed woman stooge climbed on the carriage and took a long hard look at Miss Lind. Then she turned and screamed to the crowd, "It's not fair! God made her *too* beautiful!"

The woman reached into her handbag, withdrew a small bottle and uncorked it. She was putting the vial to her lips when Barnum rose and grabbed it. "Poison!" he said, holding the bottle up to the crowd. "This poor woman was about to poison herself because Jenny Lind is too beautiful!"

Next day the papers were filled with stories of Jenny Lind's dramatic arrival, fraudulent though it had been. The master showman had again pulled the wool over the suckers' eyes.

The big build-up had not been easy. A year previously hardly anybody in this country had even heard of Miss Lind. But Barnum, emptying a whole bag of tricks, had developed an American appetite for the Swede. And now that the singer's entrance had turned out so successful, Barnum [*Continued on page* 98]

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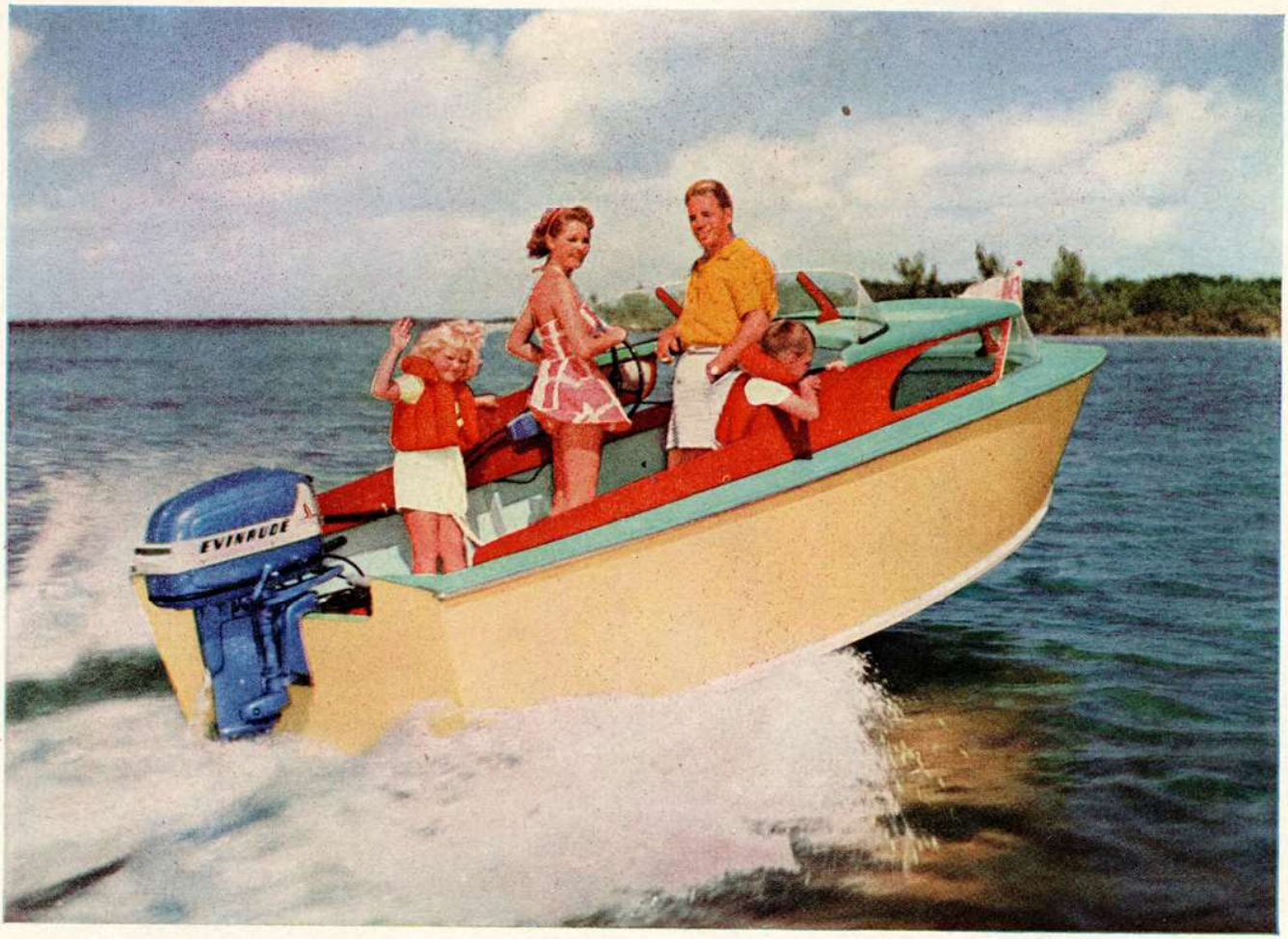

some people have the most fun!

ISN'T IT THE TRUTH! Some folks with modest budgets have more fun than millionaires. Boating families particularly—and Evinrude families *most* of all! For Evinrude has brought something entirely new and wonderfully enjoyable to outboard boating . . . quiet, vibrationless *Whispering Power!* You ride in *quiet*, for annoying engine noises are cancelled at their source. You ride in luxury—the luxury of utter *smoothness*—with all vibration isolated from your boat. There's motor car handling ease—and even finger-touch electric starting if you wish.

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all are quiet!

ELECTRIC BIG TWIN ***Aquasonic***—25 h.p.* The *proved* electric starting outboard motor. **$525†**

BIG TWIN ***Aquasonic***—25 h.p. Brilliant power for big runabouts, cruisers, water skiing. **$430**

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*All ratings are OBC certified at 4000 RPM tested in conformity with SAE test code. Weights are approximate. †Prices f.o.b. factory subject to change without notice.

Evinrude

Pioneers in **quiet** *Outboard Motors*

This 2-button model by Padi at $55 weighs a scant 2½ lbs. in a Dacron and wool blend.

Lighter and

The news in men's clothing for spring has a very cheering ring. Suits are much lighter in weight, accessories much brighter in hue. For color and comfort, DRESS AS SMART AS YOU ARE

By W. W. Rose, Jr.

THE NEWS IN MEN'S CLOTHING for spring this year is light and bright. Suits are almost featherweight, and accessories have taken on a much more cheerful hue. For color and comfort: DRESS AS SMART AS YOU ARE.

Take a look at the new trend in lighter-weight fabrics. Flannel, sharkskin, tweed and worsteds used to run as high as 15½ to 16 ounces per yard. But this year these same materials scale as low as 8½ to 12½ ounces—which means your new suit for spring will be lighter by a pound and more.

Not only have the manufacturers taken a load off your back, they have put a different look to what meets the eye in styles that are slimmer, trimmer and more natural looking. Linings are lighter and padding is held to an absolute minimum. You can *see* and *feel* the difference the minute you put on your new suit—perhaps made of one of the many new synthetic fibers.

Thus year-around clothing comfort—long overdue for the suffering male—has become a reality. Men no longer have to put up with suits that look like overstuffed sacks and feel like infantryman's packs.

And color? You can shoot the works to brighten up your wardrobe. If you feel like splashing on some radical hues, a wide variety of colorful socks, shirts, ties, shorts and even shoes is available to whisk away that stodgy look usually associated with suits for business wear.

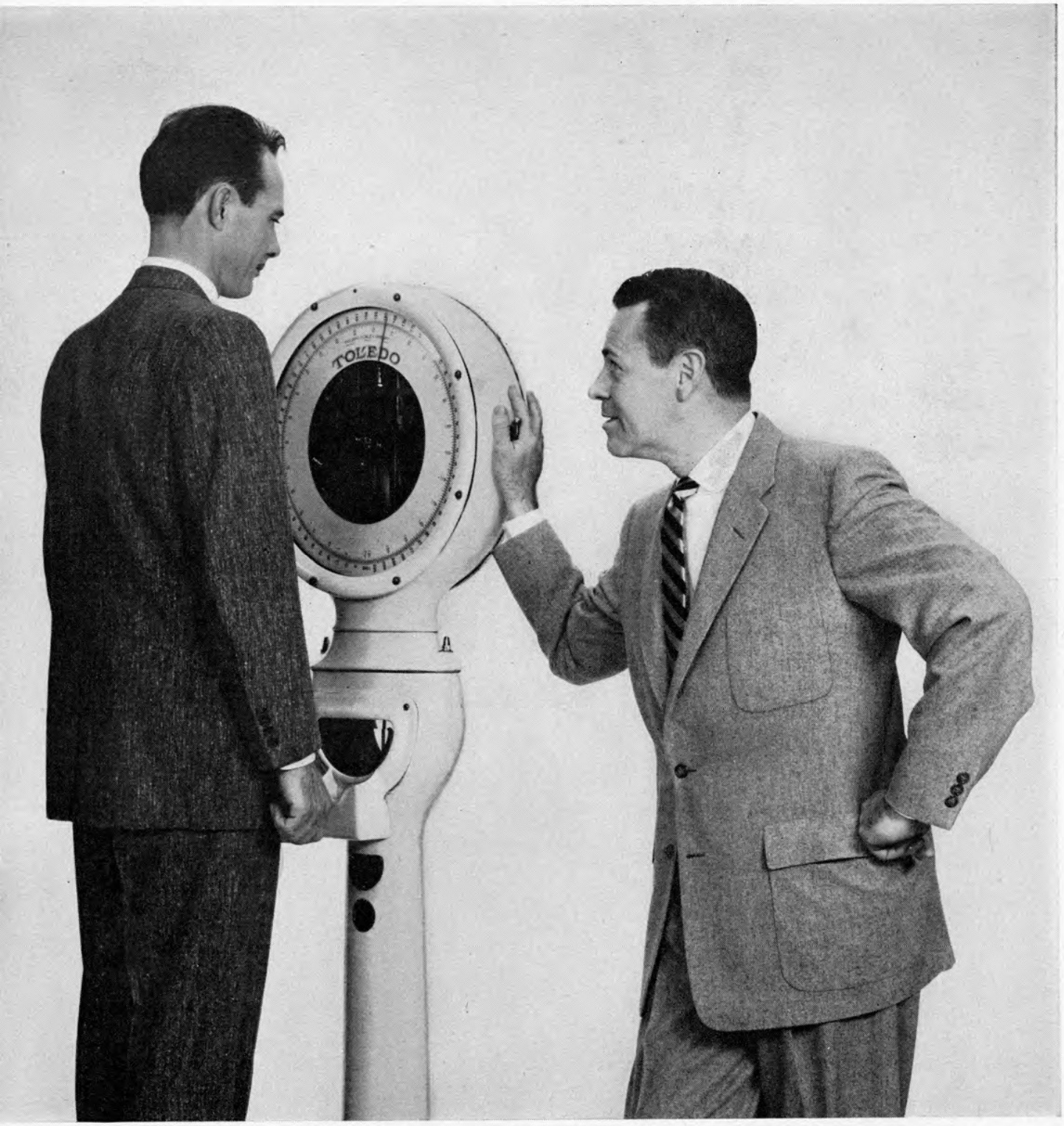
You will find various shades of pink, green, gold and purple—to name the top sellers. It may stagger you a bit at first having so many colors to choose from, but the secret lies in blending or contrasting with your outfit. Your complexion, too, plays a part in choosing your color combinations; so take stock of yourself before selecting accessories.

But whether you are dark, light or topped with rust-colored hair, don't be afraid to experiment. The right colors can go a long way in sprucing up your wardrobe for a smart, cheery spring.

Brighter for Spring

Lightweight three-button herringbone suit by Phoenix for $55 in an Orlon and wool combination. Tips the scales at a flat 3 lbs. and feels like a fine, soft Shetland. Light yellow shirt is the "Karon," the purple one, the "Brad." Both by Van Heusen at $3.95. Silk repp stripe ties by Arrow at $2.50. Robe on the right is the "Twill-Wash" by Peerless at $15.95. Paris plaid garters 75 cents. Argyle socks of imported wool by Esquire Hosiery for $2.95.

Lighter and Brighter



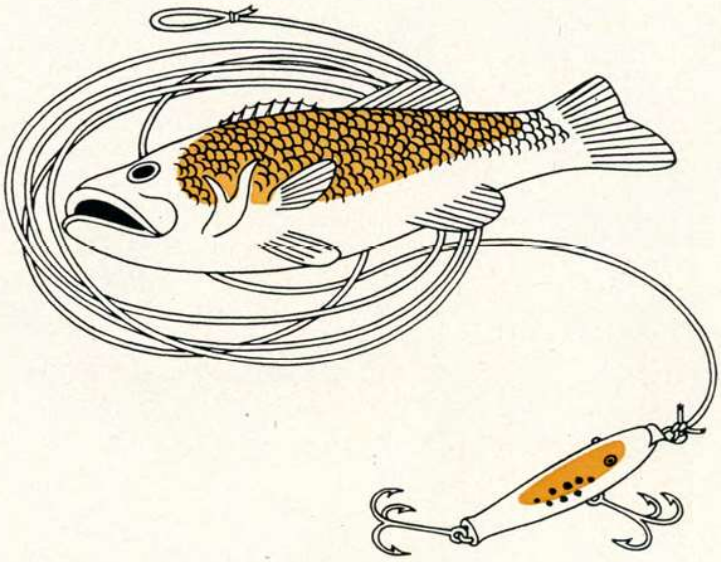
On the left, a Botany "500" suit blended of silk and worsted weighing only 2½ lbs. $65. The gray flannel at the right by Timely Clothes is 100% wool and only 3 lbs. $65. The yellow broadcloth shirt with button-down round collar worn with the gray suit on the right is $5 by Arrow. Three-tone club-stripe tie of repp silk, $2.50, by Arrow.

for Spring

Gold Van Heusen shirt at $3.95. Their tie, $1.50. Blue broadcloth shirt by Arrow at $5. Green tab collar shirt by Ramy at $5. Green Dacron tie by Stern Merritt is $2.50. Pink shirt by Arrow, $5. Their repp tie, $2.50. Purple shirt by Lion of Troy, $3.95, shown with a Bachrach tie at $2.50. Boxer shorts at top, Van Heusen's at $1.50. Striped ones at bottom by Arrow $1.50. Braided red belt $2.50. 2-tone belts, $2. All by Paris. Shoe at upper left by Bates at about $14.95. Argyle socks by Esquire are $1. Saddle shoe at bottom by Jarman at $12.95. Esquire argyle socks $1.

BASS BELOW THE BORDER

Mexicans are practical. They'll handline a bass plug, use dynamite, and keep their bait in their hats, if they're using bait at all. But still there are largemouth left for the tourists



BY HART STILWELL

Illustrated by Harry Goff

I said to Dave, "What's all the fuss about?"

Dave Young, Jr., a fellow Texan, and I had stopped at a fine pool in the Purificación River, 150 miles or so south of the Rio Grande, and were casting for whatever we might raise. We were raising mostly bass, ancient customers that fought each other for the right to take our lures.

The "fuss" I asked about was building up in a group of fifteen or more Mexicans, most of them full-blooded Tamaulipec Indians, who had gathered to watch us.

"They think we're using magic and are going to take all their fish," Dave said.

I can get along fairly well in Spanish if I'm talking man-to-man and the other party takes it slow. But I don't follow developments so well when several people in a group are jabbering. Dave, however, handles Spanish as well as he does English.

"What do you mean, magic?" I asked.

"They think our plugs are magic—that we're going to kill all their fish."

The muttering passed the stage of muttering—grew louder. I glanced back and saw a threatening expression on the face of one Indian. But I couldn't look long, for another bass struck and I had to dedicate my energies to him.

"We better do something," Dave said.

"How about giving them the fish?" I suggested.

Dave told them they could have all the fish we caught. The atmosphere changed instantly, and the Indians came crowding around us so close I had to cast with practically no backswing.

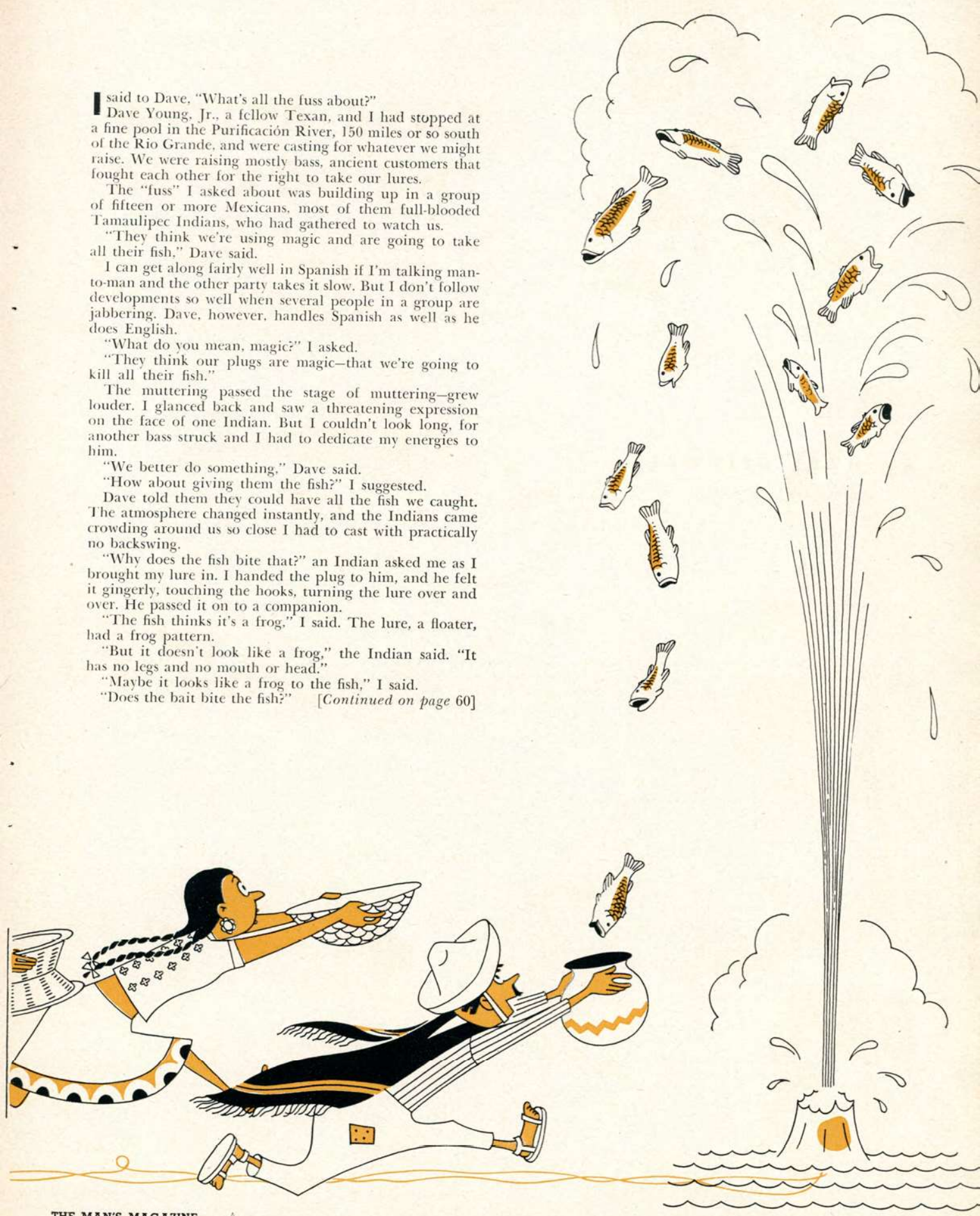
"Why does the fish bite that?" an Indian asked me as I brought my lure in. I handed the plug to him, and he felt it gingerly, touching the hooks, turning the lure over and over. He passed it on to a companion.

"The fish thinks it's a frog," I said. The lure, a floater, had a frog pattern.

"But it doesn't look like a frog," the Indian said. "It has no legs and no mouth or head."

"Maybe it looks like a frog to the fish," I said.

"Does the bait bite the fish?" [*Continued on page* 60]



The Mexican was handlining his rusted old plug, but he beat the ears off of us.

"No, the fish bites the bait. Watch."

I cast to the far side of the pool, under the overhanging branches of a cypress tree, and rested the lure a moment. When I made it nod gently, there was a fat explosion and a big one came up to see what he could do about that plug. It stuck.

"See?" I said to the Indian. "The bass bit it."

"I see," he said. "It is a miracle."

We caught twenty-odd bass out of four little pools along that stretch of river. They ranged from 3 to 7 pounds—according to our estimates, which may have been generous. We gave all except two of them to the Indians. They repaid us by cooking some of the bass over coals and serving up a fine meal of fish, tortillas and frijoles.

Before we left we gave them some lures. I got rid of an old twin-spinner that was a little too heavy for my tackle.

That was a long time ago, way back in the early days when there were practically no roads in northern Mexico, only little trails in a country where you might spend three or four days traveling thirty miles. In those days we always carried an ax along to chop the fenders off the car to get you through the tight places.

But in those days you could go almost any place in Mexico and get into that dream of every angler—virgin fishing.

A lot has happened to Mexico since then, much of it done by the *gringo* from north of the Rio Grande. Get off the beaten path now, go way up some rugged mountain trail to a little "hidden" lake, and what do you find? Chances are you find an Indian who can outcast you—or at least outfish you—all set to act as your guide.

Take him on. For a large part of the charm of fishing in Mexico comes from contact with people, guides or otherwise, who have different ways of doing things. Bass are pretty much the same wherever you find them. People are different, and few as different as those in Mexico.

Take, for example, what happened to me several years ago when I made a trip to beautiful Lake Pátzcuaro, west of Mexico City. Pátzcuaro is the second-largest natural lake in Mexico, being surpassed only by Lake Chapala, which isn't so hot for bass fishing. Pátzcuaro, nestling 6,500 feet above sea level among surrounding hills, was stocked with bass many years ago, and the bronzebacks waxed fat on the native whitefish, which the Tarascan Indians catch in nets and sell.

I fished Pátzcuaro in company with the late Pat Doer of Mexico City, and I soon became interested in an Indian who was fishing from a small dugout. A little boy sat behind the man, but the Indian did his own paddling, manipulating a short paddle with one hand, moving entirely too close to the moss beds, I thought.

There was sound reason for his staying so close to those moss beds. He was *handlining* a bass plug, throwing the thing the way you might toss out a catfish bait on a handline. I don't think he made a cast longer than 30 feet, and most of his heaves were around 20 feet or even less.

Still he whipped the ears off Pat and me, even though we haunted him, easing ahead of him at times and hogging the "new" water. The Indian was using an ancient, rusty-hooked, underwater wobbling lure. I tied on one like it. He kept on catching about two fish to my one, and the bass ranged from 2 to 4 pounds.

When the fishing was over we talked to him, and he said bass aren't afraid of a boat if you move slow and make no noise. We gave him a couple of lures and said we'd meet him next day.

He turned up next day with a fishing pole—a modified slaughter pole. He had cut a branch from a tree and had tied part of his line to it. With this new gear he could get even less distance, probably not more than 14 feet. He whipped our ears down again.

I learned a little about the value of the short cast that trip. But I'll never learn about the Mexican Indian because each one is a little world unto himself. When we talked to the Indian again, Pat asked him why he didn't try the new lures we gave him. He said he had sold them—he had one lure, why should he want more?

It was a good question. I think about it every time I open my tackle box and gaze upon the hundred or more lures in it.

So if you go to Pátzcuaro—and you'd better go in a hurry for the lovely lake is getting lower each year and fishing is on the wane—take along a handline and an old wobbling plug with rusty hooks.

The ingenuity of the Mexican Indian fisherman was demonstrated to me again when I fished Lake Tequesquitengo, not far from Cuernavaca. I was fishing with Dr. David Glusker of Mexico City, and we were easing along near the reed-lined shore, casting near the reeds and having mighty poor luck on bass, although bluegills frequently rapped the lures. The lake was stocked with bass many years ago. Later bluegills were introduced as food for the bass. It seemed the bluegills had taken over.

We noticed two young Indians walk down to the shore. They had nothing visible in the way of fishing gear—only a machete. Still Dr. Glusker said they were going fishing.

"How and with what?" I asked.

"Just watch."

They cut some reeds and began tying them in bundles, using other reeds to do the tying. Then they tied the bundles together and made a raft. One of them cut a forked stick from a tree and wrapped reeds around the "Y" of the stick, making a pretty good paddle. The other collected some grasshoppers.

They got astride the raft and pushed off, their bare feet and legs dangling in the cool water. They began fishing by simply letting little lines down below them, down where the fish almost had to mill around among bare feet to reach the bait.

They started building up strings of bluegills in a hurry.

"You think we'd do any better if we put our feet in the water?" I asked.

"We might," Doc said.

Then one of the Indians hung a big bass. I loved the way he "played" it—he just hung on while the bass towed the raft until it got tired. Then the Indian got a grip on the fish and strung it.

It's always different—always surprising. I was fishing one day in the Sabinas River, some distance upstream from famed Don Martín Lake, in northern Mexico, when I noticed an Indian wading upstream from me. He had a stringer tied to his belt, and when he came alongside I saw he had six bass, two whoppers.

"Would you like to buy some bass?" he asked, eyeing the lone youngster on my stringer.

"I don't buy bass," I said. "I catch them."

He stood silent a long time, then he said, "Would you like to buy some minnows? There's a large bass up where you are casting. You can catch him with a minnow."

I told him I didn't use minnows. But after a few more fruitless casts I began wondering about those minnows, about where and how he was going to get them, so I said I'd like to buy a couple.

The Indian took off his big straw hat, which turned out to be his bait box. He had heavy, matted hair and it was soaking wet. Clinging to his hair and to the inside of the hat were some minnows. I don't know how long they'd been there, but, they were damp and still alive.

I threaded a minnow on a hook and hung a 4-pound bass. I landed him in the pool below us, after quite a hassle.

I was still curious about the minnows, so I asked the Indian how he caught them. I found out. He used his hat as a seine, gently herding a few minnows into a little fingerlike bay, and scooping up two or three minnows.

You figure nothing could be stranger?

Then you should have seen the one-eyed fish-catching dog I made acquaintance with up in the mountains of the Mil Cumbres Range, between Mexico City and Pátzcuaro. The dog hardly fits into this discussion, since he specialized in catching rainbow trout. But it wasn't his fault that no bass were on hand.

Tiny streams, narrowing to a few feet, fed the little lake. Rainbows, stocked there a dozen or more years ago, move up the streams. That one-eyed mongrel would get a rainbow upstream from him, and it was a happy day. He'd prod the trout on into shallow water and catch it.

Maybe a bass would have jumped over him.

I have had the pleasure now and then of seeing one of those ingenious Mexican guides get caught short. A companion and I were fishing at night under a bright light that shone down on water coming through the gates of a dam. It was a small power dam at the lower end of a canal leading from Don Martin Lake to a smaller lake, called Salieñó.

We could see big bass cruising around, hunting crippled minnows and perch. But we weren't having much luck raising the bass on lures. Then our guide showed up with something he said would slay them. He had caught a toad, and he insisted on fastening it onto my line.

Bass started blasting that toad, just as the guide had predicted. But the guide sure didn't figure on what the toad would do. The creature blew itself up like a balloon, and every time a bass hit it, it simply bounced. I finally hauled it up and released it.

Yes, those guides and other resident Indian fishermen are an intriguing part of fishing in Mexico. But the ingenuity of the resident Indian isn't at all intriguing to the Mexican Marine Ministry, which has charge of fishing operations in Mexico, including the long-range program of stocking and restocking all suitable waters.

The ingenuity of the Indian is a constant source of worry to the Ministry. All too often the Indian, coming right along behind those who stock fish, cleans them out just about as fast as they are stocked.

And once more it is a little difficult for the American angler to get a clear picture of the situation—of the nature and extent of the problem—until he realizes that throughout a vast part of Mexico, particularly in the Central Plateau where fishing is at least comfortable because of the lovely climate, there were practically no game fish as recently as thirty years ago.

In fact, the invading Spaniards were so late in making contact with the largemouth black bass that it has no generally accepted Spanish name in Mexico.

That whole chunk of Mexico was really an aquatic biologist's dream territory when Mexico set out to stock its waters. Even huge lakes such as Pátzcuaro had no game fish in them.

The dream was made more interesting by the creation of new lakes through a broad program of dam construction, and this program continues on an ever-expanding basis, bringing into being scores of small lakes, many large ones, and, eventually, the largest man-made lake in the Americas, the Miguel Aleman Lake on the Papaloapan River, which flows into the Gulf of Mexico at Vera Cruz.

Here was a land in which the aquatic biologist could play with fish—where he had little interference, at least from other fish.

But he had the Indian. To the Indian a fish is something you take out of the water and eat, and the sensible way to take him is by whatever method is easiest. Dynamite is easiest.

This attitude culminated in a classic example of embarrassed misunderstanding not long ago when word reached a village that some high officials of the Mexican Marine Ministry were to visit them. The Indians decided nothing could be finer than a big outdoor fish feast, so they got together and made plans.

The officials arrived—and discovered that the Indians were on the verge of setting off some dynamite charges to get fish for the dinner honoring the guests. It took a lot of careful explaining to convince the Indians they should unhook their explosives.

Dynamite has been the curse of fishing throughout much of Mexico since workmen building roads through the mountains began using it to clean out little streams along the highways. But it is only a refinement of techniques used for years to take fish. Some Indians use bows and arrows or spears. Others build little dams and divert small streams, trapping the fish. Still others use the juice or sap from certain trees to poison the water getting about the same results that biologists get with rotenone.

Then there are many commercial pole and line fishermen, such as our Tarascan Indian friend at Pátzcuaro, and plenty of seine and net fishermen.

In spite of it all, the Marine Ministry gradually is getting the upper hand in its long-range battle to furnish game fish in that vast plateau area which once had no fish at all. In most of the lower, warmer waters game fish already were on hand.

If you go to that Central Plateau expecting to find the picture as rosy as it is presented in much of the printed matter furnished for your guidance, you are in for a disappointment. Even some of the old stand-bys, such as Lake Pátzcuaro, Lake Tequesquitengo, Lake Rodeo and Lake Balsaquillos in the Central Plateau offer rather poor fishing now.

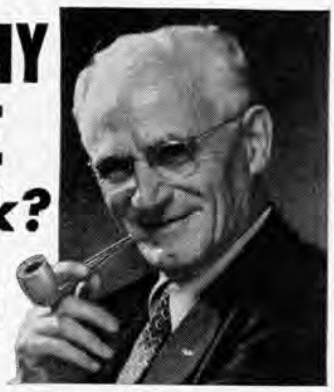
But if the visiting angler is willing to get off the beaten path and do some hunting, almost invariably he can find waters that are relatively unfished. One reason for this is the tendency of Americans to stick to that beaten path. Another reason is the fact that only a few resident Mexicans indulge in angling as a pastime.

In addition to finding waters that aren't beaten to death, the visiting angler is likely to encounter species of game fish that are new to him—and he is also likely to find he's got salt-water and fresh-water fish in the same area.

WILL YOU SMOKE MY NEW KIND OF PIPE

30 Days *at My Risk?*

By E. A. CAREY



All I want is your name so I can write and tell you why I'm willing to send you my pipe for 30 days smoking without a cent of risk on your part.

My new pipe is not a new model, not a new style, not a new gadget, not an improvement on old style pipes. It is the first pipe in the world to use an ENTIRELY NEW PRINCIPLE for giving unadulterated pleasure to pipe smokers.

I've been a pipe smoker for 30 years—always looking for the ideal pipe—buying all the disappointing gadgets — never finding a single, solitary pipe that would smoke hour after hour, day after day, without bitterness, bite, or sludge.

With considerable doubt, I decided to work out something for myself. After months of experimenting and scores of disappointments, suddenly, almost by accident, I discovered how to harness four great natural laws to give me everything I wanted in a pipe. It didn't require any "breaking in". From the first puff it smoked cool—it smoked mild. It smoked right down to the last bit of tobacco without bite. It never has to be "rested". AND it **never has to be cleaned!** Yet it is utterly impossible for goo or sludge to reach your tongue, because my invention dissipates the goo **as it forms!**

You might expect all this to require a complicated mechanical gadget, but when you see it, the most surprising thing will be that I've done all this in a pipe that looks like any of the finest conventional pipes.

The claims I could make for this new principle in tobacco enjoyment are so spectacular that no pipe smoker would believe them. So, since "seeing is believing", I also say "Smoking is convincing" and I want to send you one Carey pipe to smoke 30 days at my risk. At the end of that time, if you're willing to give up your Carey Pipe, simply break it to bits—and return it to me—the trial has cost you nothing.

Please send me your name today. The coupon or a postal card will do. I'll send you absolutely free my complete trial offer so you can decide for yourself whether or not my pipe-smoking friends are right when they say the Carey Pipe is the greatest smoking invention ever patented. Send your name today. As one pipe smoker to another, I'll guarantee you the surprise of your life, FREE. Write E. A. Carey, 1920 Sunnyside Ave., Dept. 30-C, Chicago 40, Illinois

E. A. CAREY, 1920 Sunnyside Ave.,
DEPT. 30-C, CHICAGO 40, ILLINOIS

Please send facts about the Carey Pipe. Then I will decide if I want to try it for 30 Days at YOUR RISK. Everything you send is free. No salesman is to call.

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*City*_____ *Zone*____ *State*_____

BANGTHEBELLY on Archive.org

It would be hopeless to attempt here a listing of the likely hot spots that aren't fished much. But the American angler hunting such waters should do one of two things—either work up or down a fairly large river, or take off for the deep tropics in the Isthmus of Tehuantepec area.

Lurking in the warm waters of such tropical rivers as the Candelaria, the Grijalva and the Usumacinta are huge bass and a giant perch—which may not actually be a perch—with a vermilion belly.

Those rivers are virtually unexplored. Professor José Alvarez del Villar of the Mexican Marine Ministry frankly admits that the Ministry knows little about the fish in them. So there's your chance to really explore, if you insist on exploring.

I have fished the big Laguna de Términos, the bay at the southern tip of the Gulf of Mexico into which those rivers empty, but I didn't go up any of the rivers.

However, a party of intrepid young Texans worked their way up the Candelaria River a few years ago and came back bug-eyed with stories of monster bass that struck at every cast and a perch bigger than most bass caught in this country.

More recently Vincent Stevenson, a Texan who operates a fishing guide service at Carmen, on that big bay, attempted some exploring. He got up the Candelaria until the tangled roots of trees made it necessary to walk in order to reach fresh water—to make the transition from tarpoon and snook to bass and perch. He gave up then, largely because of mosquitoes and the fiery little gnats called *xixenes*.

Later he went up the Palisada River, not far away, but again he failed to get to fresh water. The Indians told him, however, that there were 7- and 8-pound bass a bit farther upstream.

A relative of Stevenson has caught bass up to 8 pounds in the Coátzalcoatl River, still farther north, but still in the tropics.

They are there, huge bass that have never seen a lure—but it's tough getting to them. Perhaps the best bet is to go by train, since the railroad crosses the larger rivers, then hire a guide and work downstream.

Farther north the rivers on both coasts of Mexico have been pretty well explored, but few of them are fished hard except in spots, mainly near good roads. For example, thousands of Americans visit Acapulco annually, and many of them go to the mouth of the Papagallo River and cast for snook, usually with success. But few of them know they can make a short run up that river and get into big bass. They can.

It's about the same with most of the other large rivers on the west coast of Mexico. You find snook working far upstream, and before you run out of them, you are likely to encounter bass. On the east coast the bass may not be as near the sea, since excessive sedimentation keeps them out of the lower parts of the rivers.

The point is, you can find unexplored fishing if you try. And when you set out in pursuit of the bass in Mexico, don't worry if you can't speak Spanish. Even if you can speak Spanish, you'll probably be asking about a fish the local Indians never heard of, for the bass has many names in Mexico. In some places he's called a *robalo*, which means snook. In other places he's called a *trucha*, which means trout. In still others he's called a *mojara*, a word used also for a small saltwater fish. Or maybe he's called *bocón*, or *lobina* or *fino*. If one doesn't work, try another. Somewhere along the line you'll find somebody who knows what you want—and probably a man who will go with you and help.

In many of Mexico's rivers—in addition to bass—you are sure to make contact with a fish that would really be a sensation if he didn't indulge in eating and breeding to excess, so that he not only crowds out other fish but eventually crowds himself down to runt size. This is the Rio Grande cichlid, generally called Rio Grande perch. He's not a perch but a relative of the terrible "man-eating" *paranha* of Brazil.

Well, in many of Mexico's rivers these fish average more than a pound, with some ranging up to 3 and 4 pounds, and they are spectacular game. They bang savagely at any lure, although they have trouble getting hooked on a plug because they have a tiny mouth. And they fight harder than a bass, although all the battling is done under the surface.

When you run into them, switch to a fly rod or spinning gear for a memorable event. And stage a feast afterward, for they're fine eating. The Indians are particularly fond of the big hump that develops on the shoulders of an old bull,

TRUE MAGAZINE

"I may be good for nothing. But I'll never, never be bad for nothing."

Arthur Eiding, Fort Knox, Ky.

write a cartoon caption, win $100

Each month we plan to run this cartoon with a new gag line as supplied by the readers of TRUE.

Here's your chance to be a wit, and win $100.

We will pay $100 for each funny line accepted.

In case identical lines are submitted, the first one received and accepted will get the hundred bucks.

You can submit as many lines as you wish, but each submission must be on a separate post card addressed to:

Cartoon Editor
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New York City

Be sure to include your name and address on each card. We can't enter into any correspondence concerning this offer, but if we use your funny line we'll send you the hundred.

much like the hump on a bull dolphin.

Then you may raise an odd fish that goes by the name of Mexican sleeper —at least if he has any other name I have yet to hear it. They range from the Rio Grande south. The sleeper looks a little like a catfish except that he is mottled on top and tapers more rapidly toward the tail. He is evidently a bottom feeder, but now and then one will come charging up and smack a lure. He'll give you a good battle, especially since he ranges about the same size as bass.

You may find other "exotics"—at least they'll be exotics to you. And if the Mexican Marine Ministry gets along all right on some of its present projects, you may run into a real eye-opener in the way of a fresh-water fish. For the Ministry plans on bringing up from the Amazon one of the largest of all game fish, a creature called the pirarocú, and stocking him in the new Miguel Aleman Lake.

So get ready to lay out fifteen or twenty cents for your Mexican fishing license and take off.

I guess I ought to go back to the Purificación River and wind up things there before I sign off. I did go back there not long ago, in body as well as spirit. Dave and I went back to the same stretch of river where we used the magic lures in that once unfished pool.

We found the fishing pretty good—fairly large bass and swarms of Rio Grande perch ranging up to a pound and three quarters. And, just as we expected, we had company. Among the Indians gathered near us was one young fellow who took out his gear and began fishing.

Dave and I watched. The young Indian had a fly line, which he coiled and held in his left hand. He tossed the lure out the way a cowboy would throw a rope—he was handlining. What interested me, though, was the lure. And I noticed Dave was looking at it too.

"You don't suppose it's possible, do you?" I asked Dave.

"I think it is," Dave said.

"I'll find out."

I eased over to the young Indian and asked him about his lure.

"Oh, some Americans came here many years ago," he said, "and gave it to my father. He told me it was magic."

"It's magic, all right," I said.

It was that ancient twin-spinner I gave the Indian almost a generation before. It was in pretty fair shape.

After all, if you've got one lure and it works, why should you want more?

—Hart Stilwell

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IT HAPPENED IN SPORTS

BY JOHN LARDNER

WINNER TAKE NOTHING

The atmosphere in baseball was strange in the year 1944—not only because of the wartime manpower shortage, which diluted big-league rosters with humpty-dumpty ball players, or because the St. Louis Browns, who had never won an American League pennant, were up around the top of the league, but because the air, for the first time in 25 years of baseball history, was full of small, sly rumors of larceny and fixing.

The rumors—one of them was quoted from coast to coast by a famous sports broadcaster—said that gamblers were trying to fix games to beat the Browns and bag the pennant for Detroit. The talk was believed here and there. It was a grimy situation that made things that much tougher for honest players, struggling against odds in a year of second-rate baseball, to give the public full value. One day in Detroit, it sent Dutch Leonard out to pitch the hardest, loneliest game of his life.

Dutch, the ageless knuckle-baller, even then a veteran, was scheduled to start for Washington, a noncontender, against Detroit. The race between the Tigers and Browns was tight; it had the fans jumping. On the morning of the game, the phone rang in Leonard's hotel room. "It'll pay you $5,000 to take it easy today," the voice said. "It means nothing to your club. We'd like Detroit to win." Before noon, the message was phoned again. The caller hung up before Leonard could say more than "Who's this?" As he sat in his room afterward, thinking and breathing hard, it seemed to Dutch that a fate that had always been steady and kind had suddenly sprung a trap on him.

It might be a gag. But if he pitched and lost—and Detroit was a better team than his team—there was a chance he was helping the gamblers. If he reported the phone calls before the game, he made a practical joker happy, perhaps, and the rest of his team as nervous as himself. If he took himself out of the game, he pleased either gamblers or jokers. "I've come a long way and pitched a lot of ball games for nothing if I let a guy on a telephone wreck me now," Leonard told himself. "This is one I better win."

Few pitchers have ever started such a game, a meaningless game for a losing team, with the idea that their whole careers and personal independence were bound up in it—which was the Dutchman's idea this time, right or wrong. No one on either bench knew what Leonard knew. He pitched the full 9 innings on his own. It was close and grueling most of the way—but he got the big Tiger hitters out in the crises, and won it by 4 to 2. Then he told his story.

The police of Detroit got nowhere on the phone calls. They may have been meant to be funny, for all that is known to this day. But the Browns won their only pennant in history that year.

And Dutch Leonard won the game he figured he had to win.

That Hand in Your Pocket Is His!

[*Continued from page* 35]

admits in self-appraisal, "is a tendency to speak frankly when it's unnecessary. That can do a lot of harm."

A gregarious man who likes people, Andrews nevertheless has a low boiling point. Associates describe him as a perfectionist who won't tolerate mediocrity and who finds it "necessary" to "speak frankly" fairly often. With these factors in mind, several men who have known him for years agree that the key word in depicting his attitude is fairness. He himself doesn't object when people call him tough—if they stipulate that he is also fair. Because he seeks to be fair to others, he is all the more resentful at unfairness to himself.

No hotblood arguing church and state could be more dogmatic than Andrews on the separation of taxes and politics. Speaking before a businessmen's group, he recalled that in other days district tax collectors were usually hot-shot local politicians responsible only to the machine which selected them and the President who appointed them. Not so any longer, Andrews said.

"Our first decision," he went on, "was that politics and influence, which had plagued the Service for a long time, were out—that there just could not be a man big enough or strong enough to influence our decision improperly."

Andrews put a reorganization plan into effect cutting regional offices from seventeen to nine, reducing his Washington staff by some 900, and ordering technical changes to speed collections and "leave a reasonably sweet taste" in the mouths of the shorn.

Collecting delinquent taxes is a particularly irksome chore to the commissioner, who feels that when one man fails to pay his taxes his neighbors have to carry the load. This, Andrews holds, isn't fair. He checked the files when he took office and found that more than 1,303,000 citizens and firms owed nearly a billion in overdue taxes.

What made him maddest was the discovery that 246,036 of these owed $140,846,000 in payroll-withholding income and social-security taxes—money they had actually already taken from wages and failed to turn over to the government. Go get it, he ordered his men, and they have been doing so. That's why the newspapers recently carried a snappy little item from Hollywood noting that two prominent film stars had been hit with a tax lien on their property. They had neglected to turn in the taxes from employes' pay checks.

During his first year in office, Andrews' agents investigated 16,218 tax cases, an increase of 12 percent over 1952. These included 3,170 full-scale investigations and 13,048 preliminary inquiries. In 1953 also came that startling 57 percent jump in tax-fraud convictions to 1,067, and an increase in total jail sentences from 514 years to 758.

A few of those years went to Leo Link, alias J. W. Donaldson, of Teaneck, New Jersey, a bookie of repute who didn't care to deal with banks. For some reason gamblers suffer the delusion that because their activities are illegal, the Revenue Service is blind to their accumulation of substantial amounts of cash.

The Service first got onto Link through a tip from a disgruntled better. A check of the records then disclosed that for a four-year period, 1946-49, Link had reported a total net income of $9,553.77 from his gambling activities and paid taxes of $748. He had no bank account and that of his wife contained very little. It didn't take the snoopers long to determine that for the period involved, Link had done a gross handbook business of $1 million.

It was obvious that he must have a batch stashed away somewhere, particularly when the agents learned that he always insisted on being paid in $10 bills. But the agents couldn't find it.

Eventually, they got a search warrant and took a look at his $20,000 house and its $25,000 worth of furnishings. Following a set of blueprints of the house, the search party measured closets for false walls and checked flues and staircases. The basement was neat and clean, its shelves glittering with wines and liquors and tins of choice foods. Then an agent took a second look at a set of shelves loaded with cans. Pressure on one end slid it aside, revealing Link's jackpot, a solid expensive safe.

Oh, yes, Link said, he had forgotten. But for the life of him he couldn't remember the combination. It just happened that the agents were equipped with pneumatic drill and cutting torch. Link folded then and his memory returned. In the safe the searchers found $100,000 in $10 bills—and a warehouse receipt for an old trunk.

The trunk was the real payoff. It had five cartons of cash and records. The cash was only $3,000, but the records included evidence of the purchase of dope for horses and the names and dates on which the nags were given hopped-up food.

Link got a year each on four counts, the sentences to run consecutively, and was fined $10,000. He was charged with $263,229.46 in taxes, instead of the $748 he had paid, and additional taxes and penalties of $203,314.81.

It's a whole series of success stories like this that makes Andrews' boss, Secretary Humphrey, smile with satisfaction. Humphrey, a staunch Republican of the stalwart Ohio line, had quite a tussle in filling the job—first with finding the man, then with his conscience (on discovering Andrews was a staunch Virginia Democrat), then with getting Andrews to accept.

In December 1952, Humphrey, selected for the Treasury spot himself, was told by Ike to fill his staff with the right men. The about-to-be Secretary decided immediately that for the first time the head revenue man was going to be a Certified Public Accountant. Tossing politics aside, he asked leaders of the professional organizations concerned, including the American Bar Association, to submit a list of prospects. Andrews' name was the only one to appear on every list.

Andrews first heard about the job when a friend phoned with a roundabout rumor that Humphrey was after him for it. "I'm not sure I want it or can afford to take it," Andrews said bluntly. "And I wouldn't have it if I had to ask for it."

A few days later Andrews got a long-distance call. "This is George Hum-

"Here comes my wife—quick take off your clothes!"

phrey," the speaker said. "Do you know who I am?"

"If you're the George Humphrey who's taking on the job of Secretary of the Treasury," Andrews replied, "then I have read that. But I never heard of you otherwise."

After hearing the offer Andrews at first rejected it, then, pressed again a few days later, changed his mind and accepted.

Humphrey knew he had picked a relentless auditor to collect the world's greatest income, but he didn't realize that he also had on his hands an ex-minstrel-show master of ceremonies with a vigorous love for living. He found out.

Probably no other gathering on earth takes itself quite so seriously as the governors of the forty-eight states in solemn conclave. For at the governors' conference each man is a king, the elected chief of a purportedly sovereign state—the one time in the year when Rhode Island is as big as Texas.

Humphrey took Andrews to the next governors' conference to explain the new look in the nation's financial scheme. After a rip-snorting high-pressure outline of things to come, Humphrey proudly introduced his Wild Bill of the tax trail. Andrews strode to the lectern and solemnly began to speak in his deceptive Southern drawl. Yes, he said, his Revenue Service too had its problems. Why, he had scarcely taken the oath of office when he received an urgent plea for aid from a taxpayer. All the way from Copenhagen, Christine Jorgensen wanted to know how to fill out a *joint* tax return.

That tore it, and the governor's session came apart at the seams. Since then Andrews has scarcely had time to fill his speaking engagements. Now one of the country's better storytellers, he always angles his anecdotes to build closer understanding between taxpayer and collecting agency.

At the outset Andrews made it clear that he was going to be meticulously careful of the taxpayers' hard cash. The chauffeur assigned to the commissioner's office couldn't believe it when Andrews decreed his government car was for official use only.

Consequently the driver showed up with the official vehicle when Andrews called for his car to catch a plane at the airport. The commissioner, busy with a sheaf of papers, noticed the car only after it was well on the way, and bawled out the chauffeur. He knew, didn't he, that the commissioner was flying to Virginia Beach for a week-end vacation? The driver thought for a few minutes. "Look, Commissioner," he said. "You're carrying all that work with you, aren't you? Well, that makes this trip official."

It isn't that the commissioner doesn't have a genuine appreciation for the best. No lens is too good for his assortment of fine cameras which he uses for color photography, and when he's after freshwater bass, it's with a handmade fly rod. But he has high respect for a dollar, mindful of the days when as a boy on his first job he earned 25 cents a week for sweeping out a grocery store.

Andrews never wanted to be an accountant; he longed desperately to become a surgeon instead. When he won a

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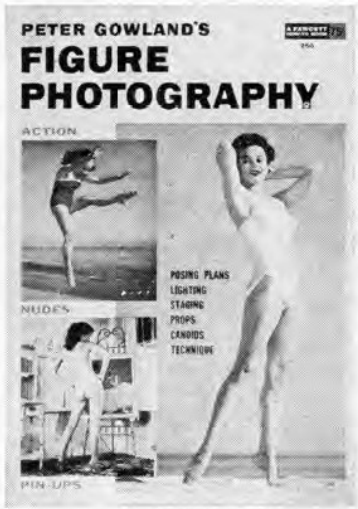

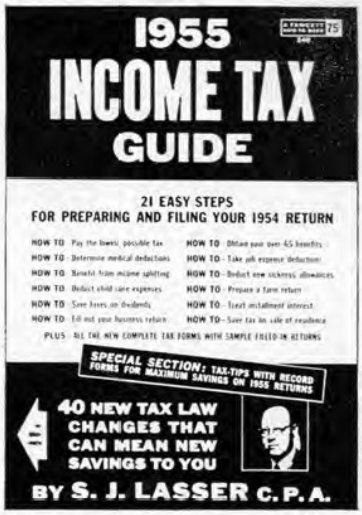

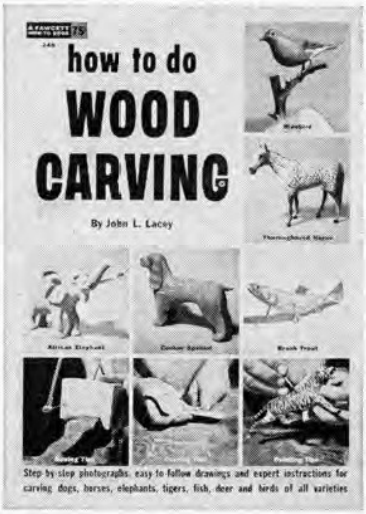

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pre-med scholarship he had to refuse it in favor of a job with eating money as office boy for Armour & Co. Andrews was of proud ancestry but he had to earn a living from boyhood—and somebody was always nudging him toward accounting when it was learned he had a handy way with figures.

Thomas Coleman Andrews was born in Richmond, February 19, 1899, one of four children. Both his grandfathers were soldiers of the Confederacy, one being killed virtually defending his own front yard on his poor 100-acre peanut and tobacco farm near Petersburg, Virginia.

Andrews' father was a streetcar motorman and tobacco company watchman; his mother ran a boardinghouse and was an accomplished seamstress. Always, for Andrews, there was money to be earned and by the time of his second year in high school he was keeping books for the High Constable of Richmond.

To get a job as chauffeur at the age of 14, he learned to drive a car. Fascinated with engines, he became a mechanic, eventually rebuilding an old sprocket-drive Delage into a racer which he sold for $200 more than it cost him.

Young Andrews found time, however, for recreation, romance and amusement. He organized his high-school gang into a quartet so successful that it developed into a minstrel-show troupe, with "Curley" Gosden—in later years the Amos of "Amos and Andy"—playing blackface end man to earn his first footlight wages. The commissioner still enjoys lending a mellow baritone to a barbershop production. There was time for swimming and baseball too—including a no-hit no-run game Andrews pitched against Richmond College. Rejected for the Air Corps in World War I because a brass hat decided he had no sense of equilibrium, Andrews became a civilian pilot to prove the man a liar.

After a four-year courtship Andrews persuaded Miss Rae Reams to marry him on October 18, 1919. They have two sons: Coleman, Jr., who was a B-17 navigator with the 15th Air Force in Italy in World War II, and Wilson, a Coast Guard officer.

In his courting days it dawned on Andrews that an accountant's life contained possibilities more interesting than adding columns of figures. So he took off for Columbia University, consulted a few professors and returned home with all the textbooks used in a full four-year course in accounting. Plunging into them on his own, he did so well that in November 1921, he passed the rigid state examinations and became the nation's youngest CPA. Eleven months later he opened his own office, and when he severed connections with the Richmond firm in January 1953, to become commissioner, he had ten partners and forty employes doing a half-million-dollar business a year. At the outset of his new job, incidentally, he issued rigid orders that no tax case ever handled by his old firm was to be referred to him.

When Andrews and his wife moved to Washington they settled down in a small apartment 10 minutes' drive from his office. There, when he is home from his frequent trips to peddle the gospel of service, efficiency and integrity, he catches up on his reading—on the heavy side—and on his cooking. His favorite accomplishment is crêpes Suzette, but at heart he is a steak man. He doesn't like cocktails, favoring a bourbon toddy for his occasional drink. Without a taste for the short and lethal he doesn't worry about riding the Washington cocktail circuit, and he and Mrs. Andrews have made no effort to parlay his sub-cabinet position into society-page prominence.

The Andrews' artwork in the kitchen, his laugh and liking for people, his love of golf and fishing are facets difficult to reconcile with the picture of an icy precise accountant who drives himself sixteen hours a day to maintain absolute honesty in the nation's tax business. This contradictory character has fooled many a hopeful cheat.

There was the reorganization he made in 1931 of the Virginia state auditor's office. Going through the books he found forty-two of the hundred county treasurers short in their accounts. Snaking out his whip, he scourged six of them into convictions and ousted the rest through findings of negligence.

From this clean-up task (only one treasurer in Virginia has been caught short since) he was called to Tennessee for another Masterson-type assignment. There twenty-two racketeers went to jail for bootlegging hot gasoline from Texas, a racket which had cost the state $3 million a year in tax losses. Another rush assignment followed to Kansas City, with an audit of the Jackson County, Missouri, books, still smelling from the Pendergast machine garbage. Made comptroller and director of finances for his home town of Richmond in 1938-40, Andrews distinguished himself for collection of delinquent taxes, some running back to 1916. He shut off the water of a city councilman who was reluctant about payment of an overdue bill.

In 1940 Washington asked Andrews to work for both Army and Navy. After Pearl Harbor he declined a colonelcy in the Army and its equivalent, a captaincy in the Navy, and accepted instead a lower commission in the Marine Corps as captain. At the request of the State Department he was shipped out immediately as chief accountant and transportation officer for the North African Economic Board, a section of Eisenhower's staff. He met Ike three times in Africa but says the President could not possibly have remembered him.

Andrews argued his way back to Quantico for regular Marine officer training and wound up in the Central Pacific as intelligence officer of the Fourth Marine Air Wing. In a ditch in Saipan he finally satisfied at least part of his lust for action when a strafing Jap Zero hemstitched his sleeve with machine-gun bullets. Under protest, he was hauled back to Washington, taken out of uniform and handed to the General Accounting Office to direct an audit in the 101 topsy-turvy multi-billion-dollar independent government corporations.

That piece of trouble-shooting done, he took off for a guest lecture session at

England's University of Oxford and came home to be elected president of the American Institute of Accountants, the highest honor his profession can offer. Then Secretary Humphrey made that telephone call and spoiled his plans for an early retirement.

As commissioner, Andrews, loaded with new ideas, threw his full weight behind assorted projects, some his own, some from his assistants, some inherited and found slumbering. Prominently being pushed are the education of high-school students in the meaning of the tax system and the preparation of income-tax returns; the creation of a revenue academy, under the wing of an established university, which Andrews hopes can become a school something like that of the FBI to train career tax agents; the collection of "revenue not voluntarily paid," at the rate of more than $2 billion a year. Encouraged by the latter aim, a Boston tax official instituted a doorbell-ringing campaign to uncover people who hadn't filed a return, and did so well that the plan spread nationally and brought in millions of reluctant dollars. One of the commissioner's major proposals is the "Andrews' Plan," whereby 35 million taxpayers, instead of laboring at filling out annual returns on March 15, would receive instead either a bill or a refund.

Andrews started right off riding hard on all collections and spectacularly lavish corporation expense accounts. The word got around in a hurry: "That lady accompanying you to the convention in Miami on an expense account as your secretary better know shorthand and better keep her notebooks as evidence of work performed." Andrews didn't mind the lady's going to Miami; he was determined she would not make the trip on the cuff of other taxpayers unless she worked for it.

"We cannot allow tax evasion to become socially acceptable," he told Congress, "as we did the Prohibition law. We do, and our ability to take care of ourselves as a nation is gone. The usefulness of this nation in the cause of freedom all depends upon the honesty of the American taxpayer and the integrity of the tax collector."

It was with this philosophy in mind that Andrews hammered down an irate undertaker protesting a threatened seizure for delinquent income taxes.

"That money," Andrews told the man, "is not yours. It came from the families of dead people and many of them had to scrimp and borrow to pay you for the funerals. The $180,000 you owe your government is above and beyond your own calculation of your profits. You must find a way to pay it if you want to stay in business."

Andrews also told the Congressional committee that his Revenue Service agents, except for the alcohol tax unit, are not permitted to make an arrest and that tax violations must be handled by him purely as an administrative activity. For, he said, "Once any part of income-tax enforcement were put under any police organization, you will write the doom of the tax system. Resentment of the taxpayers will not let it prevail, and fear of reprisals within the service will keep any agent or official from making a decision."

With all of his plain speaking, Andrews has been remarkably happy in his dealings with Congress through two full sessions. To the surprise of many of its members, he appears to enjoy taking the stand as a witness and once there astonishes them further by talking freely and emphatically.

Before any audience, the vintage ham that lingers in him from his minstrel-show days is served up with relish. He really got going in a recent hearing before the Senate Judiciary Committee where he won the very rare plaudits of Senator Bill Langer, a North Dakota veteran with whom most politicians do not care to tangle. Andrews was protesting that convicted tax dodgers too often get off lightly.

"One of our big problems," Andrews testified, "is to get some district judges to understand that you can't stop this sort of thing by patting people on the wrist. You have to take their liberty away from them for a period of time sufficient to make it unpopular."

Andrews called the attention of the senators to a case where a taxpayer convicted of a $127,000 fraud was let off with a light fine which was "no inconvenience" to him. The Supreme Court ought to get the word down to the district judges, he said. Langer agreed. He sent the transcript of the testimony promptly to Chief Justice Earl Warren.

Commissioner Andrews' biggest worry is the collection of a backlog of nearly a billion dollars in delinquent income taxes. Last March he launched a quiet but vigorous crackdown on these cases, which run a gamut from estates of dead gangsters to Broadway producers to profitable railroads. But his harsh and unceasing drive against tax chiselers hasn't wrecked his sense of humor.

The other day Andrews made a quickie plane trip to the Midwest. Stopping in an airport barbershop, he landed in the chair of a hot-shot, fast-talking razor artist. Yes, sir, the barber blabbed, his was a fine profession, well paid. And you should see those tips. Why, he averaged $150 a week in tips alone and not a dime of this had to be reported for income tax.

The job done, Andrews, safely out of the chair, eyed the barber sternly.

"I," he announced, "am the Commissioner of Internal Revenue."

The barber's eyes popped. "I," he said, edging away, "am the damnedest liar you ever met."

Andrews grinned cheerfully. "I'm awfully glad," he admitted, "you didn't know who I was when you had that razor at my throat." The commissioner has an idea tax collections from that barbershop will pick up next April 15, a date Andrews should know better than most people.

But it seems he doesn't, sometimes. Last year he got so busy sticking his nose into other people's affairs he forgot to file his own Virginia state income-tax return. His friends there slapped him with a $25 penalty for late filing. He paid it without argument.—**Jerry Greene**

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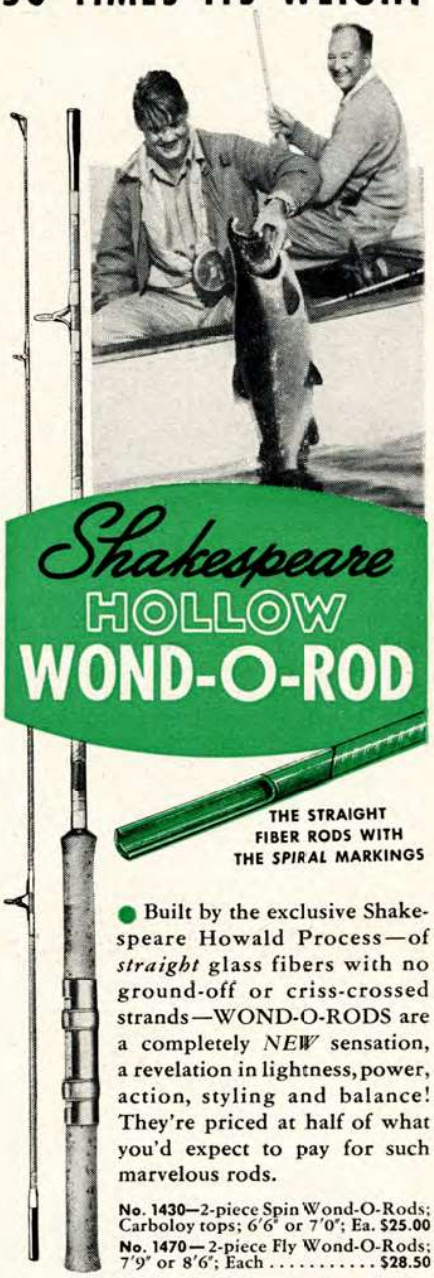

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Ford's New $10,000 Car

[*Continued from page* 39]

sketches to make his decision. The choice was tough. The outside stylists had run the gamut from conservative to radical. To the unpracticed eye, any one might have made an acceptable Continental. Many were more eye-catching, more sensational than the three home-grown designs submitted by Bill Ford's group.

But the men who were doing the voting were not neophytes. All of them had the ability to look past a sketch to a completed car, to see in steel what the artists had done in ink. They were also people with an intelligent respect for a production dollar; they knew that some eye-appealing gadgets cost more to make than they're worth.

When the votes were counted, Ford announced that "Number 9"—one of the "inside jobs"—had won unanimously. It was a quiet design, one that needed a lot of looking before its qualities became apparent. It was clean, tasteful. In Bill Ford's words it was "modern formal styling."

The approval of the design was the go-ahead for the final stage. Now Special Product Operations had to prove that "Number 9" could be manufactured and sold for a profit—and this is detail work that makes engraving the Lord's Prayer on the head of a pin look like digging a rough ditch. It is involved with such things as fighting over the number of threads on a bolt or controlling the area of a weld. Perhaps the angle of one edge of a bumper is too sharp to allow it to be pulled out of a die. That angle must be changed, and with it the contours that approach that angle. Or a beautiful body panel may be impossible to make with a single die. Then you either change its contours or you spend a heady sum for the additional die plus the heavy cost of joining two smaller panels on each car in the production line. Ford's engineers and designers worked three months to squeeze the design into productibility.

In June 1953, the executive committee approved the program; in July, the board of directors of the Ford Motor Company added its okay. A Continental was now certain to be produced.

"Number 9's" first public appearance—if a collection of top Ford brass can be called "public"—was at Greenbrier, West Virginia, in June 1954. Bill Ford gave a short talk to 250 executives, then introduced Harley Copp. Copp put the first color picture of the car into the projector and was greeted by the usual courteous response accorded any new design. The second slide was a stunner—taken from the right angle, against the right background. The tough-minded executives looked in silence for a moment, then broke into spontaneous applause—and Bill Ford's boys relaxed for the first time in more than two frantic years.

Ford gave the general public the first news of a new Continental last October when young Bill made a short speech to the Lincoln Continental Owners' Club. He admitted that a Continental had been designed, would be on the streets in 1955, would be a luxury car. Two days after his speech the Special Product Division got a new name: the Continental Division.

What will the car look like? Well, about all the Ford company is saying today is that the new Continental has some of the elements of the old. Beyond this, a curtain of secrecy descends. It is known, however, that the Continental will have an abnormally long hood, something not seen in styling for many a year. It will also be low, with a short rear deck reminiscent of the 1946-47-48 models.

[On the basis of photos and drawings already released by Ford, some of which appear with this exclusive TRUE story, an intelligent conjecture as to the configuration of the new car can readily be made. For example, most preliminary designs featured a "modern," wrap-around windshield; it is almost certain to be the same in the production version of the car. Several drawings show proposed Continentals with K-frame rear windows; others indicate a smaller rear window together with a "blind" rear quarter. The latter is more likely to be the choice of the Continental's builders; old Continentals were distinguished in part by this look. Most interim designs indicate that squarish, angular windows of large area will be retained as one means of maintaining the family resemblance to the Continental's forebears.

There is much conjecture as to how the new car will adapt its most famous trade mark—the rear spare—to "modern formal styling." Ford drawings released for this article show quite plainly how thinking on this score has been trending in the styling studio. Early drawings portray plans to use a spare-mount very similar to earlier models; subsequent changes in Ford drawings indicate that the rear spare will be only a facsimile in the new car—that is, a deep-stamped outline of a wheel and tire impressed in the sheet metal of the rear deck. Other (experimental) automobiles which have featured this same device have not attempted actually to mount a spare tire under the impression. The Continental's spare is a good bet to be safely stowed in the trunk.—Ed.]

The principal theme of the car is luxury with elegance. It will be priced at about $10,000 and will come equipped with everything available now together with a few as yet unheard-of accessories. The Lincoln engine will be carefully prepared by hand and tested before it's installed. There will be plenty of horsepower but not an excessive amount. It is no secret that the Continental is not to be a sports-type car in performance. It is agreed in the car trade that customers with Continental-size incomes do most of their driving in the city. Those who happen to be sports-car fans buy out-and-out sports cars if they want neck-snapping performance.

The months between now and the actual introduction are tough for the men responsible for the Continental. They're worried about security leaks, about the possibility that another automobile company may, by sheer coincidence, come up with features similar to the Continental's—but most of all about the reception the car will get.

The polls will be open at most Lincoln showrooms in about six months.

—**Eugene Jaderquist**

"I own a piece of the show, and believe me, it was a difficult choice to make."

Varmint Snipers on the Mohawk

[*Continued from page* 31]

that hasn't been made for seventy-five years. George Hyde of Brooklyn rebuilt the action. M. H. Canjar of Denver fitted one of his single-set triggers. Judson Darrow of Woodbury, Connecticut, chambered and fitted a barrel blank rifled by Joe Pfeifer out in California. The cartridge is the .22 Wasp—a variation on the .219 Zipper. John Holmes of Northville, New York, made the stock. It weighs just under 12 pounds with the 8X target-type scope I most often use on it.

The other rifle was built on a Springfield action. This has a high-speed firing pin and double-set triggers by Arthur Elliot of Fall River, Massachusetts. Jerry Gebby fitted the barrel and chambered it for the .22 Varminter—which is the .250 Savage case necked down to .22. John Holmes made the stock. The rifle weighs, with scope, about the same as the Sharps-Borchardt. And though the Springfield action originally had a magazine and was thus a repeater it is now a single-shot, with no magazine.

Both these rifles are chambered for wildcat cartridges—meaning cartridges you cannot buy over the counter. I don't mind that since I hand-load all my center-fire ammunition. But I do think the Wasp is a nuisance because the cases have to be cut off and chamfered and formed. The .22 Varminter is simpler. The .250 Savage case is easily and quickly reformed in a die to take .22 caliber bullets. It is an excellent cartridge, rather my favorite for woodchuck shooting. The velocity, with a bullet of 55 grains, is not as high as that of the Swift factory cartridge with a bullet of 48 grains. But it's high enough.

No woodchuck rifle is complete without a telescope sight. This should be of 8 to 10 power. Several makers produce these. Weaver makes scopes in either power with internal adjustments so they can be used with fixed mounts. So does Lyman. Unertl and Lyman both make scopes of the target type—that is designed for quarter-minute click mounts. Some men use scopes of lower power than 8 and I admit that the optics of the 6-power Stith are tempting. Other men use scopes of higher than 10 power, as much as 15 or 20.

There are two objections to the higher powers. One is that the field is small, making it harder to find the target than with a scope of lower power and hence larger field of view. The other is the fact that the higher the power the more precise the adjustment for parallax must be.

Perhaps this needs a word of explanation. When a scope is properly adjusted for a given distance the crosshairs and the image are in the same plane. The test is to fix the rifle in a firm position and move your head from side to side and up and down while aiming at a target. If the center of the crosshairs seems to move as you move your head (and hence your aiming eye) the scope is out of adjustment for that distance.

I adjusted the 8X Unertl scope I have mostly used for woodchuck shooting so it was right at 150 yards. There is a marked degree of parallax at 50 yards but this doesn't matter since I do not use it at so short a distance. Beyond 150 yards the parallax is practically negligible.

One of the important things to do with a woodchuck rifle is to determine by actual firing where it shoots at different distances. I think it's a sound idea to sight it for 200 yards. But if you do you should know how high it shoots at 100 and how low at 300. Indeed, you might well find out how much to come up for 300. The ammunition companies furnish useful information about this but the only truly satisfactory way of finding out what your rifle does is by actual firing at paper targets.

I mentioned earlier a tripod rest. I have tried several other types. One that the late Al Barr of the American Rifleman used was a little wooden bipod, adjustable for height. It was low enough at its highest for shooting in the prone position. Barr carried this rest on his rifle in the field—held by rubber bands—so it was always ready. He would never take a long shot without it.

I had an argument with my friend John Holmes about rests. Holmes is a purist—a purist as a stockmaker and a purist as a shooter. He is all *against* rests. He holds to the opinion that if the chuck is so far away you think you can't hit him without adopting some artificial aid you shouldn't shoot. I hold to the opinion that your first duty as a sportsman is to kill cleanly. Who can do that at 300 yards without a rest unless the ground is such that he can take the prone position with a sling. (You can seldom shoot prone in hilly country.) Holmes would say: "In that case you don't shoot." But if you don't, how are you going to find out what your rifle and ammunition will do?

I asked Mike Walker about this. Walker is a fine off-hand shot, a fine bench-rest shot. Or, to put it another way, a fine shot. Walker said that up to 200 yards he shoots at a chuck from the standing position, and beyond 300 yards he shoots with a rest. This left a gap where he couldn't shoot at all. I asked what he did when the chuck was more than 200 yards away and less than 300. He grinned. He said, "There are three ways of handling that situation. I can either try to get closer, or I can back up, or I can let somebody else shoot."

I do not myself take off-hand shots much beyond 100 yards at chucks. I sit down or I lie down or I use a rest beyond 150 yards. But, whatever your principles, the real pleasure in chuck shooting is not in seeing how many you can kill but in seeing what a finely accurate rifle will do.

—Lucian Cary

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I Survived the Deepest Dive

[*Continued from page* 20]

hand and I pulled it from the rope. A fathom below me was the depth where only Dumas had survived. I went down across an invisible line into the region that had already killed three men. I pulled the 310-foot tag and went deeper.

My mind was clear. The lung functioned flawlessly. Confidence mounted and I passed the 320, 330 and 340 tags and left them on the line.

I put my face close to the line and went down the last ten feet. The water was very cold. Visibility was less than a foot, the rope a dim shadow. There was a ghostly oblong on it. It was the 350-foot tag.

I told myself, "You are there."

My watches glowed brilliantly in the blackness—10:34. I was a minute ahead of schedule.

Leaving the tag intact I went to the bottom and stretched flat on the floor of the Pacific, 370 feet down. Startled sand dabs fled from the strange creature with the three dimly gleaming humps on his back. The throb of the *Anna M.'s* motor in the world above had faded out. All around me was black silence.

I dared not linger more. Dropping the weights on my arm to restore my buoyancy, I somehow jarred the face plate. It filled instantly with water, like a surge of doom. I could feel the pricking of panic and blew violently through my nose. Almost as quickly as it had come in, the water slid out past the rubber flange sealing the mask.

The natural lift of my body and the tanks was pulling me up now, and I plucked the 350-foot tag as I passed. Then came real trouble.

My breath grew labored. A ball formed at the base of my throat and I choked. It was something new and frightening. Instinct shouted "Surface!" and I fought a familiar struggle. I pulled the reserve rod and there was no relief. The trouble was in the human mechanism. I rose on the rope, choking as I went. Out of the black deep I floated into violet light—and made out a long lean shadow above me, nosing at the rope. What it was suddenly didn't matter—I had to get by it. I climbed toward it, and the lights came up in the blue theater.

It was Parry Bivens, with the spare tanks. We met on the rope and Bivens scanned my face with anxiety, reading my struggle there plainly. Whatever was wrong with me, there was nothing he could do. I made a circle with thumb and forefinger and pointed up. We went higher together.

The ball swelled in my throat and I had to force air past it, both inhaling and exhaling. Suddenly there was no air. The triple tank had emptied.

I signaled to Bivens and he handed me the double tank. The switch-over was simple; I plucked out my mouthpiece and thrust in the fresh one. We slipped off the harness of the triple tanks and they soared alone to the surface.

Then the entire plan collapsed in a series of nightmare errors.

As we fumbled to buckle on the double tank, one of us made a mistake and unfastened my weight belt. It plunged down the rope to rejoin the sand dabs. Freed of its balancing weight, I shot to the surface like a balloon with its tether cut.

Gas sang in my blood. A great pain stabbed my back. My mind reeled as I burst into the air. As though far in the distance there was shouting and confusion. All I could think of was the name Zetterstrom.

There was also a small comedy that I do not recall. They say I waved the 350-foot tag weakly at Callen, who retrieved it from my grasp.

Bivens had raced up after me much too fast for his own safety. Lecocq plunged into the water. A friend of Bivens, Zale Parry, who holds the women's depth record, joined the two men and together they stuffed me back down 100 feet into the sea. As the water resumed its pressure, my mind slowly cleared. The pain throbbed in my back and I thought anxiously of the bends.

We inched back up to a level where I could safely take pure oxygen. The errors multiplied.

When the double tank ran low, I signaled for an oxygen single. Lecocq brought down a tank but it proved to be empty. I held my breath for close to 3 minutes while he hurried up for another. When he held it to me, I pulled on the mouthpiece with anguished lungs—and got no air. Lecocq frantically checked the valve and found it closed. He turned it and sweet oxygen flowed into my lungs.

We stayed at 60 feet for 10 minutes. Slowly the ball in my throat dissolved and the pain in my back began to diminish.

By the time the oxygen was almost gone, the choking had subsided. I breathed freely again and could almost grin at the final error. Lecocq brought down a second oxygen tank and the mouthpiece fell off it. He commuted wearily to the surface again like a shuttle train.

I surfaced precisely on schedule into the boundless air, 87 minutes after I had submerged. I was in possession of a record—and the Aqua Lung had extended its domain under the sea by 44 feet.

During the next week we dismantled the dive segment by segment and examined its flaws. In retrospect they seemed less insurmountable. The errors on the ascent had been accidental. Out of our experience we could contrive safeguards against their recurrence.

I felt that I could go deeper.

The harness changing was a needless risk. We designed a new harness to be worn throughout the dive. It had steel rings and the tanks could be snapped on and off with hooked fasteners. The rope was not too good for a depth line—it was difficult to cling to. A steel chain would be better.

The choking sensation worried me. I talked it over with medical experts for hours and we arrived at a theory. We decided that it had been caused by a surplus of oxygen during the deepest part of the dive, when I inhaled a great quantity of it with each breath. The mixture I had used was the standard hospital one of 20 percent oxygen and 80 percent helium. The problem was to reduce my oxygen intake in the deep portion of the dive. In deep helmet-diving, the tender on the surface can vary the oxygen proportion to fit the diver's needs. In a free dive, you must commit yourself in advance and if you misjudge the proportions, you cannot right the error.

A deeper dive posed another problem. The last dive had shown that 350 feet was the limit for a triple tank. To descend further into the region of heavy

"You mean you're going to leave me for *that?*"

consumption would exhaust the tanks before I could come back high enough for a change-over.

We came up with a single solution to both problems. The answer was five tanks.

The extra double tanks would increase the breathing supply by two-thirds, enough to go much deeper. And I could carry a lower oxygen percentage in the double. I would descend to 350 feet breathing from the triple, then switch to the double merely by changing mouthpieces.

Someone asked how I could carry five tanks. That was easy—I intended to sandwich myself between them—three on my back and two on my chest.

We prepared for the dive for four weeks. I studied all the available material on helium-oxygen mixtures used by helmet men. The difficulty with such data is that it tells how a certain mixture worked with a certain diver, which did not mean that it would necessarily work as well with myself. There are wide differences in the physical make-up of individuals. My red blood-cell count is quite high and accordingly I take oxygen into my blood more easily than the average man. We could only speculate what effect this would have below 350 feet.

The final decision was 18 percent oxygen and 82 percent helium in the triple tanks, and 15/85 in the double.

On October 24, we were set for the second try. Since my primary aim in making the dive was to gain further information on the effect of deep water, I had tried to get the cooperation of a hospital and its staff. They finally turned down my suggested experiments because they didn't want the responsibility in case anything went wrong with the dive. They had remarkable foresight.

We cut the engines on the boats over a spot 450 feet deep. Because the five tanks were so cumbersome, I figured it would be better to make the final preparations on the diving ladder instead of in the water as I had done before. The tanks went on all right, although when I donned them I felt like Mrs. Dionne just before her historic achievement.

The weights were to go on next. My assistants tried to buckle them around my waist, but with my fore-and-aft pregnancy they succeeded only in jerking and hauling at me for an interminable time. The tanks grew heavier until I reeled like Atlas at the end of a hard day. Finally we gave up and took off the tanks, put on the weights and reattached the tanks. Then I bore the full load of the equipment, which totaled more than 200 pounds. When I was ready, a check of the fathometer showed that we had drifted into much deeper water. I sat with my monstrous burden while the buoy supporting the guide chain was towed back into the 450-foot area again.

I finally stumbled down the ladder and started unhappily down the chain. As soon as I submerged, buoyance raised the tanks on my chest until the regulator banged me under the chin. I crept back up the chain.

Breathing helium has an odd effect on the voice; it raises the pitch to a startling degree, like a phonograph record suddenly speeded up. I went to the ladder quacking my complaint like Donald Duck and new adjustments were made.

An hour and five minutes after I had first donned the tanks I headed under the second time.

In even a routine deep dive good physical condition is elemental. Instead, I was half-exhausted. It was as if Landy or Bannister had been attempting a new mile record after having gone five rounds with Rocky Marciano.

My mental outlook was no better. The long delay had left me tense and anxious. For best performance, one should dominate the dive with confidence; instead the dive was in command of me.

My suit leaked immediately from a small tear where the hood clasped my face. By the time I was 100 feet down, I was sodden with icy water. I drew the mixture from my tanks with deep angry breaths and continued to sink.

The choking ball in my throat that I thought we had overcome began forming when I was less than 150 feet under. I slowed my respiration and tried to fight it back. Instead it swelled.

I passed 200 feet and the light faded sharply. I went down past the 250-foot tag into darkness.

Near the 300 marker the flow from the triple tank slowed suddenly. I was certain that the tank could not be empty and pulled on the mouthpiece with anxiety. At the 300 tag, the flow ceased entirely. I removed the mouthpiece and switched to the double tank with its 15/85 mixture.

The sudden shift to the lower oxygen content struck me a brutal blow. I blacked out momentarily, at 50 fathoms.

When I came to, I was still clinging to the line just below the 300 marker.

I dropped the weights and abandoned the dive. As I headed back up, I pulled the 300-foot tag in almost a reflex gesture. The trouble was not over.

I was coming up ahead of schedule and above me there was no one on the line with fresh oxygen in the proper mixture. With monumental confidence in me, the diver who was to meet me at 225 feet was following the timetable for a 400-foot descent.

Looking up the chain, I said silently, "Come down, my friend, Samazan needs you." I was in greater trouble than ever before in fourteen years under the sea.

From 300 to 60 feet I made it up alone. It was an experience that I do not like to recall.

At 60 feet there was a diver with oxygen. This time the sea showed mercy and there were no mishaps. The choking subsided with the oxygen while I hung on the chain and decompressed.

The sea had taught me a lesson in humility. It had yielded 44 feet more to man and then had taken them back.

I looked down the white chain. It disappeared far below into a hidden world that had just expelled me.

But the day will come. . . .

—John Clark-Samazan & James Phelan

The Killer Was Continuous

[*Continued from page* 33]

yards of him. It's just that when they're hungry they're not selective. They bite anything within reach.

In 1947, a Scotsman named Angus McCloud on the coast of Argyllshire, Scotland, was out after lobsters, probing about knee-deep in the sea under the rocks with his lobster spear. His spear contacted something in a deep cranny in the rocks. He reached in to jerk out what he thought was a lobster, and felt his right forefinger seized in a ferocious grip. He strained and sweated but couldn't pull it free. He guessed the answer, it had happened to other fishermen. His finger had gone into the open mouth of a firmly anchored conger. In the cold waters around the British Isles conger eels grow to 8 and 10 feet in length, and their thick-lipped, sullen mouths can grip like a bulldog.

Angus tried to pull his finger loose, but the jaws of the conger were set like a steel trap. He had lost his fishing spear in the excitement, and he couldn't reach the eel with his knife because the fish was wedged in between two rocks. To make matters worse, the tide was coming in. Unless he got loose before it did, he would be drowned.

The struggle went on for thirty minutes, and when the waves were beginning to slap Angus in the face, he gave a desperate wrench with his trapped hand. Pain shot through him like fire, and his hand came free—but he had left part of his finger in the eel's mouth.

Thomas E. Donne, recent head of New Zealand's Tourist Department tells an almost equally grim story. After a successful night of eel-bobbing, he chose the biggest eel for the cooking pot, and slit it down the stomach to remove the intestines. From the stomach rolled four newly born kittens and a man's big toe. That was one night when he stuck to sandwiches for his supper.

And referring to toes, only a week before I had been pulling a row boat across Lake Matheson in the clear morning sunshine. Koka-Kura, a pretty Maori girl sat in the stern and dangled her bare feet in the water. Up from the dark depths behind us slid a big eel. With no splash, no ferocity, it moved in and slipped the girl's left foot into its mouth. It could almost have been a puppy playing tricks; no snap, just a gentle enclosure of her toes. The screech she gave, plus the colossal jerk as she plunged backward, pulled her foot from the eel's mouth with no more damage than a small graze on her instep. The eel disappeared. Maybe it was just inquisitive—or maybe it was hungry.

It appears that eels don't care if their food is living or dead, animal or human. A few months previously, living with a native family on the tiny South Sea island of Bora-Bora, I had witnessed the commotion when a medium-sized moray eel slid in through the shallows right to the water's edge and bit the hand of a native woman who was cleaning a chicken carcass for the cooking pot. It obviously thought it was biting the chicken.

The evidence is quite conclusive. You wouldn't rate the eel with a shark or a barracuda, but you just keep your eye on them and your hands out of reach.

At the edge of our stream, Lucian was slowly moving the flashlight up and down the surface of the water. Joe brought him to attention. "Keep the light still," he hissed. "Look!"

We looked. At the edge of the pool of light, peering in, we saw a great snout. The water magnified it. It looked more like the giant head of a boa constrictor than an eel. Lucian gave a faint gasp, whether inspired by fear or admiration was uncertain. But obviously science was slightly intimidated. The eel lay there quietly, its pectoral fins sticking out on either side. They fluttered slightly as the eel hovered indecisively. It hesitated to enter the bright circle of light cast by the torch, for eels hate light of any sort.

The eel is a night hunter, a night killer. It is at home in the salt waters of the sea, in clear cold lakes, in muddy pools, in stagnant water. Its powers of endurance are phenomenal. Its skin—thick, flexible, smooth, polished—is slippery. It hates the light—but nothing frightens it. And the smell of the chicken was too tempting for this one to resist.

Cautiously it edged forward, thick as a man's thigh, its blade tail moving sinuously. Lucian lifted the chicken slowly up toward the surface. The eel followed it up through the water. Its mouth opened to take hold. And Joe struck!

The gaff slashed down. The surface whipped convulsively into a thousand brilliant droplets of water. A black, slimy body, coiling viciously, heaved upward as the gaff bit home, and Joe heaved with all his might. As Joe swung it up on the bank, its thrashing tail cracked Lucian on the wrist. There was a wail from him as the flashlight went flying. A roar from Joe. All was darkness and confusion. Lucian was mouthing a series of the most unscientific oaths ever to pass the lips of a marine biologist as he groped for the light. He found it eventually and switched it on. There was blood on the gaff but the eel had gone. First round to the fish!

Joe grunted. It seemed to be the only adequate comment on the proceedings. The next stream feeding the lake was a quarter of a mile away; we started through the bush toward it. It's wild country, this West Coast of the South Island. This area, Weheka Valley, lies in virgin bush between 11,000 foot alps and the sea, 13 miles away. The mountain glaciers melt and run in fast, turbulent streams to the sea. On their way they form several lakes, and Lake Matheson is one of them.

Lucian had started this night eel-bobbing expedition. He was writing a thesis on Pacific eels, and he had come down to the South Island specifically to do field work. As the local guide, Joe was his chief aide; I went along for the trip. Joe was responsible for catching the eels. Lucian was going to measure dorsal fins and count vertebrae, and do other scientific things. Joe's second intention was purely utilitarian. He meant to smoke the eels over a slow fire of wood chips, and invite all his friends to the feast.

If you haven't eaten smoked eel, cut in thin rashers like smoked salmon, then you've missed an epicurean dish.

Any angler who has had the misfortune to tangle with even a small one will vouch for the eel's furious, line-fouling, hell-playing energy. Anyone who has been bitten by a moray, coughed at by a 70-pound conger, or inadvertently stroked by an electric eel, will also agree about their unfriendly characteristics.

Although the run-of-the-mill American eel only rates a pound or two in size, the strangest thing about it is its location. The rivers and streams of the eastern

"I can personally testify that this one has been used."

seaboard of Canada and the U.S. from Nova Scotia down to the Gulf of Mexico are full of eels. Millions of them giving as much hell as possible to anglers from Gloucester to Galveston. But on the Pacific coast from Panama right up to Alaska, not a single eel. Never has been. Never will be. And exactly how far west the eels from the eastern seaboard have penetrated is still not known.

The same sort of curious geographical distribution occurs throughout the world. Some places have eels, others don't. It's as simple as that.

They will sometimes infest a fishpond, and when they've eaten the place bare and killed every young fish, they'll move on and do the same thing all over again. If the pool dries up they will bury themselves in a hole in the mud and wait until times improve. They can live for months without food, and can cross dry land in moist weather. They will even become pets as Roy Sheffield of Wellington, New Zealand, discovered. After a long and unsuccessful day fishing a river in the Vaikate district of the North Island, he stopped for a moment's conversation with a pretty farmer's daughter named Jean MacPherson, at the side of the river. He told her of his bad luck. "Fish?" he said. "I don't believe there's a living thing in the river."

"Just watch," she said. She gave a series of long low whistles, and patted the surface with her hands. To Sheffield's astonishment three large eels came immediately to the surface and ate the small pieces of bread Jean produced from her pocket. That wasn't the end of it. One at a time she lifted them out of the river, and they proceeded to slide through a circle she made with her arms back into the water. She had known the eels ever since she was a child, she told him, and fed them almost daily. So if Sheffield caught nothing that day, he picked up a story which kept him in drinks for the next six months.

Actually the story isn't so odd. At Kajubutan in the Philippines, tame eels are kept in ponds and fed daily by children who sing songs to bring them to the surface.

For centuries the birth, death and private life of the eel was a puzzle, an enigma, and a beautiful blank. Where they came from and where they went, nobody knew. And, what is more, nobody seemed likely to find out. If you placed a heap of them into a tank together, left them there for years and years, fed them regularly, they would get fatter and fatter. None of them would produce a baby eel, or an egg, or a fragment of sperm—or even make a move toward one of those interesting friendships which is known to exist between male and female.

Eels of all sizes can be caught at all seasons of the year in ponds and streams, yet none is ever heavy with spawn, and no living man has ever seen an eel egg straight from the eel. In the autumn—although millions stay behind—eels in the primest condition can be caught as they descend rivers and streams heading for the sea into which they disappear forever. Important fisheries in Scotland, Denmark, Holland, and other parts of Europe operate entirely on this knowledge, for the eel as an article of food is prized throughout Europe.

It is valued in New Zealand, too. With no meat available, the old-time Maoris of the inland tribes bartered smoked eel with the coast dwellers for weapons, ornaments and women. Now you buy your smoked eel at the local store, and get your girl slightly more expensively with smoked salmon and champagne. In ancient Roman times, eel was considered a delicacy. The Roman Emperors kept moray eels in special ponds and served them at their fabulous banquets. Pliny, the Roman historian, relates the sad tale of a slave who broke a crystal goblet at one of these orgies. This time the eels enjoyed a banquet in reverse, for the slave was immediately thrown into the moray pool.

Baby eels, called elvers, no more than an inch long, tiny transparent creatures with minute black stains for eyes, do nothing to help clear up the great eel mystery. They invade the river mouths from the sea every spring, but they are *never* caught in the open ocean or far offshore. You catch them only as they come in to surge up the rivers.

"This'll do," said Joe. We stopped. We were at a thin ribbon of water winding between dark bushes, and bridged at this point by a fallen tree. The tree was solid, and Lucian edged out along it. He slipped the chicken quietly into the water again. It was a relief to drown the smell. Joe took up his position on the trunk next to him with the gaff ready. I stood on the bank directing the torchlight.

Like New Zealand trout, with an endless supply of natural food, and no natural enemies, the eels grow to enormous size. The New Zealand record book reveals that many up to 70 pounds in weight have been taken.

"I'll settle for one smaller than that," said Lucian. "I'm a scientist—not a big-game hunter. We should have brought Professor Schmidt to see this."

Professor Johannes Schmidt, Danish marine biologist was the man who really solved the great eel mystery. The Danes catch thousands of eels every autumn along their coastline; it was a bread and butter chore to discover something about the habits of the fresh-water eel. The Danish Government aided by public subscription placed at his disposal the specially equipped research ship, *Thor*, and afterward the *Dana*. The professor concentrated first of all upon the migrating eels. But even with his extensive equipment he found it absolutely impossible to trace them. He marked eels leaving the Dutch coast, and others in the English Channel. They were obviously making for the Atlantic, but once there they disappeared. Grapples, nets, dredges, baited lines, nothing attracted or captured them. They were never seen again.

However, the professor quickly confirmed one fact. The baby eels were the result of a metamorphosis in the open ocean. Like tadpoles changing into frogs, the elvers began life as tiny creatures called *leptocephali*, or "big-heads." They

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were found floating in the Atlantic Ocean at various depths and in almost every latitude. They increased progressively in size as they neared the coasts of either Europe or America, and the metamorphosis took place just before they entered the rivers.

"So," observed the professor, at one of his conferences aboard the *Thor*, "if we can trace them back to their place of origin, we must find the spawning beds."

"But how is that possible?" objected one of his staff. "They're everywhere."

"By dredging patiently and exhaustively throughout the Atlantic," answered the professor mildly, "we must find differencies in size and structure. When we find the smallest of them we shall be nearing the end of our journey."

"But that will take a lifetime," protested the assistant.

"Probably," replied the professor, "but we have a lifetime ahead of us."

In 1903, the search started.

Nineteen years later—in 1922—the final reward came. They were cruising on the northern edge of the great mass of seaweed known as the Sargasso Sea, when an excited assistant came hurrying to the professor. "Will you come and look at the latest dredge, sir? This looks like absolute confirmation."

They hurried to the laboratory. There on the glass slides were tiny creatures which had plainly just emerged from the egg. The search was over. As they had suspected from previous voyages in this area, they were over the spawning beds of the fabulous eel. And recent researches have discovered other spawning grounds in the great deeps near Japan, and to the north of Australia, where the Pacific eels breed.

Back by the edge of the stream, we stiffened in apprehension as Joe suddenly grunted. The chicken scent had filtered down into the lake and brought out another eel. Moving slowly through the network of branches deep in the stream, he edged upstream, and by heavens, it was bigger than the other one! Black, sinister, powerful, and packed with hard ridged muscle, it looked like the middleweight champion of the fish world as it moved in toward its prey. Then it stopped, almost as if it were aware of danger.

"Higher," whispered Joe, and Lucian slowly drifted the chicken toward the surface. The eel, seeing the bait disappearing, moved after it, its mouth opening hungrily. Then it quickly came in. Needle-sharp teeth hit the chicken with a force that almost tugged the string from Lucian's hand. Joe poised the gaff. The light caught the flash of steel as it descended. *Wham!* The gaff smacked the water faster than the eye could follow. The steel bit into the shining body a foot behind the head. Joe's forearms knotted as he heaved, and a thick coil of black ferocity came up out of the water. In mid-air the eel seemed to contort into a figure eight, its tail thrashing wildly. Lucian tried to dodge, slipped, and clutched at Joe. Joe, overbalanced already with the weight of the eel, tipped forward. There was a yell from Lucian, then an almighty splash, and the eel, Joe and Lucian were all in the water together. It was no more than waist deep. The eel was back in Main Street and fighting to stay there, but Joe was not giving up that easily.

The gaff had slugged deep into the eel's body. Its frenzied contortions had anchored it even more firmly. Ducking down half under the water to get his shoulder under the thrust, Joe shortened his grip on the gaff, and in one mighty heave had the eel out on the bank. The gaff came loose. The eel writhed and thumped on the grass, edging back toward the water. But Joe was out after it, grabbing for the hunting knife in his belt. Trying to pin down the eel with his foot was like trying to control a thrashing 6-inch steel cable. But at last the knife went in at a point where the neck joined the body. That was the finish. The eel's convulsive twitchings went on for some hours, but the fight was over.

I turned the flashlight on Lucian. He stood waist deep in the center of the stream, a look of resignation on his face.

"There must be some easier way of catching eels than this," he said plaintively. "What about dynamite? It couldn't be much more expensive than this wear-and-tear. I'm supposed to be a marine biologist, not a frogman."

Then we saw the second snout peering from among the branches of the fallen tree. We roared, "Another one! Quick!"

Never has any man left the bed of a stream faster than Lucian. "Where?" he gasped.

In silence we pointed to the second eel.

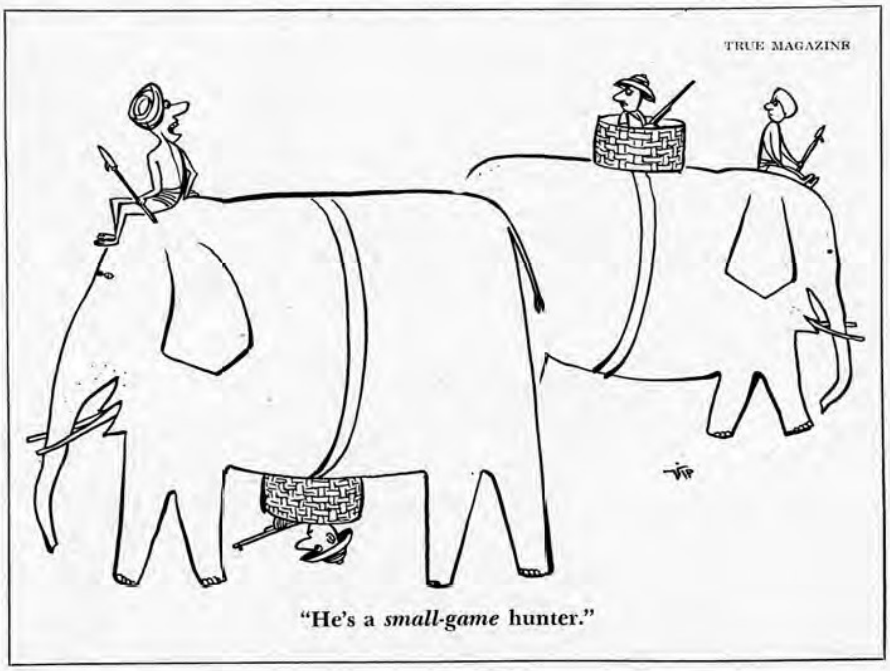
The chicken was doing quite a job. Quite oblivious of Lucian's hurried exit, the eel—just as large as the one we had just killed—stayed almost motionless, drinking in the rich effluvium of decaying chicken carried down to it by the slow current. Lucian slid the chicken back into the water to complete the hypnosis, and Joe slid the gaff down next to it, point uppermost. Almost as if this was a signal, the eel swam slowly toward our bank. It paused two feet away from the bait as if suspicious of the gaff, then slowly slid in to nudge the chicken. In one lightning upward movement Joe ripped the gaff into its belly, and slung it out on the bank. It writhed and twisted. Down and in went Joe's knife. We had two dead eels on the bank.

Lucian rolled the second one over with his foot. Its belly and flanks gleamed silver. Lucian nodded understandingly. "Turning silver," he said. "Almost ready for the great trek. Only this one will never join his ancestors."

"These babies will go 40 pounds apiece," said Joe, more to the point. Joe finished packing the eels into his sack and we set off back to Lake Matheson to pull the baited night line we had left there. And as we walked I pondered the ancient mystery of the eel migration.

It is thought that they travel through the oceans to the spawning grounds, in the same formation as the elvers, when they come in from the ocean to surge up the rivers. The elvers travel in cordons, in long ribbons about 5-feet thick, and miles and miles in length. Each elver is no longer than a matchstick, yet they are so closely packed together they seem like a solid mass. Nothing on earth, even in the insect world of the ant and locust compares with their startling profusion.

The mind balks at the thought of an enormous corridor of adult eels crossing the dark abyss of the ocean bed, pouring through passes—mountain passes hemmed in by towering peaks higher than any of earth—preyed upon by the dreadful creatures of the darkness that live at those depths. At last, at the ancestral breeding ground, the journey ends. In the impenetrable darkness, a thousand feet under the sea, billions upon billions of eels writhe and twine in their fantastic consummation. As the last act is played out, millions of eggs spew from each female, float in the warm water and, drifting in the currents, gradually metamorphosize into the *leptocephali* that turn toward the New World or the Old.



"He's a *small-game* hunter."

After the act of reproduction no one knows what happens to the eels themselves. Perhaps they die and sink to the bottom. But if the habits of their closely related brethren, the conger and the moray, are anything to go by, that is unlikely. Possibly they sink to the bottom of the great deep, coming up each year to join the orgastic rites. In the primary darkness of the deep ocean they may grow into immense creatures. But until the bathysphere takes men down beyond the fantastic world of eel courtship and marriage into the abyss of the oceans, that remains part of the eel mystery still to be solved.

The last part of *our* eel mystery still unsolved was what was on the end of the night line in Lake Matheson. That something pretty big was attached to the hook was obvious even to Lucian and me. Joe's forecast about sea serpents seemed to be coming true, for the line attached to the sapling hummed and quivered like a strummed ukelele string.

Joe took a bite of the line in his hand and tried to haul in. The line just didn't budge. The fish had gone to the muddy bottom, determined to stay there. "If he's tangled with a tree trunk, we'll never get him out," Joe said grimly. "Now, we all put our weight on the line together. Right! A steady strain."

The fish resisted the pull for about twenty seconds, then all at once he was off the bottom and loose in the water. You could feel the lumpy weight of him as he ranged up and down. It was as if we'd snagged a captive torpedo. But steadily, hand over hand, keeping him moving, Joe hauled in. Suddenly, out in the darkness, beyond the range of the flashlight, the surface of the water began to thrash. Now the line went sawing in wide arcs across the lake as the fish tried desperately to gain ground. But Joe gave him no line.

Inexorably, he hauled in, dragging the fish through the shallows. It came in to the bank, a huge, shining, coil of eel, bigheaded, his mouth agape. We had thought the others big. This was their daddy. It writhed greasily, thick as a man's thigh. Joe shoved the gaff handle into its mouth, and the sharp teeth came splintering down on the wood. Joe's knife slit deeply into the spinal column behind its head. But even in death it still jumped and twitched uneasily.

Even going home—Lucian and I carried it in a sack between us—we could still feel it jerking and plunging. Back at the hotel late that night we weighed all three eels on the storehouse scales. The big one tipped in at 44 pounds, 7 ounces. The other two went 29 and 31 pounds respectively. Those are big, bad eels in anybody's language.

—Alan Burgess

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Eat Big and Grow Thin

[*Continued from page* 41]

reducing speed conservatively estimated *for* TRUE'S ALL-YOU-CAN-EAT plan. A few men may trim it off even faster. But practically any man, eating tasty meals of his own choice, can shed at least two pounds a week.

This is the plan he followed. It's so simple that it can be set down in six lines of type. Every day he ate all he wanted of the following foods, as you will do if you try this method, with foods you select yourself:

Lean meats or poultry, any kind
Fish and seafoods
Eggs—hen, goose or ostrich
Fresh fruit, any kind
Vegetables, all, including a potato Consommé or bouillon.

In addition, take a glass of milk or buttermilk or skim milk. Two or three thin slices of bread. All the water, coffee or tea you want. The thin soups are stomach-fillers; you can skip them if you prefer.

Still sound like a phony invitation, to eat all you want yet get slim? You do eat as much as you like of the listed foods. Mix them up. Stuff yourself to the gills if you want. But *don't* add anything else to the foods. *No* gravies, sauces, creams, oils, fats, dressings, jams, sugars, icings and such. Spices are all right. *Don't* salt everything heavily. The foods, in variety, contain considerable natural salt.

Prepare the foods as follows: Meats or fish are boiled, steamed, broiled or roasted—no frying, no added flour or bread crumbs. Eggs are boiled or poached. Vegetables are boiled, baked, steamed or eaten raw. Don't use canned fruits, which are likely to be packed in sugar syrup, or fish, likely to be packed in oils, unless you buy special dietetic kinds. No dried fruits. No fruit juices—the pulpy bulk of fresh fruits is more stomach-filling and you get all the nutrients of the whole fruit. That's about all you need to know to get going on an all-you-can-eat reducing program that should trim off at least two pounds of blubber a week.

What put the brakes on Bob Curran's first-week reducing speed of about a pound a day? Why didn't he lose 40 pounds in six weeks instead of 24? Well, in addition to loss of fat, Bob was losing some *water* from his tissues. Water weighs a little more than fat. Of the pound of *weight* he lost a day, probably about one half was fat and the other half water. It's only the fat loss that counts permanently in reducing.

Most reducers lose tissue-water (not the water they drink) most rapidly during the first days of reducing; water balance is attained later. As a result, weight loss is apparently rapid at first, which is fine for morale. Later on, weight is lost less rapidly, though just as surely. A few reducers may have no loss of weight at all for a week or so, although they are actually shedding fat. Their tissues hang onto water pigheadedly, but adjustment soon comes and then the scales show the fat loss that has been going on all the time. Don't be overelated or overdiscouraged by daily weigh-in readings. Once a week is often enough to weigh in—it gives time enough for fat loss to be impressive.

It's reasonable to expect a minimum weight loss of 2 pounds a week on TRUE'S plan.

A reducing plan, to be safe, must furnish everything the body needs except calories. Protein is particularly important because it is the stuff that builds and repairs tissues, makes hormones and antibodies and other vital substances. In TRUE'S plan, meat, poultry, fish and eggs supply ample protein of the very highest quality. The glass of milk, vegetables, and fruit furnish vitamins and minerals in liberal variety. You reduce on a mixed diet of many foods. This is not only the normal way of eating, it is the foundation of good nutrition because one food supplies what another food lacks, including things which are undoubtedly important to health but have not yet been identified by the chemists.

Why does TRUE'S plan work although you're encouraged to eat until you want no more? Because the foods on the list provide essentials and have marked satiety or fill-you-up value with low fat-producing content. Could you eat 125 cups of string beans in one day? Or 40 eggs? Or 30 medium-sized boiled potatoes? Of course you couldn't. Yet a moderately active man, not reducing, would need that amount of beans or eggs or potatoes to replace the calories he burns up in a day. Foods supercharged with hidden calories aren't on the list. An ounce of cooked spinach gives you 5 calories, an ounce of butter, 200. It's easy to eat an ounce of butter. Downing 40 ounces of spinach is a course of a different color.

Let's cook up a good day's eating from TRUE'S food list, typical meals such as you would choose for yourself:

Meat, eggs, fish: Two eggs; halibut steak; half-pound chicken breast.

Fruit: Apple, peach, orange, half cantaloupe, cup of strawberries.

Vegetables: Asparagus, raw celery, potato, tomato, quarter head of lettuce, cup of string beans, half-cup servings of carrots, Brussels sprouts, peas.

Other: Glass of milk; 1½ cups consommé or clear soup; two thin slices bread. Water, coffee, tea as you choose.

Sound like gorging? Actually, these foods deliver only 1,450 calories, as follows: eggs and meat, 590; milk, 165 (skim milk or buttermilk only 85); fruit, 280; vegetables, 310; soup, 30; bread, 75.

A reasonably active man burns up about 3,000 calories a day. So a 1,500-calorie diet compels his body to steal another 1,500 calories from its fat. At this rate, in a little more than 2½ days, 4,000 calories, which represent roughly a pound of fat, have been drawn from the body stockpile. If we allow for individual differences and an occasional lapse, this planned daily deficit of 1,500 calories should trim at least 2 pounds of fat a week unless you hardly stir your stumps at all.

This list is strictly a sample of a day's good eating, not an arbitrary selection of foods to be followed rigidly. You can choose 10,000 combinations just as good. Choose from the basic categories to suit your taste. For instance, if you don't like fish, take veal that day; if you hate eggs, eat hamburger, and so on.

We've said that you won't be hungry on this diet. Hunger and appetite, however, aren't quite the same. Bob Curran didn't go hungry nor did he feel weak, exhausted or fagged out. On the contrary, his step took on a new springiness and his office associates, noticing that something spectacular was happening, took to calling him "Skinny." But once in awhile he did have a hankering for the forbidden.

(Clip this to keep in your wallet.)

TRUE'S EAT-ALL-YOU-WANT DIET

MEATS, POULTRY: Beef, chicken, frankfurter, ham, hamburger, heart, kidneys, lamb, tongue, turkey, veal. (No bacon.) Cut visible fat from all meats. Prepare by boiling, steaming, broiling, grilling, roasting, baking—no frying, no added flour or bread crumbs. For hamburgers and other meats usually available only fried—soak up oils and juices on a piece of bread; discard bread.

SEAFOODS: Bluefish, clams, cod, crabs, flounders, haddock, halibut, lobster, mackerel, oysters, oyster stew, salmon, scallops, shad, shrimp, sole, swordfish. Prepare as in meats. No canned fish, sardines, tuna, etc., packed with oils, except special dietetic packs.

EGGS: Any kind. No frying.

FRESH FRUIT: Apples, apricots, bananas, blackberries, blueberries, cantaloupe, grapes, grapefruit, honeydew melon, lemons, limes, oranges, peaches, pears, pineapple, plums, raspberries, strawberries, watermelon. No canned fruits except special dietetic packs. No dried fruits. No fruit juices.

VEGETABLES: Asparagus, baked beans (not with pork and molasses), beets, beet greens, broccoli, brussels sprouts, cabbage, carrots, cauliflower, celery, chard, collards, corn, cress, cucumbers, endive, green beans, kale, kohlrabi, lettuce, mushrooms, mustard greens, okra, onions, parsley, parsnip, peas, peppers, potato (one), rhubarb, rutabagas, spinach, squash, tomatoes, turnips, turnip greens, wax beans. Serve boiled, baked, steamed or raw, nothing added. No avocadoes. No sauces.

SOUPS: Bouillon, consomme. No thickened soups.

BREAKFAST CEREALS: Dry or hot kinds. No sugar; use daily glass of milk quota instead of cream.

MILK: 1 glass milk or skim milk or buttermilk.

BREAD: 2 thin slices, or half-dozen soda crackers, or roll.

BEVERAGES: Coffee, plain; tea, plain; water. No soft drinks, alcoholic drinks. Saccharin or sucaryl can be used to sweeten coffee or tea.

NOT ALLOWED: Jams, jellies, honey, sugar, candy, spices, pickles, chocolate, peanut butter, bacon, pork sausage, butter, margarine, cooking oils, fats, cream, cream sauces, olive oil, salad oils (for salad dressings, tomato or lemon juice, or vinegar.

"I remember watching my wife eat an ice-cream sundae," he says. "Normally, I don't suppose I eat a sundae once in six months. But the dessert she was eating looked awfully tempting. Then there were French-fried potatoes. I don't like the limp and soggy ones served in some restaurants. But at times even they began to look very good."

The normal free choice of *any* kind of food is likely to include many concentrated fats and carbohydrates. A person of proper weight needs such extra foods because, if he has eaten a large amount of bulky, low-calorie foods, he gets a "filled-stomach" signal before he has consumed as many calories as he requires. The reducer gets a filled-stomach signal, too, but in his case he has excess body fat containing thousands of stored-up calories he wants to get rid of. TRUE's plan sends up the "I'm satisfied" message in time to assure that the human system, deprived of part of its normal intake of calories, makes up for it by stealing the amount necessary from the excess body fat. That fat therefore has to vanish, little by little.

At first a printed list of the allowed foods, as shown on page 76, will give you confidence. It can be tucked in your billfold or coat pocket for quick reference in eating out or at home. Probably you will not need the list after a week or so. By that time you will recognize food values automatically, and this knowledge will serve you well after you have reduced to normal weight. For once you've trimmed off the excess, you'll want to prevent it from piling on again.

Bob Curran used the list, but not for long. "It's still around the house—in the kitchen, I guess—but we rarely refer to it," he says. Like most other men, Bob takes his lunch in restaurants, has breakfast and dinner at home. For a few days he used the list in choosing from restaurant menus. Soon he was making automatic choices. At home, Mrs. Curran used the list for awhile in buying and preparing foods. Since all of them are excellent everyday foods, buying and preparation soon became automatic, too.

Bobs' wife, incidentally, did not need to reduce. Nor did she lose weight or have to prepare separate dishes, proving that the old family complaint, "I can't prepare meals for both those who are reducing and those who are not," is mostly a lame excuse for not reducing at all. Mrs. Curran did eat butter and ice cream and some other things Bob could not have, but these were easily managed.

Eating as much as you want, it is quite unlikely that you'll exceed the 1,500-calorie level if you stick to the foods on TRUE's list. If you feel hungry between meals, eat. Eat another piece of fruit, a bowl of consommé, a piece of cold chicken—anything from the fruit, meat or vegetable category.

The choose-it-yourself, eat-until-full principle has worked out well in medical practice, and Dr. H. L. Marriott, a British physician who has been prescribing it for years, recommends it heartily to fellow doctors.

"Prolonged experience," he says, "en-

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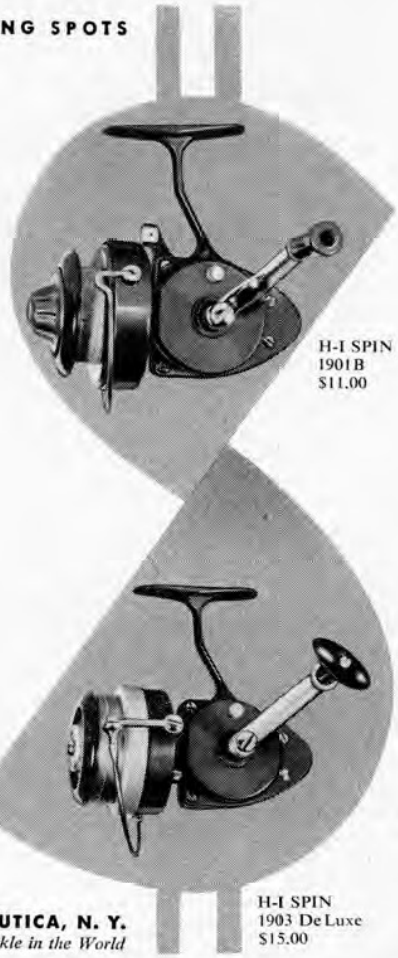

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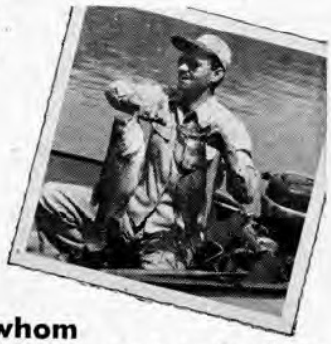

But, after an honest trial, if you're at all like the few other men to whom I've told my secret, you'll guard it with your last breath.

Don't jump at conclusions. I'm not a manufacturer of any fancy new lure. I have no rods or lines to sell. I'm a professional man and make a good living in my profession. But my all-absorbing hobby is fishing. And, quite by accident. I've discovered how to go to waters that everyone else says are fished out and come in with a limit catch of the biggest bass that you ever saw. The savage old bass that got so big, because they were "wise" to every ordinary way of fishing.

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This amazing method was developed by a little group of professional fishermen. Though they are public guides, they never divulge their secret to their patrons. They use it only when fishing for their own tables. No man on your waters has ever **seen it**, ever **heard of it**, or ever **used it**. And when you have given it the first trial, you will be as closed-mouthed as a man who has suddenly discovered a gold mine.

Because with this secret you can fish within a hundred feet of the best fishermen in the county and pull in ferocious big ones while they come home empty handed. No special skill is required. The secret is just as deadly in the hands of a novice as in the hands of an old timer. My secret will be disclosed only to a few men in each area—men who will give me their word of honor not to give the secret to anyone else.

Send me your name. Let me tell you how you can try out the secret method of bringing in big bass from your "fished out" waters. Let me tell you why I let you try out my unusual method without risking a penny of your money on instructions or lures. There is no charge for this information, now or at any other time. Just your name is all I need. But I guarantee that the information I send you will make you a complete skeptic—until once you try it! And then, your own catches will fill you with disbelief. Send your name, today. This will be fun.

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Dear Mr. Fare: Send me complete information without any charge and without the slightest obligation. Tell me how I can learn the secret method of catching big bass from "fished out" waters, even when the old timers are reporting "No Luck."

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ables one to say that a patient with simple obesity who does not lose weight is eating or drinking outside the permitted articles."

Did the man say "drinking"? Yes, practically everything you drink except plain coffee or tea or water contains calories. You may be tempted to break training once in awhile. That happened to Bob, who recalls that at a press party someone handed him a whisky and soda. He could have poured the drink on a potted palm but he didn't. Don't feel that an occasional indulgence ruins your reducing program for good. Bob got slim despite a rare lapse.

The whole matter of calories has been badly garbled. To unconfuse the calorie, think of it as a mere unit of heat measurement, representing the amount of fuel your body burns to keep you alive for about *one minute* while you are asleep—relaxed but breathing, internally secreting, pumping blood and staying warm to the touch. In 24 hours you can *sleep off* about 1,400 calories, approximately the amount furnished by a pound and a quarter of bread. Add to these calories the number burned by sitting, walking, waving at sweater girls or driving a hot rod, and the amount burned each day by a reasonably active man come to around 3,000. In reducing remember that the 500 extra calories of food or drink you can do without means the disappearance of about one-eighth pound of body fat.

Beverages that don't look much different from water are most likely to deceive us about their calories. Yet it is very easy to figure calorie content. The alcoholic proof of distilled liquors is printed on the bottle label. Proof equals the number of calories per ounce. For example, an ounce of 86-proof liquor yields 86 calories. A Martini or similar cocktail contains about as many calories as a glass of milk (165), depending on the generosity of the bartender. A glass of beer holds about 100 calories, and for all practical purposes it doesn't matter what brand you drink. Ordinary soft drinks have as many calories (practically all sugar) as beer—approximately 12 to the ounce.

If your wife insists that you take some kind of magic reducing supplement with TRUE's plan, your best bet is a simple multivitamin capsule, which will do no harm and may do some good. Other things such as mineral pills are a sheer waste of money unless your doctor finds you need them.

If you have a sweet tooth, saccharin and sucaryl are harmless chemical sweeteners with no food or calorie value. For salad dressings, acceptable substitutes to replace forbidden oils are tomato juice, spices, vinegar and lemon juice.

Longer life, better health, ease in getting around, greater stamina, more fun from physical activities and sports participation are reasonable rewards to expect if you trim your weight down to the load your body was designed to carry.

And there are possible esthetic awards of the kind embodied in a famous remark by Irvin S. Cobb. One day he passed novelist Fanny Hurst in the street. She had been reducing and he didn't recognize her. Miffed, she stopped him and said tartly, "It's still the same Fanny Hurst."

"It may be the same Hurst," Cobb admitted, "but it isn't the same Fanny."

—Donald G. Cooley

Africa's Two-Legged Game

[*Continued form page* 47]

To protect the herds, Sheldrick has to be an authority on the ivory-poaching racket, the native tribes that do the poaching, the weapons they use, their poisons, and also on the elephants themselves.

"The old poacher who wore those tire sandals was named Wambua, and he was the smartest bush craftsman I ever had to track down," Sheldrick told me recently in Africa. "When he gave me the slip after killing that elephant, I returned to camp and picked up Bill Woodley, my assistant. Bill is only 22 years old but he's an expert in the bush. Together we set about running Wambua down."

Sheldrick and Woodley spent three weeks in the bush with their rangers, going from the carcass of one dead elephant to another, guided by the circling vultures. Always they found the tusks removed and the tracks of the tire sandals. Then one day the tracks led to the river. The rangers cut both banks for miles up and down stream but the tracks never emerged.

The wardens had an inspiration. With their men, they waded up and down the shallow stream until they came on a huge bush that overhung the water. A little tunnel had been cut from the water's edge into the heart of the bush. Here was Wambua's hide-out where he lived with half a dozen of his gang.

That night, the wardens and their men silently surrounded the bush. When everyone was in place, Sheldrick flung a thunderflash into the hide-out. These thunderflashes are a sort of harmless hand grenade that goes off with a loud explosion and a blinding flash of light but does no real damage. Their purpose is to stun poachers long enough for the game rangers to rush in.

As the thunderflash went off, the rangers charged into the hide-out. Some of the poachers dove into the river. The others fought with the rangers. Between the shouts of the outlaws and the reports of the rangers' guns the place was a madhouse. Woodley saw Wambua leap into the river. The young warden followed him. Woodley was the better swimmer and was almost up to the poacher when they reached the far bank. As Wambua started to climb the steep slope, he slipped. Woodley grabbed him. The outlaw was as slippery as a greased pig and fought like a baboon, but Woodley dragged him back across the river and tied him up with the rest of the gang.

I first heard of Sheldrick and Woodley through Mervyn Cowie, director of the Royal National Parks of Kenya. I was staying in Nairobi, the capital of Kenya Colony, and was very interested in the ivory-poaching racket. Mr. Cowie kindly arranged to have me go down to Tsavo and meet the two young wardens.

David Sheldrick met me at the tiny railroad station near the park. He is a slender, quiet young man. Sheldrick had spent several years as a professional white hunter and served as a major in the British army. After the war, he found that ordinary jobs were too tame for him and so he volunteered for the difficult and dangerous task of cleaning up Tsavo.

As we drove along a newly completed road through the park district, Sheldrick explained to me how ivory poaching is organized. India is the big market for poached ivory. Among certain classes in India, a bride's dowery traditionally consists of carved ivory bracelets and ornaments. An Indian merchant living in Kenya who decides to go into the ivory racket starts by hiring a secret native agent. The agent allows the natives to know that he is in the market for poached ivory. When a poacher kills an elephant, he buries the tasks and looks up this agent. The agent reports to the merchant who arranges to have a truck come at night and pick up the tusks. The tusks are put at the bottom of the truck's load, often wrapped in hides or cut into short lengths and hidden in tins full of beeswax. Then the truck races to the coast where the ivory is taken out by canoes to a waiting Arab *dhow* and smuggled into India.

Sheldrick told me that when he and Woodley first came to Tsavo, the district was completely wild and virtually unmapped. The two young wardens lived in tents until their rangers could construct native huts. The elephant herds were more of a menace than the poachers. The huge beasts had been persecuted by the natives for so long that they had come to regard all humans as enemies. Sheldrick's first job was to build a road some 56 miles to the Galana River that runs through the center of the park. The elephants strongly objected to road building.

The great animals frequently attacked Sheldrick's road gangs. Whenever an elephant encountered the truck, he would promptly charge the vehicle. Finally Sheldrick stood guard with his rifle over the road gang while Woodley rode in the truck. If an elephant charged the truck, Woodley would try to turn the beast by firing into the ground in front of him. But if the animal insisted on attacking, Woodley was forced to kill him.

"Bill Woodley just got back from a raid last night," Sheldrick told me as we drove along. "He brought in a poacher who's been causing us a lot of trouble. Bill joined the game department in 1948 when the Tsavo area was first declared a national park. Since then, Bill's been in a score of fights with poachers and had some close shaves."

We drove to the native rangers' barracks, a cluster of circular, white-walled, thatched huts in a grove of giant fig trees. The rangers turned out to meet us, looking very smart in their uniforms.

Two rangers brought out the poacher for Sheldrick to interview. He was a lean, expressionless man with the marks of old scars making dark ridges on his black skin. He was manacled with the heavy, old-fashioned British handcuffs. Sheldrick explained that some restraint was necessary as a poacher, if given half a chance, could dart into the bush and vanish like a rabbit.

"We used to tie them up with their own bowstrings," Sheldrick explained. "But often we were three or four days bringing them in from the bush and they sometimes managed to chew through the string and get away. They won't run once we get the handcuffs on their wrists. The touch of the metal seems to scare them."

I asked what would be done with this poacher. Sheldrick explained that he would be sent to Nairobi for trial and probably get six months to a year in prison.

"After he gets out, he'll probably move to a district outside the park area and continue to hunt game for food," Sheldrick told me. "But it's unlikely that he'll try elephant poaching again. These bush natives don't like to be penned up in jail."

The poaching is done by two tribes; the Walunguro and the Wacamba. In the old days, these tribes lived on the elephant herds much as the Sioux lived on the bison. After a hunter had shot an elephant, the whole community would live off the carcass for a month. The natives hunted only for food and comparatively few elephants were killed. But when the Indian merchants in Kenya commercialized the hunting as a means of getting cheap ivory, the slaughter became serious. The tribesmen simply shot left and right into the elephant herds, killing a dozen animals at a time merely to get the ivory.

This poacher was a Wacamba. Sheldrick showed me his bow. It was a dark mahogany color, made from a tree called the *mutuba*. The bow was almost straight and had very little curve even when strung. I should say it pulled about 120 pounds. The bow was beautifully finished and came to sharp points at the ends. There were no knotches to hold the bow string. Instead, strips of rawhide were wrapped around the bow to keep the string from slipping. Sheldrick explained that the string is tied in place with a very elaborate knot and must be untied whenever the bow is unstrung. The natives do not use notches on their bows because they claim that a bow should be strung at different tensions depending on weather conditions. Of course, this cannot be done if the bow string must always be slipped into the same notch. After stringing his bow, an archer holds the bow to his ear and twangs the string. He can tell by the tone of the bow if the string should be tied more tightly or slightly relaxed.

The natives' accuracy with their weapons is amazing. Sheldrick told me that one year an ex-Canadian Mountie came out to Kenya to work at poacher hunting. The man was a crack shot with a .45 revolver so he thought he wouldn't have

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any trouble with natives carrying nothing but bows and arrows. He got into a duel with a poacher . . . the Canadian using his revolver and the poacher his bow. Both men were hiding behind trees and taking shots at each other. The Canadian peered around his tree to take aim and the poacher shot him through the nose. Fortunately, the arrow wasn't poisoned but the man decided to give up poacher hunting.

Sheldrick also showed me the poacher's quiver and hunting arrows. The arrows were beautifully made, fletched with vulture feathers and somewhat longer than an ordinary shaft. The feathers were glued in place with tree gum and for greater security, also lashed on with sinew as fine as the finest silk thread. The sinew was passed between each individual barb of the feather's webbing, the native fletcher doing the job so cleverly that the web was not disturbed. The shaft was made of a light, hollow reed.

The most ingenious part of the arrow was the head which was made of hand-hammered iron and was about twice the size of an ordinary broadhead. It had a stem about as thick as a knitting needle and some 6 inches in length. An inch or so of this stem was inserted in the hollow end of the reed shaft and held in place with gum. The poison was smeared on the remaining 5 inches of the stem. No poison was put on the head itself. Sheldrick explained that not enough poison could be put on the head to kill as large an animal as an elephant.

The poacher had carefully wrapped the poisoned stems of his arrows with bandages made of soft antelope hide. "He does that to preserve the poison," Sheldrick explained, peeling back the skin wrapper to show the black, sticky poison underneath. "The poison deteriorates rapidly if wet or if it is exposed to sun."

Poachers have a curious system for testing the strength of their poison. Before setting out on a hunt, a poacher will slash the upper part of his arm and let a trickle of blood run down to his hand. When the blood has reached his wrist, the poacher touches the blood with the poisoned stem of an arrow. Instantly the blood begins to turn black as the poison climbs steadily up the man's arm. Just before it reaches the open cut, the poacher wipes off the blood. The man can tell by the speed with which the poison mounts the trickle of blood just how potent it is.

That afternoon, Sheldrick and Woodley took me out on one of their patrols of the park. As roads now enclose most of the park area, poachers cannot either enter or leave the district without crossing one of the highways.

I asked how the poachers operated. Sheldrick explained that poaching parties generally number seven or eight men. They follow the course of the Galana River where the elephants come to drink. The men are naked except for old blankets wrapped around their waists. Their equipment consists of bows and arrows, knives, an adze for removing elephant tusks, and a fire stick for starting a fire.

When the party comes on a spot where elephants have been in the habit of drinking, they withdraw into the bush, string their bows, and build a small fire to warm the poison on their arrows to make it more potent. When evening comes, they return to the watering place. A few climb trees, others lie beneath shelving rocks, still others crouch under bushes. Sometime during the evening, a herd comes down to drink. Then the poachers loose their arrows.

If the men are lucky, they will hit ten or fifteen elephants before the herd stampedes into the bush. The next morning, the poachers cut out the tusks of the dead elephants near the ambush. The elephants that have received only slight wounds will run for miles but eventually the poison does its work on them. After allowing a day or so to elapse, the poachers climb trees and watch for the circling vultures that will guide them to the rest of their kills.

I asked Sheldrick how many elephants were killed every year by poachers. He refused even to make an estimate. But to give me some idea of the slaughter involved, he and Woodley took me to see the Mudana Rock. The Mudana is a curious ridge of solid stone rising straight out of the bush and running for about a quarter of a mile. The rock is some 50 feet high. From the safety of the rock, the poachers would shoot into the elephant herds. Sheldrick said that the entire side of the rock would often be covered with elephant meat drying in the sun with piles of tusks stacked like cordwood along the top.

Although Sheldrick would not guess how many elephants were killed here, I later heard from other sources that the value of ivory taken from Tsavo may have amounted to $75,000 a year when landed in India.

On the way back to the barracks, we passed several herds of elephants. One herd crossed the road some 50 yards in front of our truck. The wind was in our favor so the short-sighted beasts did not notice us.

After the herd had passed on, the wardens took two of their game scouts and went into the bush where the animals had been feeding. They back-tracked the herd, looking for human tracks, as poachers often follow a herd until they find a good place to stage a shoot.

"But even when you catch up with poachers it's hard to get them," said Woodley after the scouts had reported that there were no signs of poachers and we had returned to the car. "Once I was out with a patrol and we came on the tracks of a poaching party. We started to spoor them. We camped that night in the bush and didn't know that the poachers were also camped only 500 yards ahead of us. We were both on the warpath, you might say, so neither of us lit fires or made any sound. We spent the night within hailing distance of each other and then started on the next morning at about the same time. When I came on the poachers' camp, I knew at once that they were right ahead of us so I had my boys fan out and try to surprise them. We'd have done it, too, if one of the poachers hadn't lagged behind the others to gather some roots. He saw the rangers and shouted an alarm. We grabbed him and then took off after the rest. Most of them got away but we captured the ivory they were carrying, all 700 pounds of it."

I asked the wardens if they had ever been attacked by the poachers. Both Sheldrick and Woodley agreed that the poachers would generally rather run than fight. But if the natives were cornered, they would put up a desperate resistance.

On one raid, a small group of the government rangers stumbled on a party of poachers in the late evening. One poacher saw them coming. Giving a yell to warn his friends, he loosened an arrow

TRUE MAGAZINE

"Mother, I'm leaving Freddie!"

at the leading ranger. The man turned sideways and the poisoned shaft hit the metal water bottle hanging to his belt. The arrow went through one side of the bottle and stuck there. Before the poacher could get a second arrow in place the other rangers had grabbed him.

"Yet in some ways a poisoned arrow is deadlier than a bullet," Sheldrick pointed out. "If a bullet hits a man, he may survive but the slightest scratch with a poisoned arrow is fatal. Fortunately for us, the natives have an almost superstitious fear of firearms. When Woodley and I first came to Tsavo, the park service wasn't able to supply our native rangers with guns. But one of the men managed to get hold of a discarded Italian rifle left over from the war. That single gun probably saved the lives of an entire patrol.

"During a scouting expedition, a small detachment of rangers unexpectedly met a group of poachers by the bank of the river. The poachers promptly clapped arrows to their bows and surrounded the unarmed men. The leader of the gang shouted to his friends, 'We've got them now. Kill them all!' The ranger who had the single Italian rifle had happened to linger behind the main body. When he saw what was happening to his friends, he started to fire blindly at the poachers. The gang stood their ground for a moment and then broke and ran."

After that experience the rangers armed themselves with bows and arrows captured from the poachers until in response to the frantic pleas of Sheldrick, the park service was able to equip them with rifles.

Since Sheldrick and Woodley came to the park they have sent thirty-two poachers to Nairobi for trial, but they have caught many times that number. "Often the poachers don't fully realize that what they are doing is wrong," remarked Sheldrick. "A good scare is more effective than a prison sentence. The best way to stop poaching is by building good roads and keeping them patrolled; not by prison sentences."

I was very much interested in how the poachers made their poison. Here neither of the young wardens could help me. "We know that each tribe has its own poison-maker but the whole business is illegal and as we're government officials they naturally don't confide in us," Sheldrick remarked.

But while I was in the vicinity of Tsavo, I met a man who knew the Wacambo well and was trusted by them. After considerable trouble, he managed to make arrangements with a local poison-maker for me to witness the ceremony.

I followed the head poison-maker and his two assistants several miles into the thick jungle that grew along an ancient lava belt.

When we reached the tree, it was surrounded by a ring of dead bees and humming birds that had made the mistake of drinking nectar from the tree's beautiful purple flowers. The poison plant resembled a very large bush with thick stems as big as a man's thigh. I collected some branches and later had the plant identified as the *mrichu* tree (*Acocanthera friesiorum*). The poisonous properties of this plant are well known to botanists but the method by which the natives prepare the poison sap have largely been kept a secret. I believe I am the first person ever to photograph the process.

The poison-maker and his assistants first impaled two pieces of cactus and a red flower on a stick which they stuck upright under the tree as a charm. Then they collected armfuls of the leaves, bark and branches. Finally, they dug up some of the roots and added them to the pile. There wasn't much left of the tree by the time they had finished.

Returning to the village, the poison-maker boiled the collection in an old gasoline tin, stirring it with a bit of wild sisal. After several hours of boiling, he poured off the dark-colored water. This water was then reheated in a flat iron dish until the water boiled off, leaving the residue of pitchlike poison. The whole process took about six hours. The entire mass of foliage and wood, a load for three men, was thus reduced to a mass of poison weighing about half a pound.

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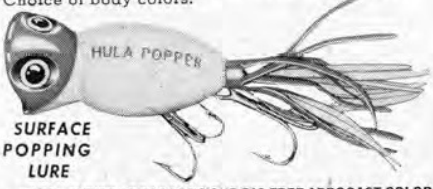

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ferent poison-makers add individual touches. Some mix the black residue with snake venom, poisonous spiders, and the roots of certain deadly herbs. Others throw live shrews into the mess. The product is sold to poachers for about $10 a pound.

Men like Sheldrick and Woodley, under the guidance of the park service, are slowly managing to eliminate the ivory-poaching racket which at one time seriously threatened the existence of the elephant herds in all of Kenya. They are putting more roads through Tsavo so that visitors can watch the huge beasts from their cars. Already the elephants have quieted down so that tourists can photograph them almost as though they were cows.

Small "safari huts" are being built where visitors can stay overnight and watch the game from their verandas. Sheldrick believes the park will also serve as a breeding area for elephants, the surplus stock migrating into other districts and helping to increase the numbers of these magnificent animals.

The day I left Tsavo, Bill Woodley was just setting off on a poaching raid in the northern section of the park. "The natives say there's a remarkable poacher up there named Boru-debasa," he explained to Sheldrick. "The man's a dead shot with a bow and an expert on elephants. The natives claim he walks up to a herd, sharpens his arrowheads, unwraps the antelope bandages, and nails one. He doesn't even bother to see where his arrow went. He sits down and starts building a fire to cook the elephant steaks. He knows the bull will drop within a hundred yards."

"Sounds as though he should make a good game scout," remarked Sheldrick reflectively.

"So I thought," said Bill Woodley cheerfully. "That's why I'm so keen to bring him in."

And later, I heard that he did.

—Daniel P. Mannix

The Case of the Poisoner Who Couldn't Spell

[*Continued from page* 44]

of the Knickerbocker Athletic Club, at Forty-fifth Street and Madison Avenue, an institution that numbered among its members many of the city's blue bloods. Cornish handed Carey a little blue bottle bearing a Bromo Seltzer label. It seemed that Mrs. Adams, having a headache, had opened the bottle, taken some of the powder, and died in about five minutes. Carey, a student of poison, surmised—correctly, as it turned out—that some cyanide of mercury, one of the deadliest of poisons, had been mixed with the Bromo crystals.

Cornish told Carey that he had received the bottle of Bromo in the mail at his office in the Knickerbocker Athletic Club four days previously—Saturday, the day before Christmas. The bottle had come in a handsome silver holder, which in turn had been placed in a pale blue box of Tiffany & Company, the swankiest jewelers in town. Cornish said he had presumed the silver holder, which he turned over to Carey, was a Yuletide gift. But there had been no name card in the box, nor had there been a return address on the brown paper in which the box had been wrapped for mailing. Cornish had saved the wrapping paper, hoping, he said, to identify the handwriting and thus convey his thanks to the donor.

Carey, a student of handwriting, saw that the penmanship was masculine and that it was apparently that of an educated person. Yet there was an incongruous touch to it. The word Forty in Forty-fifth Street had been misspelled—Fourty.

Carey saw by the postal markings that the package had been mailed at the Downtown Postoffice in Manhattan the afternoon of the day before it arrived at the athletic club. He asked Cornish where he had been that afternoon. Cornish had been doing Christmas shopping.

"Where?"

"Oh, in several stores."

Cornish, it developed, had been in one store in the vicinity of the downtown postoffice about the time the poison package had been mailed.

"Do you patronize Tiffany's?"

"Yes."

"Now about Mrs. Adams' daughter, this Mrs. Rogers," Carey said to Cornish. "Would you be thinking of marrying her?" Possibly.

"I take it Mrs. Adams was quite wealthy. Do you know whether Mrs. Rogers is left anything in her will?"

"I suppose so," said Cornish. "Say, what are you hinting, anyway?"

"I'm not hinting anything," Carey said.

Carey was idly fingering the poison bottle when it suddenly occurred to him that this wasn't a genuine Bromo bottle at all. It was a slightly deeper blue than the authentic article and it didn't seem quite as large. Under the circumstances the average detective would never have noticed the difference in bottles. But Carey did. A genuine Bromo bottle was a trifle too large to fit into the silver holder. Thus the poisoner had felt obliged to fake a Bromo bottle, even to transferring the label from a real one.

The silver container, although mailed in a Tiffany box, had not been purchased there. But one of Tiffany's silver experts identified the silver piece as the product of a wholesale jewelry house across the Hudson River in Newark, New Jersey.

The silver holder, which was designed to hold toothpicks, not bottles, was a new article; only a small quantity had been manufactured in time for the Christmas trade. That was a break for Carey. Most of the holders had been snapped up by Hartdgen's, Newark's leading jewelry store.

A girl clerk at Hartdgen's told Carey that a distinguished stranger—a tall, pale young man with blue eyes and a red Vandyke beard—had come in four days before Christmas and bought the last of the silver holders. He had mentioned that

he wanted it to hold a Bromo Seltzer bottle. The girl had no idea who the man with the red beard was.

Carey began to wonder if Harry Cornish, being tall, pale and blue-eyed, might have been the man who had bought the silver holder and proceeded from there in a diabolical plot to poison Mrs. Adams. Cornish's motive could have been to hasten the inheritance by Florence Rogers of her mother's wealth, then marry the lady. Cornish was clean-shaven but a beard could have been easy to fake. Nobody kept track of Cornish's activities at the athletic club so he could easily have slipped over to Newark, put on a false crop of spinach, and gone into the jewelry store.

Cornish, Carey learned, was something of a storm center at the club. Being a fellow of accented likes and dislikes, people either loved or hated him. As a consequence, two factions had developed at the club a year or so previously—one for keeping Cornish, the other for tossing him out on his ear.

The squabble over Cornish had cost the club one of its star members—a worthy named Roland Molineux, who had been the Knickerbocker's horizontal bar champion. Molineux, a terrific hunk of beefcake just over 30, had been so incensed over the fact that Cornish had been merely disciplined instead of being tossed out, that he had resigned in a huff and gone over to the horizontal bars of the New York Athletic Club—quite a loss to the Knickerbocker outfit.

Roland Molineux, the son of a noted Civil War general, had recently been married. Carey paid a call on him in a fashionable honeymoon apartment on West End Avenue. Molineux, a ruddy, clean-shaven man with large, brown eyes, divulged that Cornish had once studied medicine. *That* was interesting. A chemist had told Carey that the poison that had killed Mrs. Adams had been blended with the Bromo Seltzer in such a clever manner as to suggest a professional touch.

"Do you think Cornish had anything to do with Mrs. Adams' death," Carey asked Molineux. Molineux frowned.

"Certainly not," he said. "Some men at the club are trying to blame practically *every*thing on Harry—even Henry Barnet's death."

"What's *that* you say?"

Then Carey learned that Henry Barnet, another leader of the anti-Cornish faction at Knickerbocker, had died some six weeks previously. Molineux had heard steam-room scuttlebutt that there was something mysterious about his death. The story going the rounds was that Barnet had not died of diptheria, as his doctor had thought, but that he had been poisoned.

Carey skipped an Irish stew that his wife had prepared for him and hustled right over to the office of Barnet's doctor. That gentleman admitted that he could have made a faulty diagnosis. He said that a particularly caustic poison, such as cyanide of mercury, could have caused discoloration of the throat similar to that caused by diptheria.

Carey had Barnet's body secretly exhumed. He was hardly surprised to learn

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that the stiff was loaded with cyanide of mercury. Thus he had not one but two poison mysteries on his hands.

Barnet, a fortyish stock broker, had been a short man, weighing about 200 pounds and shaped like a top. He had been a great man for food, liquor and women—a genuine ruler of the revelry. Fat Henry, as Barnet was called, had constantly dosed himself with reducing powders, hang-over cures and pep pills. Thus he had so conditioned himself to trying anything he could lay hands on for obesity, hang-overs or to step up his stamina that he downed stuff coming in the mails for him without a second thought as to who had sent it. That, Carey decided, had practically been asking for it.

Rummaging through Fat Henry's locker at the club, Carey found a partially used package of so-called stomach remedy called Kutnow Powders. The powders, he learned, were shot through with cyanide of mercury—obviously the stuff that had done in Fat Henry. Carey hurried right down to the offices of Kutnow Brothers, on Astor Place, and submerged himself in the files. Thus he found, on a piece of blue stationery with a decorative silver crest, this request:

Gents,
Please send me a sample of salts to 1620 B'way & oblige.
Yours etc
H. Cornish

1620 B'way
N. Y. City

The handwriting on the letter was strikingly similar to that on the package of poisoned Bromo that had been sent to Cornish at the athletic club. But it didn't resemble Cornish's hand.

Carey found 1620 Broadway to be a cigar store run by a man named Koch who rented mail boxes to anybody—particularly men who didn't want their wives to know all their business. Koch couldn't give Carey a description of the man who had rented a box because he was practically as blind as a bat and everybody looked more or less alike to him.

Stymied at Koch's, as he had been at the Newark jewelry store, Carey decided to dig deeper into Barnet's past. It turned out that Fat Henry had, prior to his demise, been chasing around with a beauteous society girl named Blanche Cheesebrough. Miss Cheesebrough, although only twenty-odd and of impeccable morals, was a genuine femme fatale. She was tall, statuesque, and when she appeared on the society bathing beaches of Newport and Long Island, the local wolves thought of only two things—the second of which was to marry the dame.

Carey learned that when Fat Henry had first begun to make a play for Blanche, she told him that if he wished to step up to home plate, let alone get to first base, he would have to trim off some of that suet. So Barnet had gone all-out for reducing. It was while he was engaged in the project that the Kutnow Powders arrived in the mail and finished him off.

Carey wondered how Blanche was standing up under the loss. He learned that she was standing up quite well. She had been married less than a month after Fat Henry's death to, of all people, Roland Molineux—the man who had given Carey the original tip that Fat Henry's death may have been somewhat less than natural. At this stage of the investigation Carey must have felt like a man in a continuous-run movie house reaching the point where he had come in.

Carey, wondering how Molineux had come to marry Blanche, made discreet inquiries. It turned out that Molineux had known Blanche before Fat Henry Barnet had. Molineux had been squiring Blanche around town when, one night, he met Barnet in the Diamond Horseshoe of the Metropolitan Opera and introduced her to him. Other things being equal, Barnet wasn't in the same league

TRUE MAGAZINE

"That's Kosgriff I was telling you about . . . can't seem to keep his feet on the ground."

with Molineux when it came right down to the kind of appeal reputed to be of prime interest to many girls. But Blanche, being a girl who had to think of the future, gave Fat Henry the go-ahead signal when she learned that he was really loaded. Molineux, a proud fellow, seemed to take his defeat in the Cheesebrough sweepstakes like the thoroughbred that he was. "May the better man win," he would say, flashing a dental-ad smile.

Who the better man was became an academic question when Barnet got the powders in the mail and conked out. Molineux attended the funeral, then consoled Blanche in her grief. The consolation went on to other things and a few weeks after Barnet's death Molineux and Blanche were married.

Carey, not overlooking any bets, wondered if Molineux might have held lethal grudges against both Barnet and Cornish. When Cornish learned that Carey was about to thread into Molineux's past, Cornish was only too glad to fill Carey in on a good deal about Molineux. Cornish informed Carey that Molineux came from a wealthy family, and stood to inherit a bundle, but, for the present, he had to work for a living. He was employed in the chemical plant of Herrmann & Company, over in Newark. Newark? That was where the man with the ginger-colored Vandyke had bought the silver holder that contained the blue poison bottle. Interesting. Herrmann & Company manufactured pigments in which cyanide of mercury was used. *Most* interesting.

Cornish looked very pleased with himself after he had enlightened Carey about Molineux. Carey didn't say so, but there was one thing about Cornish's story that disturbed him. Molineux simply didn't fit into the picture of the man in the jewelry store as painted by the salesgirl. Even though he could have worn a false beard he couldn't have changed his complexion from tan to pale nor his eyes from brown to blue.

Carey wondered if, since he had run across a piece of the murder jig-saw in one powders-for-men house, he might not turn up something interesting in another such place. In sifting through the records of a mail-order outfit that purveyed anti-debility powders for males—the Marsten Remedy Company on Park Row—Carey found an application signed with the name of H. C. Barnet. The handwriting was similar to that on the Cornish letter to Kutnow Brothers but apparently not to that of the real Barnet. If neither Cornish nor Barnet had sent for either the Kutnow or Marsten powders, *who* the hell *had?*

The Marsten applicant had given as his address one on West Forty-second Street. He had, Carey was pleased to notice, misspelled the word Forty—Fourty—just as it had been incorrectly spelled on the Bromo package.

The address turned out to be another place which rented mail boxes. But the man who operated the place—a German named Heckman—couldn't recall what the applicant looked like. Carey wasn't a profane man but he was swearing softly to himself now.

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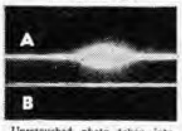

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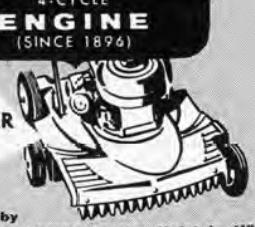

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The Marsten application had asked whether any of the applicant's blood relatives had never died from certain diseases. The word "Yes" had been written after the question: Tuberculosis? Now Carey, the tireless one, spent several days running down the histories of the Cornish and Barnet families. Nobody in either family had died of tuberculosis. Now he examined Molineux's family tree. The fellow's maternal grandmother had died of tuberculosis.

The Marsten application had also asked for the sender's physical dimensions—height, weight and chest measurement. None of the answers fitted either Cornish or Barnet. But they fitted Molineux. Had Molineux sent for the Kutnow and Marsten remedies and had he instinctively filled in his own physical dimensions in making out an application for the Marsten Remedy in Barnet's name? Or had Cornish been the man who had sent for the remedies and, being a master plotter, filled in Molineux's physical dimensions and part of his background, rather than his own, in the Marsten application?

A reporter for the New York *World* got hold of the physical-dimension development and the *World* ran the story. Molineux, reading the story, called on Carey. "I don't intend to stand for this," he told Carey.

"Stand for what?" asked Carey.

"For the suspicion that is being cast against me."

"Who do you think's doing it?"

"Why, that son-of-a-bitch Cornish. *That's* who."

The handwriting experts were staying awake nights poring over the penmanship on the Bromo package and the Cornish and Barnet letters to the patent remedy outfits. The double-domes were agreed that certain individual characteristics turned up in all three samples. That being so, the same man had poisoned both Barnet and Mrs. Adams.

Now realizing that the misspelling of the word Forty on the poison package and the Marsten application might be a key to the puzzle, Carey determined to find out how Cornish and Molineux spelled the word—without, of course, either of them knowing what he was up to. He poked around the Knickerbocker club until he laid hands on letters that each man had written to members at the club. Cornish spelled Forty correctly—but Molineux spelled it with that extra letter *u*.

Carey now figured he had the right man in the sights at last—except for one thing. Cornish could have known that Molineux misspelled the word Forty and inserted the incriminating letter *u* in the address of the package of poisoned Bromo. Carey slipped over to Newark again and began to snoop around the chemical plant where Molineux was employed. He would have given a year of his life to have found a blue bottle like the one the loaded Bromo had been sent in. But he found no such bottle.

Molineux maintained a small apartment over the plant. Sometimes, when he worked late, he stayed there all night rather than returning to New York. Carey gave the apartment a careful toss but found nothing.

A cleaning girl named Mamie Melando, who looked like a comic-relief drudge in a ten-twenty-thirty melodrama, kept Molineux's plant apartment in order. Carey showed Mamie the letter that had been sent for the Kutnow Powders—the robin's-egg blue paper with the three intertwined silver clasps. "Ever seen paper like that?" he asked Mamie. "Oh sure," said Mamie. "That's the kind of paper Mister Molineux uses." Carey felt he was really getting warm. But Carey quickly cooled off. Mamie hadn't seen any of the paper for some time.

Carey decided to take another shot at Hartdgen's jewelry store. He kept asking questions, questions, questions until his throat was dry. But he learned something that nobody had previously thought to tell him. A retired Newark cop had been hired by the store to stand out front during the Christmas rush and keep an eye open for hold-up men. The cop, an Irishman named Farrell, was an ex-boxer. It so happened that he knew Roland Molineux, not from Newark but from New York. Molineux was a fight fan and had come to know Farrell at the ringside of many a Manhattan fight.

"When'd you see Molineux last?" Carey asked Farrell.

"Four days before Christmas."

"Where?"

"Coming out of Hartdgen's."

Four days before Christmas. That was the day the salesgirl had sold the silver toothpick holder that the poisoned Bromo had turned up in.

"How do you fix the day?" Carey asked.

"I spoke to Molineux. I said, 'Well, Christmas is almost here. Only four days more.' "

Next morning Carey was hiding in a ferry house on the Manhattan side of the Hudson River with Heckman, the man who had rented a mail box to the man calling himself Barnet. When Molineux appeared to take the ferry over to Jersey to work, Heckman took a long, hard look at him. "That's the fellow," he said.

"You're absolutely sure?"

"Why, I'd bet my life on it."

That did it. Roland Molineux was indicted for the murder of Katherine Adams. His arrest was an authentic seven-day wonder. The whole town talked of little else. The case against the fellow could have been a good deal thicker than it was since, for the most part, it was purely circumstantial; the only direct evidence would hinge on handwriting.

If, by the nature of this evidence, the state had two strikes against it when it stepped up to the plate against Molineux at the trial, Molineux's attorney was all set to throw a curve. The attorney was Bartow S. Weeks, an ex-assistant D. A.

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A bombastic man, Weeks was so adroit at cross-examination that he could make an honest witness seem like a crook and a crook seem like a mass murderer. He was, to boot, a close personal friend of Molineux and a personal enemy of Cornish.

Arthur Carey made the bullets for the state to fire at Molineux's trial. Molineux's motive, he claimed, had been to kill Cornish because Molineux was a killer at heart. He had poisoned Fat Henry Barnet to remove him from the Blanche Cheesebrough sweepstakes. He had sent that poisoned Bromo to Cornish because he had lost out in the squabble to get Cornish out of the Knickerbocker Athletic Club. The poisoning of Mrs. Adams had been a fatal accident; it had come about exactly as Cornish had from the first maintained: He had taken the poisoned Bromo to his rooms in the Adams home, before having occasion to use it himself, and had opened it to remedy Mrs. Adams' headache.

Farrell, the ex-cop, placed Molineux at Hartdgen's jewelry store the day the silver toothpick holder was purchased. Mamie Melando, the cleaning girl at the Newark chemical plant, identified the distinctive blue stationery on which the Barnet letter to the Marsten Remedy people had been written as the very same she had seen in Molineux's apartment over the chemical works.

Molineux was pictured as having had free access to cyanide of mercury at the plant and as having been just the boy to blend it with Bromo. He was identified by Heckman, the mail-box man, as the fellow who had rented a box under the name of Barnet.

Molineux had made a purchase at Tiffany & Company that had been delivered to him in a pale blue box such as the one containing the poisoned Bromo. The fact that Molineux's physical description, plus the intelligence that a grandparent had died of tuberculosis, had been included in the application to the Marsten Remedy Company was woven into the cloth of incrimination.

The state's handwriting experts were agreed that Molineux had addressed the loaded Bromo to the athletic club and that he had written to the remedy people under the names of Barnet and Cornish. But perhaps the most damaging evidence against the handsome defendant was the fellow's unfortunate way of spelling the word Forty. The incorporation of the unnecessary letter *u* in the word, both in the address on the Bromo package, and in the application for the Marsten powders, made several of the jurors open-mouthed in fascination.

When the state's evidence was all in, some connoisseurs of trials sitting down front in the courtroom were of the opinion that the switch on the electric chair was as good as thrown for Molineux. But then he took the stand in his own defense. When he and his lawyer Weeks got through with their story some of the more moronic spectators became confused as to who was on trial for murder—Molineux or Harry Cornish. Then the salesgirl in the Newark jewelry store got on the stand and said, positively, that Molineux was not the man who had bought that silver holder.

It was close, but no cigar. The jury convicted Molineux of murder in the first degree.

Molineux, stout fellow, sat in the death house for a year and a half, while Bartow Weeks produced enough red tape to tangle the main charge—that Molineux was a sly poisoner. And finally it came to pass that our boy got a new trial. The state, it seemed, had been a little too enthusiastic at Molineux's trial for the taste of the Court of Appeals. That august body held that any and all of the state's reference to the death of Fat Henry Barnet was out of order in a proceeding relating to the death of Katherine Adams.

So the state had to do it all over again. But with a big difference. Practically half of the evidence Arthur Carey had dug up against Molineux had to be thrown into the ash can since it related to the demise of Barnet. And, with the passage of time, some of the wallop went out of the state's admissible testimony. Mamie Melando, who at the first trial had linked Molineux to the incriminating robin's-egg blue paper, had vanished—vanished, many observers suspected, with a bundle supplied by Molineux's loaded kin.

Roland Molineux was acquitted at his second trial in exactly twelve minutes.

Molineux went back to his dyes and his pigments at the chemical plant in Newark. Fatal Blanche divorced Molineux and went to South Dakota. There she married a lawyer.

Molineux wrote a book called *The Room With the Little Door*, relating his experiences in the death house. David Belasco got Molineux and a playwright together and they whipped it up into a play, *The Man Inside*. It flopped.

Molineux began to act like a man going off his rocker. Then one day he appeared out on Long Island, dressed only in a bathrobe and a straw hat, and they stuck him away in the King's Park Hospital for the Insane. He died there in 1917 at the age of 50, nineteen years after Harry Cornish had received the blue bottle in the mail.

Students of the case of Roland Molineux seem pretty well agreed that he was the one who sent the Bromo to Cornish and that he also knocked off Barnet. Arthur Carey always thought so, too, right up to the day he died a year ago. For Carey picked up one piece of evidence that was never introduced at either of Molineux's trials. Trouble was, he found it too late—after Molineux had been set free at his second trial.

One day in a drugstore, Carey came upon a little blue bottle—the exact shade and size of the bottle the poisoned Bromo had been sent in. Carey got in touch with the manufacturers of the bottle. He asked them if they had ever sold any of the bottles to Herrmann & Company in Newark. Yes, the manufacturers had sold sizable quantities of that model to the Newark outfit for years. But Herrmann & Company had discontinued use of the little blue bottles—not long before the poisoning of Katherine Adams. The order for the discontinuance had been sent by a chemist at Herrmann & Company—a chemist named Roland Molineux.

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Pyramids of Shensi

[*Continued from page 27*]

put the stamp of legitimacy on the Revolution. When the highest god speaks, even a prince will listen. This will save your trading privileges, *Sole-ah-toe* and Horse Gate. It will give us a free country. United we cannot fail to defeat the Chinese, though they were numberless as the blades of grass."

"Well spoken," I said. "How do we get the word from the Red God?"

"Would you ride to Kumbum and get it for us?"

I was a little taken aback. Kumbum was a long way off. It was a famous old lamasery high in northwestern Tibet, and it was the headquarters of the most powerful god in Asia, one of the strong men of his time. The spiritual domain of the Red God or Tashi Lama extended from India to Manchuria. It transcended political boundaries, including those of Mongolia, China and Tibet. It was an allegiance of the spirit. From his high lamasery at Kumbum, he looked out upon it like an eagle from his eyrie. I'd never seen him and knew of no one who had. I'd never been to Kumbum, but our trading privileges—if not the fate of Mongolia—were at stake, and besides I had a hankering to see this remarkable man.

"What makes you think I can persuade him to put his weight behind our revolution?"

"You were with Sun Yat-sen when he overthrew the Manchus. You have friends in high places. And you are our friend."

"Would I go alone?"

"No, the Bogdo of Lama Miao will go with you to speak for the priesthood. You'll speak for the political authorities here." It was not unusual for foreigners to intercede in Asia then.

"Will there be time to make the round-trip ride?" Maman asked. "From here to Lama Miao, to pick up the Bogdo, is 850 miles southeast. Then he's got to ride another 1,800 west to Kumbum. That's 2,600 miles."

"Our fighting men will hold them off at least ninety days," the Minister of War said.

I decided to go, leaving Maman behind to look after the flow of munitions and supplies.

I left before noon with a dozen of my best Mongol riders. Eleven days later we were in Lama Miao. We had pushed the horses hard and changed mounts often at herds that we passed.

We picked up the Bogdo and his retinue of young lamas and lay brothers and hurried on our way west, along the Chinese-Mongolian border.

The Bogdo, or Holy One, was an old friend of mine, a poker-playing, whisky-drinking good guy, and one of the best-informed and most intelligent lamas I ever met. He was the acutal managing head of the church in Mongolia, ranking one step below a god.

As we rode along we took up a favorite topic of conversation: antiquities. I never could grow used to the age of China. The whole country is rising out of its past, like the phoenix bird from its ashes, being born again and again. The cities appearing from sand always startled me. The walls in the midst of endless prairie caused me to wonder. To most natives they were as commonplace as gas stations in America, but not to Bogdo. He was an antiquarian at heart. Relics of the past interested him as they did me.

"We'll be passing near the pyramids," he remarked as we rode along.

"What pyramids?"

"Why, the great pyramids of Shensi. Haven't I ever mentioned them to you?"

"You mean burial mounds?"

"Not burial mounds. These are mountains, man. High as the sky. They are no ordinary earthen burial mounds, though emperors and empresses may be buried in them."

"How many are there?"

"Seven."

"Where are they?"

"In Shensi province, near our road. I haven't seen them, but I know that they lie near the old city of Sian-fu."

"Why hasn't someone heard about them if they are so remarkable?"

"You white foreign devils make me sick. Just because *you* haven't heard of something, you think it doesn't exist. I tell you, so many ages of men have passed away since these structures were built that they have been largely forgotten."

"Who built them?"

"No one knows."

"Well, let's have a look at them."

"By all means, if we have time."

At Kuei-hua Ch'eng, jumping off place for the Far West, we got a dozen pack mules from my Chinese boy, Lu, who managed our compound there. With an old gray bell mare to lead them, we went down to the Yellow River. We crossed into the Ordos Desert, a sandy hell second to none on earth. The mulepacks with their water skins, dried meat and millet came in handy there. And from there we went down into the wilds of north Shensi, and on across the loess plateaus that are pure dust and have cracks in them as sheer as cracks in ice. We asked, but nobody had heard of the pyramids. Bogdo would usually arrange for us to spend the night at a lamasery where he could gather information to give to the Red God. The boys and I would bunk in the guesthouse which is a usual feature of lamasery compounds, and we left a gift for the gods in the form of cash in the morning. Sometimes my friend ejected people from their houses so we could spend the night. It's the way of that world.

"How do you think the Red God will receive our proposition?" I asked.

"That will depend greatly on you. What I have to tell him, he already knows. I'll say we are all backing the revolutionary government."

"Is it true that he possesses supernatural power?"

"I will leave you to see for yourself."

At Sian-fu the ancient capital city of China, we struck our first word of the pyramids.

Sian is a walled city, far older than Peking. Emperors were reigning there when Christ was born, and the Chinese

nation may be said to have sprung up around Sian. The level yellow plain on which it stands is dotted with burial mounds.

At a lamasery we learned that the pyramids were thought to be in a westerly direction from the city, possibly two or three days' ride.

Two days west of Sian-fu, along the great caravan road that runs from Peking to the Mediterranean Sea, we finally struck pay dirt. We were traveling north of the road to be near grass for our caravan, and at night came to a small isolated village. There is always someone in a Chinese village who speaks Pekingese, or some degree of it. This man, with a pigtail down to his heels, said that half a day's ride north of the village were the man-made mountains. He had never seen them. Like many Chinese, he had never been half a day's travel from his village.

After a night at the inn, we started northward. The road was a cart track winding from village to village on level cultivated land. There was no wilderness, no remote place such as you might expect.

I was getting excited about seeing the eighth wonder of the world. I had told Bogdo of the pyramids of Egypt. He had expressed no surprise. Nothing, literally nothing, surprises the old lamas. They believe with absolute faith that they are the direct descendants of the first priests, who were intrusted by the gods with divine knowledge. They consider themselves custodians of the original civilization. Without batting an eye, they will tell you that Tibet is the oldest land in the world. It has amused and amazed me in later years to find scientists suggesting that the Tibetan-Mongolian plateau *is* the oldest dry land in the world. The lamas knew it all along. In fact, they know a lot of things.

We rode till about noon and then we saw something looming over the horizon that looked like a mountain, but it wasn't a mountain. Its sides were regularly sloping and its top was flat.

"It's the pyramid," Bogdo said.

I don't know what I had expected but it wasn't this. This really did look like a mountain. It was easily the largest man-made object I had ever seen. It filled me with awe that men with a vision like that, and the ability to carry it out, had perished so completely from the earth.

There were seven flat-topped pyramids. We were coming at them at an angle from the east, and could see that the northern group comprised three giants, and the rest decreased in size to a small one far in the south. They were spread for six or eight miles across the plain, rising from cultivated land sprinkled with villages. It was more eerie than if we had found them in the wilderness. Here they had been, under the nose of the world, but unknown to the outside world.

At a village half a mile from the great northern pyramid we stopped and asked questions. The inhabitants had not seen many white foreign devils in Stetson hats and leather puttees and they openly stared. From them Bogdo learned that nothing was known about the pyramids. Who built them, when, why or how, was a mystery to these people living in their shadow. No artifacts or relics were known to have come from them. They were not worshipped but were revered as monuments of an age gone by.

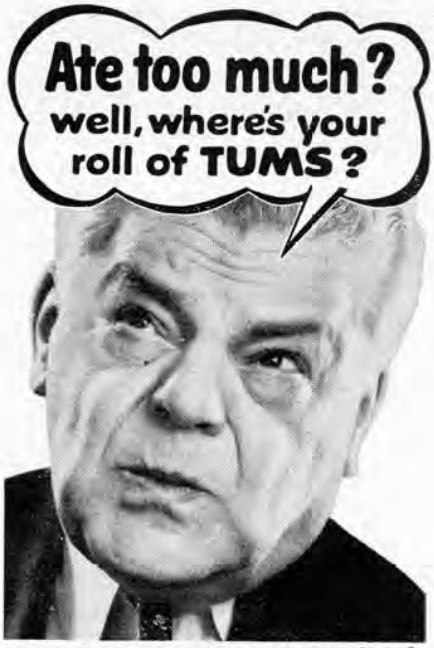
We left our packs with the herd boys at the inn and rode off for a first-hand look.

The big pyramid is about 1,000 feet high and roughly 1,500 feet at the base, which makes it twice as large as any pyramid in Egypt. The four faces of the structure are oriented with the compass points. At some early period in the history of the country colors were assigned to the four directions. Black was for the north, blue-green for the east, red for the south and white for the west. In the center was yellow. This explains why the tops of the pyramids were flat and not pointed like the ones in Egypt. The flat top was spread with yellow earth.

Once these pyramids had been cased part of the way to the top, but the rock has fallen or been buried by debris falling from above. The casing lies exposed at the base, however, and is made of ordinary cut field stone about three feet square. The pyramid itself appears to be made of the pounded earth still commonly used for construction in China.

Alternate layers of lime and clay are mixed and pounded. When the lime permeates the clay and hardens, the compound resembles concrete. Huge gullies, the size of canyons on a mountain, had opened in the pyramid's sides. These had spewed out rock and debris. Trees

Giant Shensi pyramid photographed in 1947 by U.S. Army from 1,000-foot altitude.



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and undergrowth grew about its sides, obscuring its outlines and giving the added impression that it was a natural mountain. The stupendous dimensions of it almost took my breath away.

We rode around it looking for stairways or doors but saw none. Maybe debris has hidden them.

"What do you say now?" Bogdo asked me.

"I'll say these fellows had the Grand Idea. Who were they, when did they live?"

"They lived more than 5,000 years ago."

"Why do you say 5,000?"

"The pyramids are at least that old. Our oldest books, dating from that time, mention them as old then."

We rode off for a look at the second pyramid, which stands three-quarters of a mile to the south and east. It is about 500 feet high, otherwise resembling the first. Off to the west and south was a third, still smaller.

There was a gap of several miles and then the southern group of four pyramids. It took us all afternoon to see them. They were arranged in the same irregular pattern as the northern three, as if the whole had been carried out according to plan, and all of it oriented with the compass points. I have seen a primitive pyramid in the Chilean Andes, and have read of them in Mexico, Central America and the South Seas, all flat topped and oriented, but I had never heard of them in the heart of Asia, and I doubted that any other white man beside myself had ever seen them.

We inquired at villages in the vicinity but learned nothing more. There wasn't even a rumor or a myth, which struck me as being very strange. If there isn't a legend connected with things like that, one usually creates itself. Not here. They were simply part of the past of a country that has lived so long it has become young again.

"Are you satisfied?" Bogdo asked.

"Yes. I've never seen anything like it. Where do you suppose we can find out about them?"

"Perhaps in Kumbum. If anyone knows the story of the pyramids, the Red God will."

Three weeks later, in all 48 days and 2,600 miles since I left Urga, we rode up the winding dirt road toward the gates of Kumbum Lamasery.

Bogdo had given out during the later stages of the trip and I had secured a chair for him. A mule between the shafts at either end, the chair looked like a king-sized privy going down the road, but it was a grand lama's cross-country traveling chair and was upholstered with royal blue and had curtains at the windows, and every now and then the old boy would poke his head out and shout at one of his young lamas who would gallop forward to see what his master wanted. It was usually the wine skin.

Kumbum Lamasery is situated against the foot and up the side of a barren slope at an elevation of 11,000 feet. It is a scattered collection of different-sized buildings with a wall around them, such as might be found in a university's grounds, though the dwellings of the lamas ranging up the higher slopes were mostly one story, earth, with a lime-sand coating and gabled eaves. There were windbells at the ends of the eaves and enough breeze to make them tinkle musically. The administration buildings and temples were on level ground, and around the gate was a business district. Many pilgrims were coming and going, as Kumbum is one of the great shrines of Asia.

A reception committee of lamas met us at the gate. Bogdo and his party were taken one way, I and my Mongols another.

We went past the huge central temple where hundreds of the faithful were prostrate in the dust. Others were moving on their knees up the steps and into the building. Inside, in front of the statues of the gods, were basins to receive the offerings. There a man might lay his handful of corn or his jewel.

We were taken to the guest house, a quite decent place. It must have been cleaned within the last hundred years. The odor that is the striking feature of lamaseries was not so noticeable. When 7,000 humans have been living in the same place for centuries, with no organized attempt at disposal of garbage and sewage, there are bound to be odors.

We laid our things down on the stone beds and let the servants bring us water to wash in. I dearly wanted a bath. I was tired, sore and very dirty after so many days and miles in the saddle, but I dared not ask for a bath for fear of calling attention to myself. No Tibetan bathes unless caught in the rain. I didn't want to point up my foreign origin at the very beginning of our negotiations. I was planning to make a hit with the Red God. So I contented myself with a basin of hot water and a shave, and was hardly finished when a lama appeared and announced he was my guide and mentor during my stay in Kumbum.

On his heels came a messenger from the god, saying his holiness, the Tashi Lama, would like to see me. So I put on my hat and walked out. I felt undressed without my Stetson and always wore it.

The guide led me across a space of ground among the scattered buildings and we came to a very ordinary one-story house, not at all the sort of place you would suppose a god to occupy.

The man who ruled the souls of millions, over an area roughly the size of the United States, sat in a straight chair of Chinese blackwood. Bogdo sat on the floor on a prayer rug at his feet. He was a strong-looking, middle-aged, medium-sized man with a quick eye and a quiet manner. He wore a robe of woven yak's hair embroidered with gold. His purplish-colored, peaked hat was over a foot tall, and there were red leather Russian boots on his feet. The tassels of his yellow sash were decorated with turquoises, two huge ones at the ends.

"God be with you," he said in Mongolian, raising both hands clasped in the usual greeting, and bowing slightly. I supposed he had seen white men before, but not many.

"Please sit down and rest yourself after your hard trip," he said sociably, pointing to a prayer rug. "I hope our humble

accommodations are not too unworthy."

"They are lavish for one so unaccustomed to luxury as I," I replied, and sat down on the prayer rug and glanced at Bogdo. We had laid down no plan of procedure except to be ourselves.

So pretty soon, when the god asked if I had come on business, I said, "Yes, we have a nice little revolution going in Mongolia," and I told him that with his help we could put it over, prefacing my remarks with the statement that things had developed too rapidly for us to consult him in the beginning, but we felt he would be favorably inclined toward an attempt at freedom; I reminisced about days with Sun Yat-sen during the march on Peking, and I did not skip the point that the tribute traditionally going from Mongolia to Peking could now come to Kumbum. He seemed to like that point. "You will add a sovereign state to your domain if this revolution succeeds," I said. "The people of Mongolia need your help. A word from you and they will unite and throw off the Chinese yoke."

He paid close attention, interrupting now and then to ask a question. He was familiar with the revolution. "You are doing an excellent job with your 20,000 men," he said at one point, "and I believe that united you could beat the Chinese."

My Stetson hat fascinated the god. It was a model such as Canadian Mounties wear, but its brim had been trimmed from four inches to three before it reached me from the States.

"Don't your ears get cold under a hat like that?" the god asked.

"They would if I didn't change it for a Mongol cap with ear flaps when winter came!"

We became friends. He liked my talk, I liked his.

Once he did ask me, "You come from across the Big Water?"

"Yes."

"Not British?"

"No."

"Not Belgian?"

"No."

"Not German?"

"No."

"But you come from beyond the Big Water?"

"Yes."

I did not bother to explain about the United States, and he probably would not have cared. When you live at the hub of the universe, why bother about the outskirts?

In the end he gave no indication what he would do but said we would meet again next day.

Two weeks went by. When not conferring with the god, I was seeing the sights with the old lama assigned as my guide. The first of these sights was The Little Temple With the Golden Roof, a very famous shrine. I didn't care about the relics it contained but I wanted to see if its roof were gold. We knew there was gold in Tibet. You can pick it up in watercourses after a rain. But somewhere there must be a Mother Lode to account for the solid gold statues of the gods, weighing tons, and solid gold roofs, if they are solid.

"Lama, bring me a ladder," I said.

He found a bamboo pole with cross pieces. I climbed to the roof of the temple. I always carried a bottle of nitric acid for such emergencies. I applied a few drops. No smoke, no bubbles. It was pure gold.

I had been waiting a chance to talk to the god about the pyramids and choosing a moment at the end of a meeting, when we were sipping tea, I said, "What can you tell me of the pyramids of Shensi?"

He went on sipping the bowl of tea, stirring it now and then with his finger. "What did you think of them?"

I hadn't said I had seen them. "I think they're astonishing. How old are they?"

"No one knows. Our oldest books mention them as being old 6,000 years ago."

"Who built them?"

"We do not know that. Men of old, that's all I can say. But would you like to see some truly old records?"

I was taken by the god into the library, a red-tiled, beamed-ceiling room with paper windows. Seated on the floor at low tables of blackwood were two lama librarians, inscribing the day's events of the monstery onto pieces of parchment, with camel's hair brushes which they dipped into India ink. They did not look up when we came in.

The god walked to one of the shelves where the books were stacked flatly according to size, and took up one about as big as our American encyclopedia. It was bound with hide and tied with sinew. He opened it and turned a few of the heavy parchment pages. "This is one of the old ones, such as describes your pyramid." He offered it to me but I refused to take it.

"Begging your pardon, excellency," I said, "I could not assume responsibility for anything so old and precious."

"Oh, it's not that precious!"

"But if you would be kind enough to rest it in my hand, then I could say I had held an object 5,000 years old."

He laughingly did so, and turned the pages and I saw the dim writing, apparently India ink, in column, and utterly unintelligible to me.

"But this is not so old," he said. He shut it and put it back and walked to a box with a lid that stood on a low table.

"These are older." He opened the box and took out a clay disc, perhaps ten inches in diameter and three-eighths of an inch thick. There was writing inscribed on it, marks put there by a sharp instrument when the clay was wet.

"We do not know exactly how old these are, but they could easily be 20,000 years old," he said, handing me the disc. I refused to take it. It looked like it might crumble to dust at any moment. He was not offended, but laughed again.

"What does it say?" I asked. The writing was in a column and was a kind of picture writing of men, animals and other natural objects interspersed among characters.

"It tells of the dealings of our ancestors, the ancient Tibetans, with a people far older who lived on land, beyond the Great Water, which has since disappeared."

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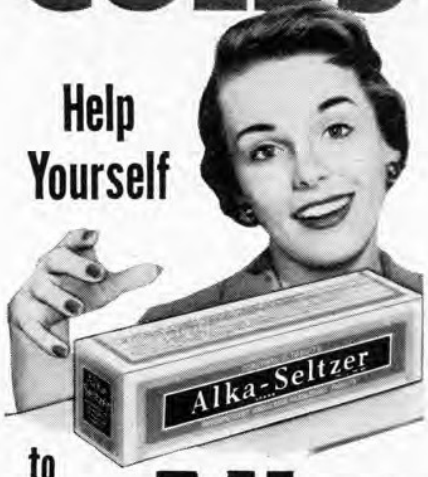

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"You mean, the land has sunk under the ocean?"

He nodded.

"That interests me," I said, hoping he would continue the subject, but he did not choose to, and I did not think it advisable to press him. Replacing the disc in the box, where I saw five or six more and fragments of others, he led me out of the library.

It was a blunt question that led me to the most astonishing experience I had in Kumbum. I had heard of such performances, as many have who have lived in Tibet, but I had never been privileged to see one.

The god got his information from the fighting front in Mongolia with astonishing speed. He would mention an event as having occurred a day or two before, or even the same day. It was nearly 2,000 miles to the fighting front. There were no telephones or telegraphs. How was it done? I finally asked him.

"Come with me this afternoon," he said. "I'll show you."

His messenger called for me at the guest house and led me to a building not far from the god's house. The Tashi Lama himself was standing just inside the door. Seated around the room on prayer rugs, forming a semicircle, were twenty or twenty-five lamas. They were slumped in the manner they usually adopt when dozing.

I noticed young lamas waiting expectantly in the background of the room. We stood for perhaps five minutes. Then one of the lamas began to wake.

He yawned, he stretched, opened his eyes and looked around in bewildered fashion. A lay brother ran to him with a cup of tea. He seemed startled, as if not sure where he was. Then he took the tea and sipped it hungrily. The Tashi Lama walked over to him. I followed.

"Where have you been?" the Tashi Lama said to the man who had waked.

"I have been to Tao Tai."

Tao Tai was a place on the Chinese-Mongolian border almost 2,000 miles away. The fighting was going on there.

"What did you see in Tao Tai?"

"I saw the Chinese detachment ride up the valley. I saw the Mongols hiding in ambush in the hills. Eighteen or twenty Chinese were killed or wounded. The Mongols escaped on fast horses."

"What else?"

"They are dragging artillery onto the plateau above Kalgan."

"How many pieces of artillery?"

"I saw four."

"What else?"

"That was all."

"You have done well." The god turned to me. "Do you understand?"

"I have seen, but not understood."

"It's very simple. The man goes there, he sees, he comes back and tells."

I had just witnessed one of the rare performances of Tibetan yoga by experts who had perfected the art.

I returned to the Intelligence Center, or whatever you wish to call it, on two later occasions. I couldn't quite believe what I was seeing and hearing but I took notes. When I got back to Mongolia I showed those notes to people who had been present or in a position to know of things described in the reports at Kumbum. In all cases, verification was absolute.

A lama had seen what was going on in Mongolia while his body remained in Kumbum nearly 2,000 miles away.

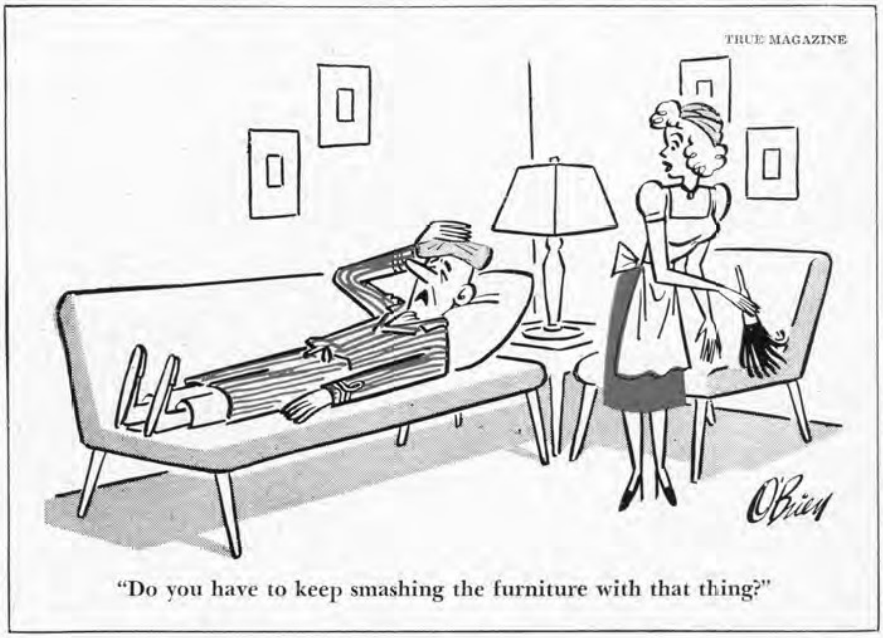
How was it done? I don't know. I made an examination of one of the "waking" lamas. His forehead was cool, his pulse slow, his whole bodily condition depressed, as if he had been asleep.

"What have you been doing?" I asked.

He smiled vaguely. "Oh, I went there, I saw it, I came back."

A senior lama or the Red God himself was always present to hear the reports.

The sleepers did not always go to the same place and it wasn't always the same man who went there. They worked shifts of some kind, though not being well acquainted with them by sight, I could not tell exactly who was who. I do not know



"Do you have to keep smashing the furniture with that thing?"

if they visited places outside the Red God's domain.

Our negotiations in Kumbum came to a successful end.

In a final session the Red God agreed to finance the revolution from lamaseries directly in the path of the fighting. We parted best of friends. I said I would send him a Stetson hat and he said he would send me some ear muffs.

Bogdo and I rode homeward. Word of the Tashi Lama's approval of the Mongolian revolution had preceded us and we found a united country. I always wondered if his messages were transmitted by his occult intelligence service but I think not. I think what I saw in that private room in Kumbum was a one-way affair, receiving only. And I don't think they could read your mind at 2,000 miles. What I heard reported was what the eye might see. And I never heard of similar setups in other lamaseries though there may have been some. My guess is that the Red God had a monopoly of the business.

Finally, the Mongols, having won their independence from one tyrant, China, lost it to another, Russia, but as free men they are hard to beat. Maman was last heard from leading a band against the Japs in World War II. He never gave up his career as a soldier-of-fortune except to return to Norway and marry his sweetheart.

I saw a picture of a giant flat-topped pyramid in the news years later, in 1947. It had been photographed from the air "in a remote section of western China." The caption spoke of others seen in the vicinity. (I had counted seven.) I wonder what mysteries these stupendous Shensi pyramids hold. . . .

—Fred Meyer Schroder & Robert Easton

Mercury on a Bicycle

[*Continued from page* 43]

speed record was established in a 100-kilometer course at an average of 92 kilometers per hour. That's just under a mile a minute; 57½ miles per hour, to be exact.

It must be admitted in all sincerity that Coppi does not look like a man who could travel 57 miles an hour on a bicycle. Probably no man ever looked less like a Super-Campionissimo. Coppi is a dark, swarthy Italian who wears a heavy growth of well-pomaded hair. In profile his face is almost a perfect triangle. His brow slopes downward and outward in an almost unbroken line to the point of a prowlike nose, which is the apex of the triangle, and then slopes inward along the lines of a receding chin. He looks weak enough to be blown off the seat of his bicycle by the stiff Alpine winds he must sometimes race through. It is a fact that Coppi's first notable victory, the *maglia rossa* in the Giro of Italy of 1940, came about because of his deceiving appearance.

The *maglia rossa* is a grueling 25-day, 2,500-mile race around the Italian peninsula. The leading bicycle manufacturers each enter full teams to represent them. Coppi, who had been drafted into the Army a short time before, received a one-month pass and was named a member of the six-man Legnano team. Captain of the team was the powerful Florentine, Gino Bartali, a loud, self-assertive champion, then the idol of the Italian racing fans. The thousands of people who filled the Milan stadium for the start of the race saw only Bartali. Nobody noticed Coppi, the 20-year-old draftee.

Coppi's strategic team role in the race was to serve as cover for Champion Bartali so that whenever any of the racers attempted a sprint, it would be Coppi who set out after them. This is an extremely important operation because morale is one of the major factors in a long race and a "fugitive," as a sprinter is called, finds himself using all his energy trying to shake off the man who hangs to his tail.

The first few laps went according to schedule and Bartali picked up a quick time advantage. Then, as he was charging downhill at express-train speed, he hit a dog and went flying over the handlebars. Bartali's injury forced the Legnano coach to change his strategy and put the other members of the squad on their own. Coppi had hoped for just this kind of break.

He took off like a scalded cat. The take-off didn't particularly bother his competitors, who refused to be impressed by an insignificant stripling. The feeling was that if they let him alone, Coppi would run himself into the ground and then they and the tough Apennine Mountains would take care of the rest.

If it hadn't been for a series of accidents, Coppi would have taken the lead almost immediately. At one point a broken handlebar forced him to the sidelines and he dropped from fifth to twentieth place. At another point he was struck by one of the official automobiles that follow the racers. He escaped injury but his bicycle was destroyed.

Coppi stayed in contention just the same. In the next week of the long cross-country race, he not only regained the six minutes he lost, but moved into first place.

On the Florence to Modena leg the next day, zooming down a mountain road at 45 miles an hour, in the midst of a violent thunderstorm, Coppi skidded and flew off the side of the road. By the time he had collected his senses and the scattered pieces of the bicycle, he had dropped back to fourth place. And now the big boys began pouring it on.

At the start of the final 100-mile leg, Archimbaud, the rugged French racer, was in the lead with a six-minute advantage over Coppi, who had crept back up to second place. Thirty miles from the finish line, Coppi began what bicyclers call a race to the death. He initiated a sprint that ended only at the finish line. Coppi beat the Frenchman by two seconds.

Fausto Coppi was born on September

[*Continued on page* 96]

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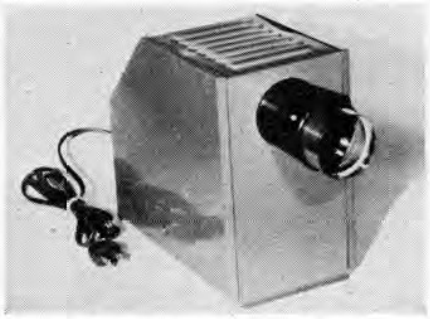
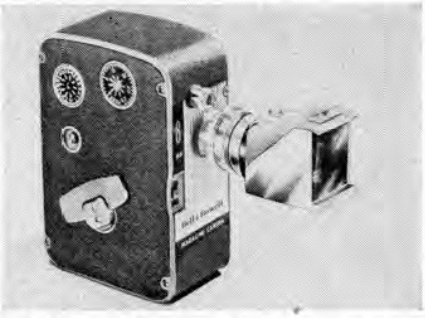


Magna-Vue Projector electrically projects and enlarges photos, maps, postcards on screen, wall or paper. Developed for home and school use, it takes up to 3½x4" and enlarges to 22x30" with double-focus lens. $4.98 ppd. The Johnson Smith Co., 6615 East Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

This three-way set takes care of any meat problems in the kitchen. Of chromed steel, hung from a wooden rack with steer heads at either end, a saw for frozen foods, a keen-edged boning knife plus a husky cleaver for heavier duty. $4.95 ppd. Jill Marshall, Dept. T, 16 N. Ridge Rd., Monhegan Lake, N. Y.



Home movie films can now be given big screen treatment. The Vista Scope, an Anamorophoscopic Lens, now makes possible a 50% wider scope. Lens fits on any standard 8mm or 16mm camera and projector without special handling. 8mm at $75; 16mm at $125 ppd. Godfrey Import Co., 277 Broadway, New York.

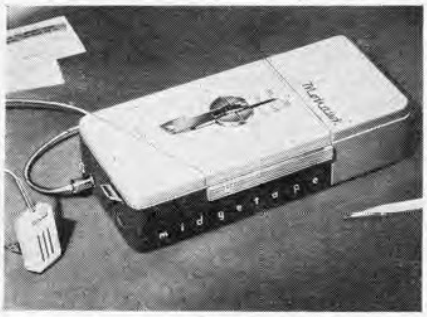
It doesn't necessarily take a western fan to appreciate this steam-formed Oak saddle-stirrup table lamp; 7" high, 4" at the tread, it's hand branded on both sides. The hand-laced shade has scenes photographed right on the range. Solid brass socket and six-foot cord. $12.95. Johnston House, Britton, S. D.

Here's a combination that's really "one for the road." The Repco Mapvisor conveniently couples a map-holder and sun visor with Rand-McNally maps for all sections. Fits any car, bus or truck. $12.95. Rockford Engineered Prod., 2324 23rd Ave., Rockford, Ill.

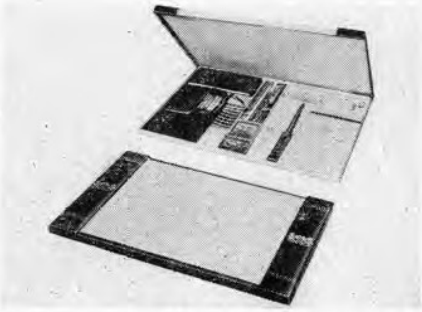
The new Geiger Flasher can spot uranium on camping, fishing or hunting trips. Combines sensitivity with ¾ lb. lightweight convenience. At $24.95 ppd., it's less of a bankroll strain than most. Guaranty Sales Company, Box 176, Dept. G15, Teaneck, New Jersey.

goes shopping

This department is not composed of paid advertising. The items shown represent the most interesting new products True has seen this month. They are believed to be good values. The stores listed guarantee immediate refund of your money if you are not satisfied.

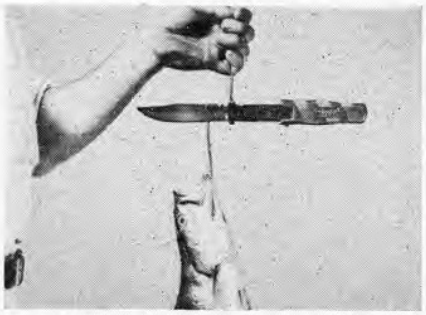


For compact and lightweight portable recording, the new Midgettape pocket recorder is pocket sized at 8½" long, weighs in at 3¼ lbs. Priced at $229.50; it includes recording cartridge, batteries, crystal microphone and earphone. From the Mohawk Business Machines Corp., 944 Halsey Street, Brooklyn, New York.



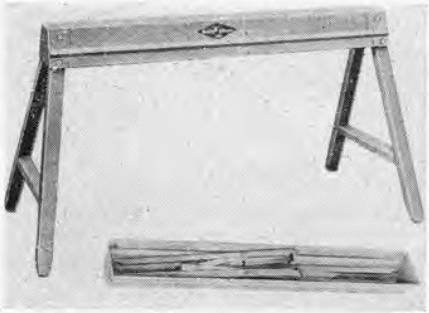
Finally, a portable secretary that'll sit on your lap without a beef from your wife. The 12x19" Lap-Desk is fitted with blotter, stationery and envelopes, calendar and telegraph forms. Has inside space for pencils, letters, clips, erasers, etc. $2.98 ppd. Dorothy Damar, 787 Damar Bldg., Newark, N. J.

Ever have trouble identifying lost or borrowed tools, fishing tackle or other equipment? Here's a system that locates and brings them back in a hurry. Adhesive Sportape that marks your property with name and address. Stick it on in a matter of seconds. $2.95 ppd. Federal Prod., 624 Grove St., Evanston, Ill.



The Fishweigh knife tells its own story. Weighs any fish from 1 to 8 lbs., operating on the principle of a beam scale. Stainless steel, it's rust and corrosion proof, has 4½" blade. $4.95 complete with case. (West of Rockies $5.30). Cary Corp., P. O. Box 247, Durham Rd., Cary, North Carolina.

Convertible Pen-Pencil that's simple to operate and does a two-way job. Twirl the wheel one way and you have a ball point pen. Twirl in reverse, it shifts over to a pencil. In "neutral," both points withdraw. $1.95 plus 10c. Dept. T-14, Blach's, Birmingham, Ala.



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[*Continued from page* 93]
15, 1919, in the little north Italian village of Castellania. He was an average student, going as far as the sixth grade before quitting to help the family make ends meet. He got a job in the salami factory in Novi Liguri, some 15 miles from Castellania. This meant rising every morning at 4 a.m. and pedaling to the job. Counting travel time, Coppi put in fourteen hours a day, six days a week. For this he received $5 a month.

Because of his work, Coppi earned the nickname, the butcher boy. "This was not correct," he still says primly. "I was not a butcher! I was a salami stuffer."

It didn't really matter. Butcher or salami stuffer, Coppi had a hell of an early time of it. So difficult an existence might have broken the spirit, if not the back, of a less dedicated citizen, but Coppi felt himself fortunate. The job also gave him a chance to do roadwork. During the two-hour lunch break he would gulp down his salami sandwich and bike into the surrounding areas. On Sundays, for relaxation, he would go cycling in the hills near Castellania. While other youths strained and sweated up inclines, Coppi would zoom past them without lifting his rump.

But poverty almost terminated his career before it could properly get started. Coppi turned professional early in 1939, hoping that the prize money would help pay the family bills. Since he was not a member of any of the teams racing under the colors of the various bicycle manufacturers, he had to pay his own expenses. His first competition at Turin cost him 90 cents; he traveled third class, carried his bicycle on his back and limited his meals to the six hard-boiled eggs he kept in his pockets. He lost that first pro race because of a bad spill near the finish line.

His next race in Florence cost him $1.50. He lost this one too, because of a broken wheel. A third race in Rome cost him $4, and again an accident kept him from victory. When expenses reached the forbidding total of $12, his alarmed relatives held a council of war. The decision was that he should give up his dreams of ever becoming a glamorous bicycle racer and go back to stuffing salamis. The only dissenting voice came from Biagio Cavanna, a blind masseur who was serving as his coach. Cavanna's argument was able to override family objections, and they reluctantly gave Fausto a month's grace. Today, Cavanna is a very important part of Coppi's entourage, which also includes mechanics and a private chef.

On a second $12 investment, Coppi did much better. He took first place in four relatively small races at Pavia, Tugliola, Cosentino and Varese, which brought him prize money totaling almost $100. It was enough to bring his family to his, and Cavanna's, way of thinking.

Coppi's first race in big company took place in the 150-mile 1939 Piedmont Giro, one of the high points of the Italian racing season. It was a big race for Coppi because he finished third, behind the great Bartali and Del Cancia, and the coach of the Legnano bicycle team signed him to a year's contract on the spot. Coppi had arrived.

From the American point of view, it is hard to visualize Coppi as an authentic sports hero. America, which let itself go only for six-day bicycle riding (and that only until 1939, when the fad mercifully wore off) regards the bicycle as something to be outgrown when you reach a respectable age, i.e. 16. The average American bike rider can knock off five miles without any injury more permanent than strained muscles. If he does 25 miles a day, he'll need a week's massage to straighten him out. A European can and does ride 50 miles a day without feeling any worse than his American cousin who has just played 36 holes of golf. The professional racer will knock off 200 miles a day, just to keep in trim. Coppi, the greatest professional of them all, will knock off 200 miles a day, too, but he'll do them over the highest range of the Alps, and come back with hardly more than an honest sweat.

Coppi has fooled with six-day bicycle riding, but he prefers to leave that aspect of the sport alone. His specialty is road racing, by far the most popular kind of bicycle racing in Europe. I remember driving a rear-engine Renault over the road in which the 1952 Tour was run, this same road which Coppi maneuvered —3,000 miles, mind you—in 151 hours, 57 minutes, 20 seconds. I had to use first gear all the way up the hairpin turn—19 percent grade. And then I almost didn't make it. There were many powerful American cars lining the road with their radiators steaming.

Despite this penchant for road racing, Coppi is known as one of the few complete racers in the history of the sport. He does everything well. Giulio Costa, coach of the Italian track team, told me that Coppi races best when there is least personal contact. "His style is to separate himself completely from adversaries and never permit them to catch up."

Not that Coppi has gone unscathed in his fifteen-year professional career. He has broken his collarbone three times, his arms and shoulders on six different occasions, and been laid up in the hospital for a period in excess of a year. The occupational hazards of bike racing are many. Since the riders are lightly clothed and must race under the boiling sun for eight and nine hours at a clip, there is always the danger of exposure. A minor hazard, but an annoying one, is warts and boils on the posterior. Many a racer has been forced out of competition because of them. One long-run handicap is the fact that racers are liable to wind up hunchbacked from bending over the wheel continuously. Another, and more serious, is the great strain on their hearts.

A great personal tragedy befell Coppi when his brother, Sereste, was killed in a fall during a race. Fausto became so grief-stricken that he announced he was giving up racing. But the public outcry was too much and he was persuaded that the best vindication of his brother's death would be to continue to race—and win.

Despite his triumphs in the greatest bicycle classics, Coppi numbers as his biggest thrill the winning of a minor race near Rome in 1945.

"After two years in a prisoner of war camp in Africa, I was finally returned to Italy at the close of the war. A wealthy industrialist in Rome who remembered my racing triumphs before the war, put me on his payroll at $11 a month and entered me in the Salvioni Cup races against Bartali and several strong racers.

"I was still enrolled in the Italian Army and it was necessary for me to get a pass from my colonel in order to enter the race. He gave me one for four days. As soon as I had it, I jumped on my bicycle and took off for the north. Up to this time, I had had no news from my family. With all the death and destruction in my country I had no way of knowing whether any of them had survived. I arrived in

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Castellania and learned that fortune had been kind to us. My mother and father were in good health as were my two sisters. My brother Sereste was fine and even my brother Livio, who had been wounded on the Russian front, was now recuperating. I spent an hour with my family, then jumped on my bicycle and pedaled to the little town of Villavernia where my wife-to-be, Bruna, lived. I kissed her and we repeated the promises we had made. I didn't even have time to go into the house to say hello to her mother. I got back on the bicycle and began pedaling southward. I got back just in time to enter the race. Won it, too."

A feud has grown up in Italy between Coppi and Gino Bartali that rivals the celebrated fictional one between the good priest, Don Camillo, and his antagonist, the Communist Peppone. It must be remembered that the Bartali name was once so potent that there is a Bartali razor blade, a Bartalia-cola and a Bartali bicycle. At one time the fans in Italy were solidly behind him and they were inclined to regard Coppi's victories as mere accidents. So pronounced has the rivalry become that it has disrupted the teamwork of an Italian squad in international competition.

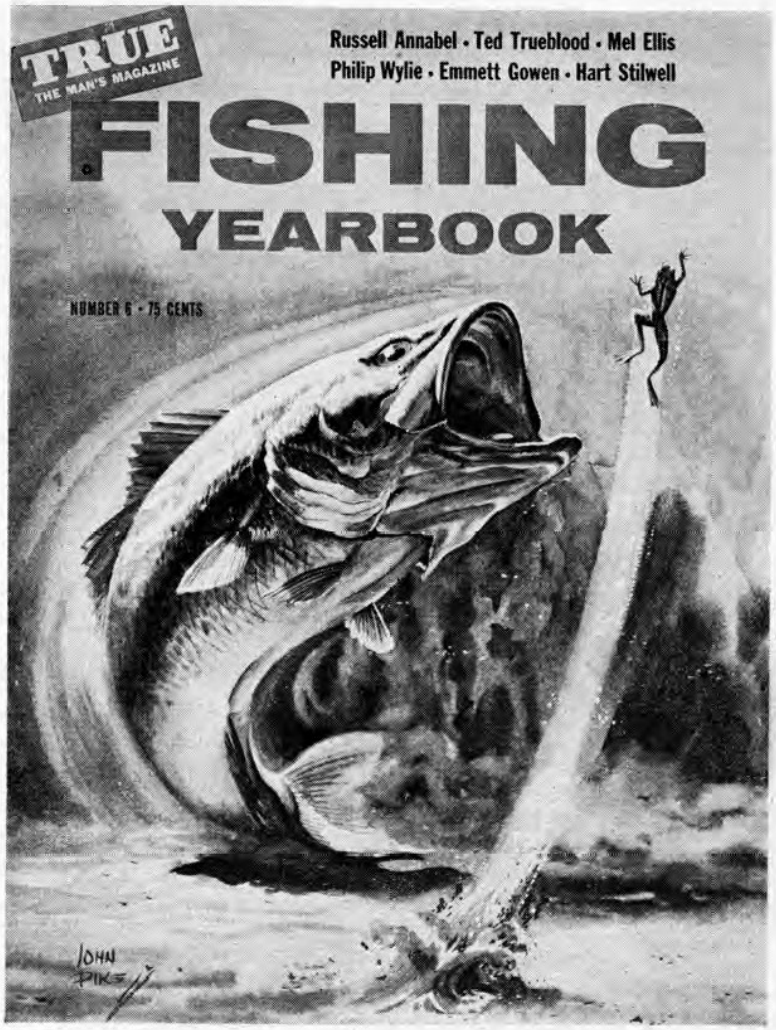
"He wouldn't care if he placed 65th in a race as long as I placed 66th." Coppi once complained. For a time other members of the squad resented the personal squabble between their two stars, because each one was working in his own interest. Coppi won them over to his side by dividing equally with the whole squad all the prize money he won in the '52 Tour.

Another element of discord has lately entered Coppi's life and it has been attracting as much attention in the Italian press as any of his greatest racing exploits.

It all started with a news picture of Big Fausto being kissed at the finish line by a young woman wearing a white dress. The woman, soon to be known across Europe as La Dama Bianca (The Woman in White) was identified as the wife of high-born Dr. Giuseppi Locatelli. Shrewd-eyed sports editors were quick to go back over old photo files to find Mme. Locatelli in many another finish-line embrace with Coppi. The fat was in the fire.

Followed a series of musical-comedy scenes starring such ill-assorted Italians as (1) a count from Genoa who challenged Coppi to a duel, (2) a peasant from the south who accepted the duel in the name of his hero, (3) Dr. Locatelli who sent the police on noctural raids of the Coppi training camp in hopes of catching El Super Campionissimo in non-finish-line embraces with his wife.

All of this has done Coppi no emotional good, but may have done his bike riding no particular harm either. At any rate, the past season was not among his most successful. Next year may see him on top again. Meanwhile, he continues as captain of the Bianchi team and does his best to turn aside challenges to duels. When done with racing, Coppi plans to return to his family's farm, he says characteristically, "to finish my days as did my father and the father of my father's father."—**Mike Stern**



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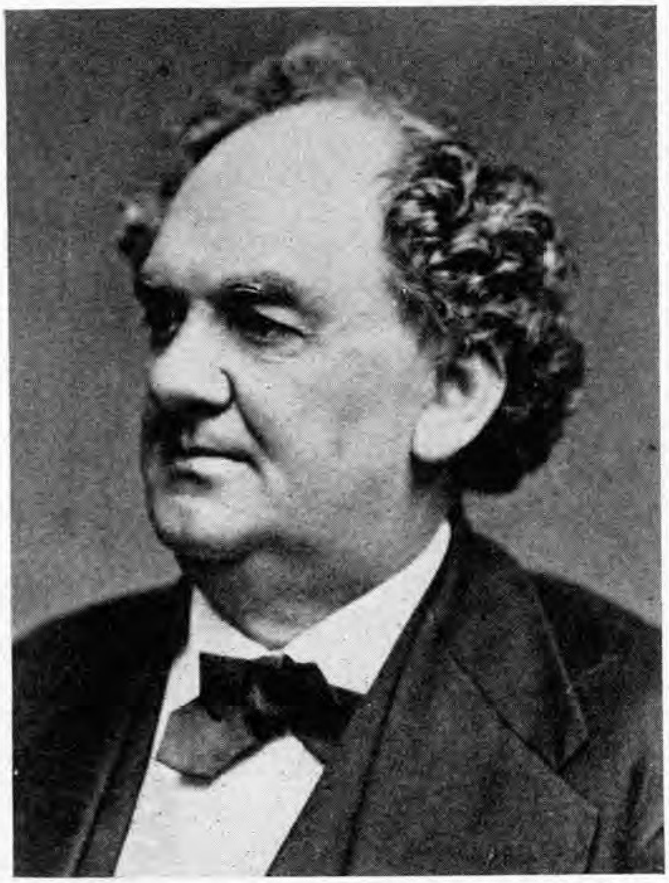
HOW BARNUM TOOK THE SUCKERS



Phineas T. Barnum—father of *The Greatest Show On Earth.*

[*Continued from page* 52]

was to follow through and make a fortune on the girl.

It was not his first fortune. Phineas Barnum, 40 years old when he introduced Jenny over here, could already look back on fifteen years of successful showmanship. He was well under way in a career that was to make him by all odds the most spectacular figure in the history of entertainment.

Functioning in an era when there were no radios, movies or other means of mass entertainment for the common man, Barnum made the most of it. Possessing an extra sense that told him when, where and how to dish out what to the masses, he seldom failed to promote a dodge successfully. It was an article of faith with him that J. Chump Public would go for practically anything if it appealed to his sentimentality, his national pride or his love of a curiosity.

Barnum was the first showman to hook himself up to the power of the press. Realizing the value of cordial relations with the Fourth Estate, he blew into newspaper offices with flurries of free passes and inundated reporters and editors with gifts at Christmastime. Instead of just telling the newspapers about his attractions he turned up in city rooms and editorial sanctums with midgets and giants and other off-beat members of the human race, thus reaping acres of free publicity and blazing the trail for all future theatrical drumbeaters.

Not the least of Barnum's accomplishments was his ability to sling the king's English. Writing his own advertising during the early days when he ran the museum in New York and later when he teamed up with James A. Bailey and started the Barnum and Bailey Circus with the Big Top and the sawdust rings, Barnum never used one word when ten would serve the same purpose. Nor was he ever satisfied with the truth when he could embroider it. The elephants, bearded ladies, orangutans, half-men-half-women and missing links in Barnum's Congress of Wonders were all one-and-only, awe-inspiring, imported-at-great-expense, stupendous, marvelous and, naturally, beyond human belief. Today's circus programs are still alive with the words and expressions he first introduced to ballyhoo, and also the famous sideshows he created.

Barnum was a chesty man standing 6 feet 2 and weighing 225 pounds. He had a big square face with puttylike nose and high forehead, luxuriant wavy brown hair and large penetrating blue eyes. When he was dressed up in striped pants, frock coat and high silk hat, with a big watch chain across the great expanse of his brocaded vest and diamonds sparkling from his fingers and cravat, he looked like either a circus ringmaster or a city plunderer. Barnum had the honest look of the con man, a rich voice dripping with sincerity and a way of banishing doubt with a booming laugh and a clap on the back.

It was early in his career that Phineas Barnum came to the conclusion that man is the only animal which can be skinned more than once. He was palming off a fake called the Fejee Mermaid, which was nothing more than the body of a monkey artfully joined to the lower half of a fish. A collaborator in the enterprise questioned whether the public would go for the thing. Barnum looked amusedly at the man for a few seconds, then said, "There's a sucker born every minute."

Phineas Taylor Barnum was born of old New England stock in the hamlet of Bethel, in Fairfield County, Connecticut, on July 5, 1810. His paternal grandfather, Captain Ephraim Barnum, was a captain of militia in the Revolutionary War. Barnum's old man kept a tavern and a general barter store in Bethel. His mother, like most New England women, spent her time cooking, doing housework, bearing children and reading the Bible. Phineas was the oldest of a brood of five.

A rawboned kid with hamlike hands, Phineas never saw the inside of a schoolhouse after he reached his twelfth birthday. But even as a kid he was a whiz at figures. Working in his father's store, he used to attract customers by his ability to do complicated mathematical problems that stumped his elders. Hanging around the stove and the cracker barrel through the winter days, he soaked up what knowledge slipped from the mouths of the villagers who sat soaking up fine old Santa Cruz rum and Holland gin. By the time he was 14 he had made himself a sharp trader.

One day a farmer walked in and Phineas asked what he could do for him.

"Where's your father?" asked the farmer.

"He's not here today. But I can take care of you."

"You can like the devil, you little robber," the farmer shouted. "Every time I deal with you I get the short end of the bargain. I'll come back when your father's here."

Barnum's parents were deeply religious and every Sunday the family packed off to the village meeting house in Bethel. The pulpit was occupied by circuit preachers, one of whom, Richard Varrick Dey, gave Barnum his first philosophy of life.

The Reverend Dey always packed the house. His success lay in his combination of pathos and wit. One minute he would have the congregation in tears and the next he would have them splitting their sides. Young Barnum learned from the Reverend Dey that anything tastes better if it is dished up with showmanship.

Barnum was only 15 when his father died, but since he was several years the eldest of the children he inherited the burden of supporting the family. With his father's death the tavern and store had gone and the Barnums were penniless, so young Phineas got a job in a similar barter store in near-by Grassy Plain. There he introduced lotteries as a sideline, starting off by selling chances on homemade cakes and molasses candy from his mother's kitchen. He was so successful that he was soon

selling tickets on practically everything and making more money at lotteries than in his regular job.

When he was 18, he met a young "tailoress" named Charity Hallet, who was visiting friends in Bethel. Up to that time Phineas had never had the slightest thing to do with a girl. But when he got a gander of Charity—blonde, blue-eyed, demure and a year younger than himself—he broke out in goose pimples.

He began to take Charity for carriage rides in the moonlight, and one night, the moon being full, he pulled off into a side road and put his arm around the girl. "Give us a kiss," he said, in the subtle manner of the time. Charity demurred. "Aw, come on," coaxed Barnum.

Charity consented. Then she started to cry. "What's the matter?" asked Phineas.

"I shouldn't have let you do that," said Charity.

"Why?" he asked.

"Only people who are engaged to be married should kiss each other," said Charity.

"All right," said Barnum. "Let's say we're engaged."

By the age of 19, Phineas Barnum had amassed more than $2,000, principally from lotteries—a sweet hunk of change for a kid to have in those days. So he and Charity got married and set up housekeeping in a boardinghouse.

A year later a child—the first of three daughters—was born to them. Barnum's life with the little tailoress was to be a long and happy one, perhaps partly because she always remained in the background, beaming with pride as he strutted out front taking the bows.

It was Barnum's unbelievable faith in the honesty of people that finally taught him not to be too concerned about flimflamming them. He had extended so much credit that he finally went broke.

This, he decided, merely meant the opening of opportunity, because he had always dreamed of going to live in New York, the most exciting city in the country. So in 1834, when he was 24, Phineas Barnum and his wife and little girl emigrated to Manhattan.

The New York of the winter of 1834-35 was a bustling metropolis of nearly 300,000. Broadway was the great promenade for brazen hussies with bustles and painted faces and for young sports with brown derbies, checkered suits and fashionable handlebar mustaches. At times it reminded young Barnum of a barnyard, what with the horses that drew the streetcars and carriages, and the pigs that roamed the avenues. The lamplighters appeared at dusk and dawn to light and put out the gas street lamps.

Although New York was up-and-coming it was not an easy place to find a job. Barnum finally succeeded in catching on as a commission agent for men's caps. He made just enough to keep the wolf from the boardinghouse door.

Then a year after he hit town he gathered a windfall. Some friends back in Connecticut, knowing the people who owed him money, had been dunning them for the dough. Suddenly a few of them came across and several hundred dollars were forwarded to him. So he quit selling caps and opened a boardinghouse.

One Sunday afternoon he was walking along Broadway with Charity, wheeling the baby carriage and studying the people passing by.

"Look at them," he said to Charity. "They don't have anything to do. They don't have anything to entertain them."

"Why are you thinking about people you don't even know?" asked Charity.

A True Book-Length Feature

"I think somebody could make a lot of money if he could think of some way of entertaining these people and making them pay for it."

Only three theaters existed in New York at the time. But the theater in those days was considered a den of iniquity and was shunned by righteous folk. For them there were Niblo's Gardens on Broadway, where musicales, light entertainment and refreshments were purveyed in the open air, and Scudder's American Museum, a sprawling five-story brick building at the corner of Broadway and Ann Street. The principal attractions at Scudder's were a collection of moth-eaten stuffed animals, a couple of broken-down alligators and some fangless snakes. Whole families, bringing basket lunches, used to spend an entire day in the museum.

It was Scudder's that fascinated Phineas. It was smack in the middle of everything. The Astor House, the city's leading hotel, was just across the street, and Delmonico's, the toniest restaurant, was only four blocks north. In between the museum and Delconico's was City Hall Park, which in good weather was always jammed with potential customers. The plants of the city's two leading newspapers—the *Tribune* and the *Herald*—were within walking distance.

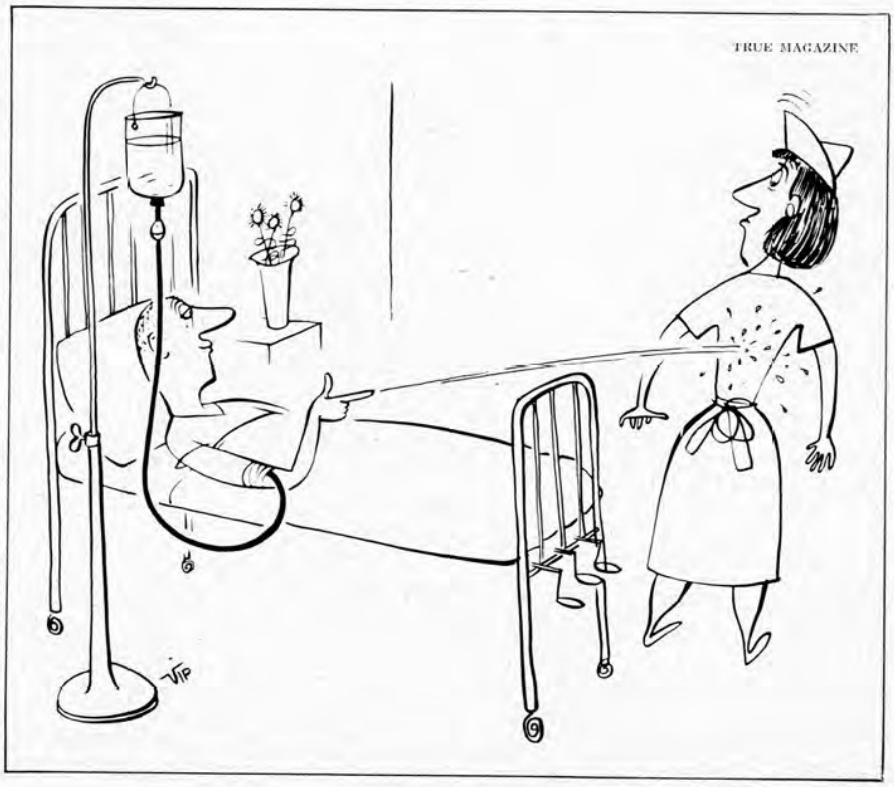
Barnum and Charity often visited the museum. "Do you know what's wrong with this place?" Barnum observed one afternoon. "There's nothing exciting here. Now, if *I* owned it I'd make it exciting."

Shortly afterward Barnum read in the *Herald* about an extraordinary museum attraction in Philadelphia—a colored woman by the name of Joice Heth who was reported to be 161 years old and the one-time slave of the father of George Washington.

The wheels began to turn in Barnum's head. Charity, sitting across from him knitting, looked up and asked him what he was thinking about. "I might go to Philadelphia," he said.

"Oh?"

"There's a wonderful curiosity down there. If I can buy



it I might be able to make a lot of money." Next day Barnum caught the stage for Philadelphia.

On his arrival Barnum made a beeline for Masonic Hall, where Joice Heth was being exhibited. As he gazed at the old girl lying on a couch, he saw that she was partially crippled, totally blind and completely toothless. She had a face like wrinkled leather. She looked 161 years old, but as an exhibit she was laying an egg. She lacked ballyhoo.

Barnum hung around while an occasional visitor popped a question to Joice. Since she had no teeth, the words that came out of her mouth all sounded practically the same—like nothing at all. This made it necessary for Joice's owner, a Kentuckian named Lindsay, to interpret what Joice was saying. What he contributed was wrapped in such a heavy coating of Southern moss and honeysuckle that no one could understand him either.

Getting Lindsay aside, Barnum asked, "What proof do you have that Joice is as old as you claim she is?"

Lindsey reached into his pocket and brought out a yellowed document. The paper, Barnum thought, looked as authentic as a poor counterfeit bill. It stated simply that George Washington's old man had bought Joice Heth for thirty-three pounds in lawful Virginia coin of the realm.

Sizing Lindsay up, Barnum noticed that he was down at the heels and frayed at the cuffs.

"How much would you sell Joice Heth for?" Barnum asked.

"My price is five thousand dollars," said Lindsay loftily.

"You don't seem to be doing so well with the old lady," Barnum commented. "I'll offer you five hundred dollars."

The two haggled, then Barnum closed the deal for one grand. He agreed to pay for Joice's keep until he could arrange for her exhibition in New York.

Knowing that most people believed anything a doctor said, Barnum planned to exhibit Joice Heth under the auspices of a group of physicians who would attest to her antiquity. But the medicos all turned him down. They didn't believe anybody could live to be 161 years old.

Barnum decided that if he couldn't get real doctors, he'd get fakes. He hung around Scudder's museum studying the people who came out. The first likely candidate he spied was a big, round-faced man with a blond mustache. Barnum button-holed him and asked him how he would like to pose as a doctor. "Sure," said the man. "I ain't got a job."

"Fine," said Barnum. "By the way, am I correct in supposing you are a German?"

"That's right," said the man.

"Good. You will be Doctor Steinmetz of Berlin."

"How much do I get?"

"A dollar a day."

"What do I have to do?"

"Just sit on a chair with a doctor's bag and look wise."

"I can do that all right," the "doctor" replied.

Barnum rounded up three other unemployed men with foreign accents to act as doctors. He thought foreigners were less likely to be exposed than domestic fakes.

The future showman now tackled William Niblo, the owner of Niblo's Gardens. "I have a great attraction," he declared, "and I'd like to exhibit it in your place. We'll split the profits."

"What do you have?"

"A woman who is 161 years old. She used to be the nurse of George Washington."

"That's impossible," said Niblo. "Nobody can live that long."

"Oh, but I have proof." Barnum brought out the document that Lindsay had given him.

"And I have four prominent European doctors who will appear with my attraction to answer any questions the patrons might ask."

Niblo studied young Barnum. Then he said, "If you can talk to my patrons as well as you are talking to me, I think you'll be able to make them believe practically anything. Let's have a look at Joice Heth."

Phineas Taylor Barnum, making his first appearance as a showman at Niblo's Gardens in the fall of 1835, was a compelling young bucko. Dressed in purple frock coat and top hat, he stood on a little platform alongside the couch on which Joice Heth was lying, flanked by the fake doctors.

"Come one! Come all!" boomed Barnum, waving a cane to the customers. "Come and see the wonder of the age—a woman who defies time!"

"Whadda you mean, she defies time?" one man piped up.

Barnum blinked at the man. "How old are you?" he asked.

"Fifty."

"And how old is your mother?"

"My mother is dead."

"How old was she when she died?"

"Seventy-two."

"Then she didn't defy time. Why, Joice Heth here was 72 years old *eighty-nine years ago*. She has defied time. She will live *forever*."

As the customers filed by to take a look at Joice, Barnum kept an eye on the old girl and another on the gate. The fake doctors sat there holding their fake medical bags and looking wise. They didn't have to speak; their presence was all that was needed. Charging a quarter a look, Barnum drew in hundreds of customers the first few days and soon was raking in $1,500 a week.

The fact that Joice Heth almost looked her age was enough for most of the customers. But every once in awhile a curious Joe would hold up the line while he shot questions at her. "What color were George Washington's eyes?" he might ask. Joice would just mumble.

"She is saying the father of our country had blue eyes," Barnum would interpret. "Now move along, please—you're holding up the line."

For several weeks Barnum added quite a few fraudulent footnotes to history as he answered such queries. When business began to fall off he resorted to a trick that he found useful to the end of his days—writing fake letters to the newspapers. He got off notes to the *Tribune* and the *Herald* signed "Outraged" and "Curious" complaining that P. T. Barnum's exhibit was a woman of not over 90. Barnum then rose to his own challenge and invited several New York doctors to examine Joice. They did, and disagreed. Interest in Joice shot up again.

When it began to taper once more, Barnum, comfortable with a few thousand dollars in the bank, took Joice Heth through New England to Boston by easy stages, steaming up new interest all the way. In Boston, after he had skimmed the cream, he decided to try stripping the cow. He wrote a letter to one of the papers, signing himself "Visitor," and said that he knew for a fact that Joice Heth wasn't a human being at all but an automaton made of India rubber and whale bone and manipulated by hidden springs. The people who had already seen Joice went back to get another look at her to see how they could have been so fooled.

By February of 1836 the run was ended, however, and Barnum had started shepherding Joice Heth back to New York when the old girl began to break up. Barnum dropped her with a relative in Bethel and hurried on to New York to hustle up genuine physicians. But Joice died before he could return.

Thereupon, because Barnum had stirred up so much interest in his allegedly ancient attraction, a group of well-known New York doctors insisted on performing an autopsy. When they did they announced that Joice had not been a day over 80. Barnum, freely accused of fraud, blamed everything on the Southerner who had sold Joice to him. He had, he claimed, bought the

old girl in good faith and therefore been swindled not only by Lindsay but by Joice herself.

For the next four years Barnum did a variety of things, including selling Bibles. But all the while he had been keeping an eye on one place—Scudder's American Museum. Barnum used to lie awake nights peering into the future and seeing himself as its proprietor. By this time his wife had given birth to a second daughter and a third was on the way. Charity Barnum and the children were still up in Bethel and the young wife was far from happy, what with the breadwinner away all the time and not winning much bread either.

Then things began to happen. Scudder died, and the executor of the Scudder estate, who couldn't have known less about the entertainment business, took over the museum. Barnum promptly talked a tailor into making him a picture of successful sartorial perfection, on credit. Then he broached his grand idea to the executor.

"I'd like to buy this place," he said. "You don't seem to be doing too well."

"How much are you offering?" asked the executor.

"Fifteen thousand dollars."

"Do you have the cash?"

Barnum smiled. "My proposition is better than cash. You couldn't get more than $10,000 cash. I'm giving you *fifteen thousand*—on credit."

Impressed by Barnum's confidence, the executor asked him how he planned to raise the money. "Out of the profits I'll make over and above what the museum now earns."

"And how do you propose to increase the profits?"

"By making the place more interesting. I'm filled with ideas."

The executor was to say later that he knew Barnum was selling him a bill of goods. But he liked the way the young man was doing the selling. Showmanship was what the museum needed and Barnum exuded it from his pores. So he got the museum, rented a house next door and brought his wife and three daughters on from Bethel.

Phineas took possession of Scudder's American Museum January 1, 1842, when he was 32 years old. He renamed the place Barnum's American Museum, put his wife Charity in the box office to sell tickets at a quarter a throw and, decked out in the purple coat and stovepipe hat, stood at the door to welcome the customers. But the customers stayed away in droves, almost as if they were in a conspiracy against him.

He didn't have much to show—nothing but broken-down stuffed animals and alligators and snakes. Then he had an inspiration—he decided to make an attraction out of himself.

We next find Barnum on a platform, alongside an alligator. "I don't want to frighten you, folks," he is saying, his head swiveling from one side to the other, his eyes taking in every upturned face, "but this alligator here has eaten a total of thirteen people. Thirteen. An unlucky number to be sure. Five men, five women and three little children."

And then Barnum would lead a group of customers to a snake pit. "Beware of *this* snake, friends," he would say. "Somehow or other it got out last night and bit three people before we could capture it. One of these poor people is lying at death's door right at this very minute."

Next Barnum would point to a stuffed, moth-eaten bear. "You'd never think to look at it now," Barnum would cry, "but this bear here was the most dangerous killer in Alaska."

"How dangerous?" a peasant asked.

"How dangerous, the man asks," Barnum replied. "Why, this bear was known as King Killer before we captured him in Alaska. And for a v-e-r-y good reason. We wiped out one entire Alaskan village. But don't be frightened, folks. Whatever you do, forget all about what I've told you before you go to sleep tonight."

Barnum's outlandish stories induced so many nightmares that the people started talking about the thrills that were to be had at the museum. It wasn't long before many people started going to the museum to see and hear Barnum.

P. T. pulled his first dodge at the museum as the result of a water shortage. New York City was occasionally plagued by the threat of a complete water shortage. Addressing himself to the problem of putting the water shortage on a paying basis, Barnum installed in the museum a miniature Niagara Falls, a foot and a half high, with water rushing over the cliffs. Then he ran advertisements in the newspapers suggesting to honeymooners that they visit the museum instead of the real falls in upper New York State. The attraction caught on right away, many honeymooners deciding that while there was one thing about a honeymoon for which there was no possible substitute Niagara Falls wasn't it.

Now Barnum sat down and got off several letters to the newspapers, signing himself Outraged Citizen, Taxpayer and Civic Minded, in which he complained that Barnum's Niagara Falls was threatening the city's water supply. Barnum was summoned to appear before the city fathers to explain why he was wasting water.

Barnum made a production of his appearance at City Hall and Barnum's falls became front-page news. When Barnum explained that he wasn't wasting water at all, but using the same water over and over again, the city fathers lost interest in Barnum's falls. But the public didn't. The museum was so jammed that the crowds outside couldn't get in because honeymooners and ex-honeymooners with their offspring brought box lunches and sat there by the hour looking at the falls.

Hoping to turn the customers over faster, Barnum put up a sign over a door alongside the falls reading:

THIS WAY TO THE EXIT

The sign didn't budge the customers. Then Barnum put up

"Imagine being married to a lion tamer."

a large, impressive red and yellow lettered sign reading:

THIS WAY TO THE EGRESS

That did it. The customers, thinking an egress was a strange wild beast or something, went through the door and found themselves out in the street.

Now Barnum addressed himself to jazzing up the museum. Only two of the five floors were inhabited. Phineas figured that if he made the customers climb four flights of stairs instead of one they would be so dog tired and leg weary after visiting the museum that they would go around telling their friends that the museum was offering a hell of a lot for a quarter. So he put some potted plants and some more stuffed animals on the third and fourth floors and a mind reader on the fifth.

It was on the first floor that Barnum really went to town. He built a stage there and put on a troupe of acrobats, an educated-dog act, a magician who pulled rabbits out of a hat, a ventriloquist, a woman who put flaming torches in her mouth, a couple of jugglers and an armless man who wrote with his teeth. Functioning as a sort of early-day Ed Sullivan, poker face and all, Barnum introduced the acts and became the town's first master of ceremonies.

Barnum began to advertise in the newspapers for freaks. One day a young four-foot dwarf named Stevens appeared at the museum looking for work. Stevens had just arrived from Europe, where he had appeared as a side-show attraction with a circus. Barnum sat in his office, sizing up Stevens, then asked, "What kind of clothes did you wear while performing in Europe?"

"Regular clothes," said Stevens.

Barnum sat back and closed his eyes and began muttering to himself. Then he opened his eyes, snapped his fingers and said, "I've got it! I'll dress you in a military uniform and cover you with gold braid and give you the title of major."

Barnum, ever one to gild the lily, decided that Major Stevens would be an even greater attraction if he were placed on view alongside a giant, so as to accentuate his small stature. Barnum advertised for and came up with a professional giant—a French thin man named Bihin, who stood over seven feet and weighed less than a hundred pounds. Barnum billed Bihin on a big banner on the face of the museum the tallest human since time began.

The combination of the dwarf and the giant was so fascinating to the spectators that Barnum decided that two giants would be even better. So, still advertising in the press for freaks, he found a fat Arab who called himself Colonel Goshen and who weighed about 350 pounds and stood the same height as Bihin.

One day the fat giant and the thin giant got into a mild argument. That gave Barnum another inspiration. He told the newspapers, which in those days were suckers for practically any kind of story, that the two giants hated each other and might commit mayhem at practically any performance—and the papers spread the news.

"Come on, folks!" Barnum would yell as he stood outside the museum. "Come inside and see the terrible hatred that exists between the thin giant and the fat giant. You never can tell, folks. Tonight may be the night that one giant will kill the other giant!"

The spurious enmity between the giants became the talk of the town. Barnum wrote an act for them in which one, holding a sword, and the other, brandishing a club, simulated threatened murder. Then Major Stevens, the little guy, would rush in and break things up. As a result of the act, the two giants became close friends while the whole town thought they hated each other.

Barnum's profits were soon four times as high as when Scudder had operated the museum. A great man for plowing the profits back into the business, Barnum lit the outside of the museum with incandescent lights, the most powerful source of illumination in town. He began to do as much business at night as during the day.

Barnum was getting along on four hours' sleep a night. He was a big eater but a light drinker, confining himself to an occasional shot of whisky or a beer. Realizing that knowledge was power, he became an avid reader of practically anything he could lay hands on—biography, history, economics. Still living in the rented house next door to the museum, he saw his three daughters only on Sundays, when he took the family to church and joined them in a big Sabbath dinner.

One night in late November 1842, Barnum, leaving the museum in charge of Charity and a couple of hired hands, checked into the Franklin House in Bridgeport, which was run by Philo Barnum, a half-brother.

"I've got great news," said Philo. "I think I've got the greatest attraction you've ever seen."

"What is it?"

"I'm not going to tell you," said Philo, who liked to surprise his brother. "It'll be here in a little while."

Barnum was pacing the lobby of the Franklin House, peering at the door for some sign of the mysterious attraction. The clock was just striking 8 when in walked a woman with a little boy walking smartly beside her—the smallest walking boy Barnum had ever laid eyes on. The kid was only 25 inches high and couldn't have weighed more than 15 pounds. He was blond, blue-eyed, handsome, and perfectly proportioned, even to his feet, which were just three inches long.

Phineas shot a glance at Philo, then looked at the boy again. By now the woman and the boy were standing before him. "Hello there, Mr. Barnum," piped up the kid. "Gosh," said Barnum. "You can *talk*, too." "Sure I can," said the boy. "I'm five years old."

The boy was Charles Sherwood Stratton, the son of a Bridgeport carpenter and a hotel chambermaid. Up in his suite, Barnum handed little Charlie a stick of candy and invited him up on his knee while Charlie's mother filled the showman in on her freakish son. Charlie had been perfectly normal when born. In fact, he had been a big baby, weighing nine pounds and two ounces. He had remained normal for five months, at which time he weighed 15 pounds and was two feet and one inch tall. Then he had just stopped growing and gaining weight.

The parents had taken Charlie to one doctor after another. None of the sawbones could figure out what was wrong with the kid. Charlie had two sisters, two and four years older than he, and the little girls were perfectly normal. There was nothing in the history of the families of either of Charlie's parents that gave the doctors the slightest clue to the boy's arrested physical development. Although he was six weeks shy of his fifth birthday that night when Barnum first saw him, Charlie could recite the alphabet and read words like cat and dog.

What had happened to Charlie, as physicians in later years would have been quick to point out, was that his pituitary gland—the gland that lies at the base of the skull and controls growth—had, for some unexplained reason, suddenly gone out of whack. Pronounced eccentric functioning of the pituitary gland results either in lack of growth or too much growth. When there is too much growth, the opposite happens to what happened to Charlie and you get a giant.

Next morning, Barnum called on the Strattons with a contract in his pocket. "I'm signing Charlie up for a year at three dollars a week and his keep," the showman told the midget's parents. "But I've put a clause in the contract canceling it if Charlie starts to grow."

After the parents had signed the contract, Barnum stuck it in his pocket and announced that he was going to change Charlie somewhat before springing him on the public.

"Change him?" asked Stratton, alarmed. "How?"

"Well, for one thing, he can't come from Bridgeport or any place in this country. He's got to have come from England."

"Why?"

"Somebody from across the ocean is more romantic. More interesting."

"I see," said the carpenter. "What else do you have in mind?"

"Charlie's age."

"Why, what's the matter with his age?"

"Nothing, except that a little boy who is five years old and only twenty-five inches high is only half as interesting as a ten-year-old boy of the same height. So Charlie will have to be ten years old instead of five."

The Strattons were growing a little apprehensive. "Just one more thing," Barnum went on. "Charlie's name won't do. I'll have to give him a more interesting name. What I have in mind is Tom Thumb. You know, the little boy in the fairy tale who was only one inch high and rode around on a mouse."

Sneaking the kid into New York, Barnum took him to his office in the museum, outfitted him in the uniform of a Revolutionary general, and vested him with a military title so that Charlie Stratton became General Tom Thumb. Then Barnum called in his freaks, one by one, and introduced them to the new attraction. When Major Stevens, the four-foot dwarf, got a gander at Thumb, he knew that his days were numbered.

On the Sunday before Christmas, Barnum and Thumb, dressed exactly alike—in gray Chesterfields, beaver hats, and pants tucked into Wellington boots—appeared at the home of James Gordon Bennett, publisher of the *Herald*. Bennett's word was law in New York: he could make or break people by a front-page editorial.

The publisher was at his Sunday dinner when Barnum and Thumb appeared at the front door. When the butler answered, Barnum handed him his own hat and Thumb's and barged right past him into the dining room.

Bennett glowered at the intruders. But before he or the servants could do anything, Barnum lifted Thumb up to the table and said, "Go ahead, Tom." Thumb went into a little dance, while Barnum clapped his hands for rhythm. The darkness began to leave the publisher's face as he stared in fascination at the 25-inch performer. Thumb wound up his dance by jumping over the platter holding the roast and then bowing before the publisher.

By this time, Bennett was completely entranced. "Isn't this the greatest attraction you have ever seen, Mr. Bennett?" asked Barnum. "By the way, I'm Barnum—Phineas T. Barnum. You've probably heard of me."

"Indeed I have," said Bennett. "And I dare say the whole town will be hearing more about this young man before long. What did you say his name was?"

Bennett motioned the butler to bring him paper and pencil. Then, for half an hour, while Tom Thumb sat cross-legged alongside the platter, the publisher took notes from Barnum about Tom Thumb—spurious age, background and all. Next day the *Herald* broke a big front-page story about Tom.

The first public appearance of Charlie Stratton, alias General Tom Thumb, was integrated into the so-called feud between the giants Bihin and Colonel Goshen. Barnum replaced Major Stevens with the Stratton kid as the mediator in the fight. The spectacle of the 25-inch kid separating the two quarreling giants was a smash hit with the customers.

After the act with the giants, Thumb appeared solo and danced a jig, sang a song, and told a couple of stories. Then Barnum, a ham at heart, stepped out on the stage and, leaning down holding Tom by the thumb, explained to the audience how and why the boy had stopped growing a the age of five months.

At almost every performance there was at least one goof who piped up with a question as to whether Thumb had, at the age of five months, stopped growing in one vital respect. "I am glad to say," Barnum would reply, speaking the truth, "that the little fellow is all right in *that* way."

Tom Thumb appeared at the museum for the entire year of 1843. Then, when Barnum decided that he had skimmed the cream off the bottle, he announced he was taking Thumb to England. The museum was now rocking along almost by itself and Barnum left it in charge of Charity.

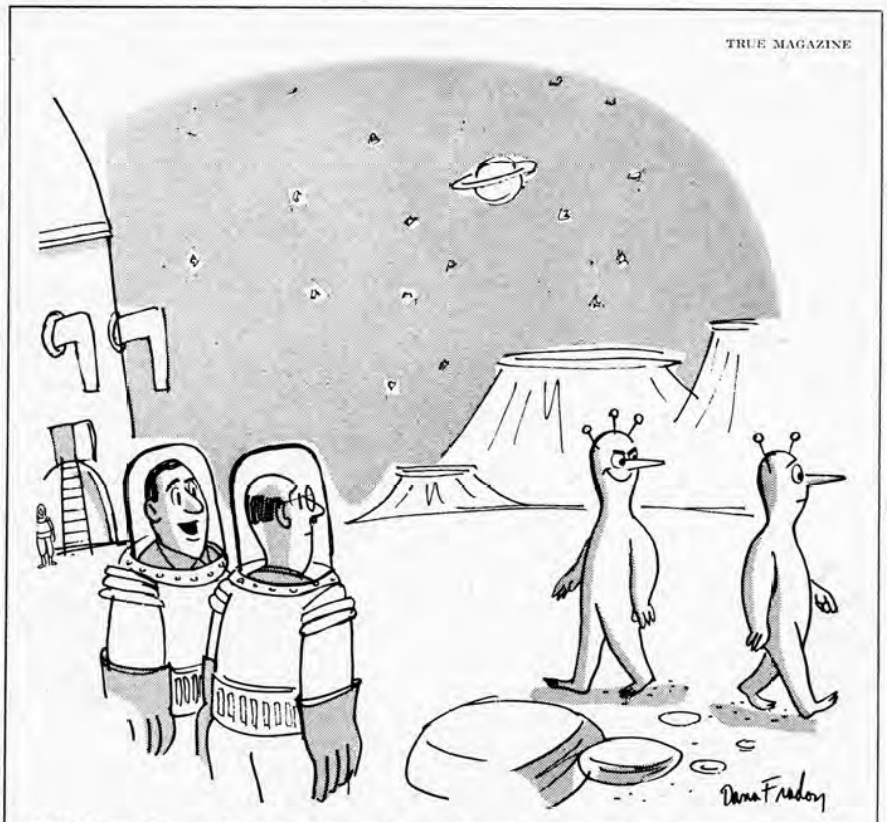
It was now that Tom Thumb's father got smart. "Mr. Barnum," he said, "I don't think that three dollars a week and board is enough pay for my son."

Barnum looked hard at the man and thought hard. "What's on your mind, Mr. Stratton?"

"I think Charlie should be getting half of what you earn on him." Barnum, keen judge of character that he was, knew that the elder Stratton was talking turkey and wasn't in a mood to dicker. "Mr. Stratton," said Barnum, clapping the man on the back, "I'm sorry I didn't speak a minute sooner. Upon my word, I was about to mention the same thing to you—half of the profits for your wonderful little boy. Let's get busy on a new contract right now."

Landing in London with Thumb in January 1844, Barnum rented a house not far from Buckingham Palace and sat down and wrote letters to the newspapers, advising them of the arrival in town of General Tom Thumb, the greatest attraction in the world. He didn't draw so much as a reply. Then he got off a letter to Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, advising Her Royal Highness that General Tom Thumb would like to drop in at Buckingham Palace and pay his respects.

You can imagine how much of an answer Barnum got to *that*.



"Well, professor, I guess that settles which are men and which are women."

HOW BARNUM TOOK THE SUCKERS

Now Barnum presented himself to Edward Everett, the American Minister. Everett, like most diplomats, was an icy customer but Thumb, turning the charm on full blast, soon thawed him out.

"How can I be of service?" Everett asked Barnum.

"We thought it would promote international amity if Tom Thumb was presented to Her Majesty the Queen." Everett thought it over. Maybe, he said, Barnum had something at that. So he fixed up an audience for Barnum and Thumb with Queen Victoria.

Queen Victoria and her consort, Prince Albert, were sitting at one end of a reception gallery in Buckingham Palace, surrounded by about twenty high personages, when Barnum and Thumb were led in.

"How do you do, Queen?" said the 7-year-old Thumb. "How *do* you do!"

The queen was enchanted. "How old are you, General?" she asked. "He's twelve, Your Majesty," broke in Barnum. "Twelve years, four months and three days."

Thumb sang and danced and told stories for almost an hour. Barnum, making the most of the informality, kept addressing the queen directly and by the time he left was practically borrowing Prince Albert's socks.

Barnum presented Thumb to packed houses at London's Egyptian Hall for five solid months after his reception at the palace. Then the little fellow toured the provinces and became the rage of England.

After more than a year in England, Barnum took Thumb to France. He mopped up there, too. Then the ill-assorted pair went to Spain, where they had an audience with Queen Isabella. A couple of days after the audience, the queen had Thumb and Barnum as her guests at a bull fight. Barnum dressed Thumb up as a matador for the occasion. Next stop: Belgium. They were now in their third year abroad.

A thought struck Barnum during the trip from Spain to Belgium. Why not cook up a kidnaping? So the day Thumb was due in Brussels, he just didn't show up. The papers ran stories about Thumb's strange failure to appear. By the time he was a week overdue practically all Western Europe was wondering what had happened to him—and to Barnum.

Then, on the eighth day, Thumb and Barnum appeared in Brussels. Barnum was very secretive about the whole business. But, he yielded to the pressure of the press.

"The truth is," he told a group of reporters, "that Tom Thumb and I were abducted—kidnaped."

"You were!"

Barnum nodded. "A certain fabulously wealthy woman had fallen in love with Tom here," said Barnum. "She hired a band of brigands to kidnap us. I can tell you, gentlemen, my powers of persuasion were taxed to the utmost in talking that woman out of her dastardly plot."

Who was the woman? Ah, but that was something Barnum couldn't reveal. He hinted darkly that the lady was so highly placed that for him to disclose her identity would touch off an international incident.

The king and queen of the Belgians received Thumb and Barnum. The little fellow mopped up in Brussels, then returned to England. There the news of his abduction, even though some people suspected it was a phony, had whetted the appetite of the people to see him again. So he played a return engagement at Egyptian Hall and mopped up again. Barnum and Thumb didn't return to America until the late fall of 1847, almost three years after they had left.

Barnum, by this time, was a big man with a booming laugh, a corporation, and unbounded confidence in himself. He had soaked up quite a bit of polish during his three years abroad, hob-nobbing with royalty, and he could balance a cookie and a tea cup with the best.

Thumb's father, realizing the boy's value, split up from Barnum now and Thumb went out on the road as his own attraction. He had returned from his three years in Europe with a fortune. His father built him a house furnished to scale.

Charity had taken pretty good care of the museum during her husband's absence but the place by now needed a new and startling attraction. Barnum heard about something called the "Fejee Mermaid" which was on exhibition in a Boston museum.

Going up to the Hub to look at the mermaid, Barnum saw that it was an out-and-out fake—the head and upper body of a monkey attached to the lower half and tail of a big fish, carefully preserved and so artfully contrived that it was impossible for even a suspicious observer to detect where the monkey and the fish had been joined toegther. It was about three feet long and its head and arms were covered by animal hair while the lower part was covered with fish scales.

Altogether, the mermaid was a fascinating and revolting thing to look at. It was, however, a flop in Boston because, Barnum figured, it hadn't been given the proper build-up. So Barnum bought the "Fejee Mermaid" for a song, packed it in a box, and returned to New York.

Barnum sat down and wrote some letters to the newspapers and gave them to a traveling man to mail from different points in the South. In a couple of months the New York papers began printing letters bearing the signatures of non-existent southern citizens to the effect that a Doctor Griffin, an English scientist, was making his way to New York with the most remarkable discovery of the age—a creature that was half monkey and half fish and which Doctor Griffin had captured in the China Sea.

The impending arrival of the monstrosity became the talk of the town. So Barnum hired an old sharper to pose as Doctor Griffin, gave him an oversized suitcase containing the Fejee Mermaid and had him check into the Pacific Hotel. The press mobbed Doctor Griffin and the doctor showed the press the Fejee Mermaid. When stories about the mermaid's presence in town appeared on the front pages the suckers were practically begging to be taken. Then Barnum announced that the mermaid would open a four-week stand in the museum.

Although some of the customers were disappointed in the mermaid's size, having expected to see something as big as the thing on the banner outside, they were for the most part satisfactorily awed.

Barnum was near 40 before he paused to take stock. He found that he had, in addition to a wife and three daughters, more than a million clams. He was something of a celebrity—the kind of a man people stopped to point out as they passed him on the street. By now he had connections with theatrical agents in various parts of Europe and South America and was getting first crack at likely attractions for the museum.

One Sunday Barnum and Charity were having a quiet talk when she pointed out to him that he looked pretty tired from overwork and that anyway he couldn't take it with him. Barnum was startled by the remark but realized his wife was speaking the truth. So he decided to slow down a little. He bought seventeen acres of choice land outside of Bridgeport, and called in an architect to throw him up a showplace.

The architect was an architect in name only. Barnum knew exactly what he wanted in the way of a domicile. He wanted a place that was practically a replica of a three-story building that he had seen in Brighton, England—the Brighton Pavilion, an architectural monstrosity that was a combination of Turkish, Byzantine and Moorish architecture. When the project was completed, a $150,000 monument to bad taste, its domes and minarets could be seen for three miles.

The inside was just as ornate, being stuffed with half a million dollars worth of Chinese furnishings, pottery and paint-

ings. Barnum's private study didn't have paper on the walls: he ordered orange satin. He called the place Iranistan. After he moved in, he stocked the grounds with fine horses and blooded cattle, and the cellar with the finest collection of wines in Connecticut.

Bridgeport citizens were flattered that the showman had come to reside in their midst. They were so flattered, in fact, that the directors of the Pequonnock Bank elected Barnum to be one of them and Barnum began to spend several mornings a week at the bank.

Barnum would have made a good banker. He could spot a hole in questionable collateral with his eyes closed. His veins were filled with ice water when he considered an application for a loan. During the years that Barnum was to remain at the bank as a director not a single one of the loans he okayed went sour.

By now Barnum's museum was not only the talk of New York but the talk of people from out of state. It became the place to visit when the yokels came to town, much as Radio City is today. There was something going on on every one of the five floors—a vaudeville show, trained animals, stuffed animals and sea monsters, wild beasts in cages, dioramas depicting important events in the world's history, a restaurant where food and non-alcoholic refreshments were served, lecturers on scientific subjects—and all, except for the food and drink—for a quarter, kids half price.

Barnum never seemed happy unless he was tearing out walls or boring through floors and ceilings in the museum. His biggest project was to build within the walls of the place the biggest theater in New York—with an orchestra, a balcony and a gallery, seating 3,000 people. Admission was free. Once you paid your quarter at the door, you could watch the acrobats and the clowns and the freaks and listen to the singers and the musicians in the theater for nothing.

Barnum was in his fortieth year when, in conversation with his wife one night, she gave him a jolt by saying that he should do something dignified. "There's no money in anything dignified," Barnum replied.

"Well," said Charity, "the children are growing up and it would be very nice if you did something dignified for a change."

That set Barnum to thinking. And that's how he came to think of Jenny Lind. Jenny Lind was the greatest singer on earth. Barnum had never heard her sing, nor so much as laid eyes on her, since her artistry had been confined principally to the capitals of Europe. But his instinct told him that Jenny, if properly built up, could be sold to American audiences. Barnum got an English impresario to go to Stockholm with a proposition for Jenny—$150,000 for 150 concerts. Jenny grabbed it.

Several months before Jenny was due in this country, Barnum began the build-up. He wrote letters to the newspapers, signing fictitious names, asking why Jenny Lind, the greatest singer, didn't come to the U.S.A. He inserted little paid advertisements in the "agony columns" of the papers asking the question:

Jenny Lind. Where are you?
Why don't you come and visit us?

He sent expensive gifts to the boys on the newspapers bearing little cards reading:

With best wishes from Jenny Lind

As the time grew near for Jenny's arrival in this country, Barnum had horses and donkeys and camels being walked through the streets of New York, Boston, Baltimore and Washington carrying sandwich boards, advertising the coming of Jenny Lind, the Swedish Nightingale. Naturally the Swedish girl's arrival in New York was a sensation—especially when Barnum's stooges started things off by throwing themselves into the Hudson River.

Jenny Lind's first concert was scheduled for Castle Garden, a huge structure on the lower tip of Manhattan Island, which had previously been a fort, a cabaret and an opera house, and which later was to become an aquarium. Castle Garden could seat ten thousand people. Barnum, quick to sense that the first concert would be a sell-out, instituted something new in ticket selling. He didn't sell the tickets for the first concert; he auctioned them. The tickets were gobbled up for more than $10,000.

When, after mopping up in New York, Jenny arrived in Washington for a series of concerts, Barnum went to the White House and wangled an audience with President Millard Filmore.

"Mr. President," said the showman, "I respectfully suggest that you grant an audience to Miss Lind."

"Why?" asked the President.

"Well," said Barnum, "I think it would promote friendly feelings between her country and ours."

"But we're already friendly," said Filmore.

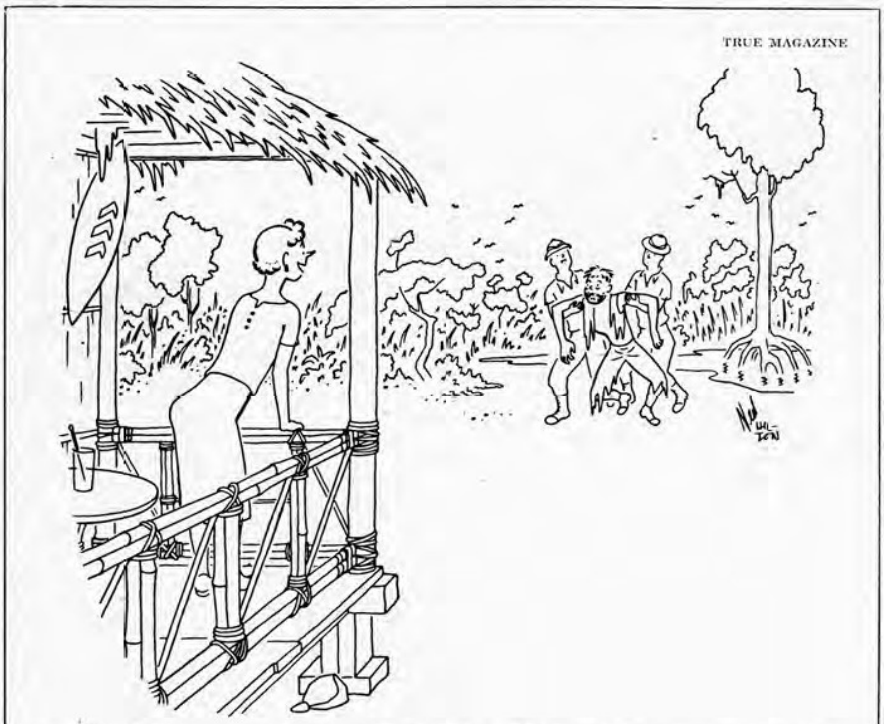
"A nation, like an individual," said Barnum, "can never have too much friendship, sir."

"Mr. Barnum," said Filmore, "you are absolutely right. I shall do even better than invite Miss Lind to the White House. First, I shall call on her at her hotel."

The papers were naturally filled with the President's visit to the songbird. A couple of days later, Lind and Barnum attended a White House reception in the singer's honor.

Now Barnum called on Henry Clay, the great statesman. "Senator," he said, "Daniel Webster has decided to pay his respects to Jenny Lind. I thought I should let you know." Clay stiffened at the mention of his political enemy's name. "Thank you for telling me, Barnum," he said. "I, too, shall pay my respects to Miss Lind."

Now Barnum rushed to see Daniel Webster. "Do you know what Henry Clay is going to do, Senator?" he said to Webster. "No," said Webster. "What?" "He's going to pay his respects to



"Thank heavens, you've come back, John. Did you bring me a present?"

Jenny Lind. I thought I should let you know." "I'm glad you did, Barnum. I, too, want to pay my respects to Miss Lind."

After Clay and Webster had set the pace for Congress, half of the United States Senate and a good part of the House rushed to meet Jenny. The Swedish girl was now nation-wide news.

As the tour progressed, through the South to New Orleans, the fanfare over the Swedish songbird grew louder. Songs and poems were dedicated to Jenny Lind. A cigar, and even a water carafe, were named after her.

But in New Orleans Barnum heard a sour note in his sweet commercial song. A smart New York lawyer by the name of John Jay darkened the horizon. He was, he informed Barnum, representing Miss Lind. Barnum couldn't believe it. He asked Miss Lind if it were true that she had hired Jay. She said it was. "Why?" asked Barnum. Because, answered Jay, his client wasn't getting her share of the gravy. Barnum tore up Jenny's contract and gave her a new one.

The Lind tour grossed three quarters of a million dollars. Jenny Lind got two hundred grand for it, Barnum the rest. But Barnum had done more than line his pockets. Up to the time he brought Jenny Lind to these shores, the people in this country had never been conscious of classical music. But they have been ever since.

Barnum's next big production after Jenny Lind was elephants. The elephant was still a comparative rarity in the United States. So Barnum decided that a whole herd of elephants couldn't miss. He chartered a freighter and sent it off for Ceylon, the deckhands outfitted as elephant hunters.

For more than a year, P. T. presented himself at the New York newspaper offices with wild stories about the elephant hunt that was going on in Ceylon—stories that he cooked up himself. But the papers fell for the stuff and when, more than a year after the freighter had left, Barnum announced that it was due back with a herd of elephants, there was great excitement in old New York town.

It occurred to Barnum that Tom Thumb, who was now 16, and who had become a fixed national figure in his own right, was just what would be needed to dramatize the size of the elephants. So he called on Thumb, who was resting at Bridgeport between chores, and Thumb and his old man liked the idea of Tom appearing with the elephants. So a deal was closed.

New York practically shut up shop the day the elephants paraded. There were ten of the beasts. In single file, they swayed up Broadway with Tom Thumb astride the lead pachyderm and Barnum spearheading the whole herd in a big red chariot.

The showman was beaming and waving and yelling to the crowd as he led the procession. "You're not looking at anything!" Barnum yelled to the crowd, jerking a thumb toward the ten elephants behind him. "Come to Barnum's Museum and *see them do tricks*!"

Barnum had hired an elephant trainer and the big beasts did tricks for P. T.'s greatest museum crowds for more than a year. Then Barnum and Thumb hit the road with the elephants. While Charity Barnum counted the money in the museum till and superintended the operation of the place, Barnum and Thumb roamed the country for four years.

When the tour was over, Barnum sold all the elephants except one. That one he shipped to Bridgeport and turned loose—well, *partially* loose—on six acres of land hard by Iranistan and adjoining the tracks of the New York and New Haven Railroad. He wrote out a publicity release stating that the elephant at Bridgeport was to be truly a beast of burden and that it was being trained to plow the fields and do other farm chores, thus blazing the way for the extinction of the horse.

Barnum put the elephant in charge of a fake Oriental who was dressed in a red-and-green satin costume, complete with gold turban. Soon conductors on the railroad trains were shouting out to passengers, as the train neared Bridgeport, "We are now approaching the farm of P. T. Barnum where you will see an elephant working in the fields." And sure enough, when the train passed by, the passengers saw the Oriental behind a plow being dragged by the elephant.

Barnum read in an English newspaper about a Madam Clofullia, a middle-aged Swiss lady who was married to a French artist, who had been bowling 'em over in Europe as the Bearded Lady. Barnum began to correspond with Madam Clofullia and, deciding that she was the McCoy, entered into a contract to import her.

Barnum was down at the dock when the boat bearing the bearded lady arrived in New York. As Madam Clofullia, accompanied by her husband, came down the gangplank and the showman saw the sun glinting off the lady's pointed, jet-black beard, he was suddenly assailed by misgivings.

As she stepped onto the dock, Madam Clofullia, who recognized Barnum from his pictures, smiled and offered her hand. But Barnum had other immediate use for his right hand. He shot it to her face and fastened it to the Madam's beard and gave the beard a good tug. The Madam let out a yelp. But Barnum didn't pay any attention. He had satisfied himself that the beard was genuine.

The Bearded Lady, although given the usual Barnum treatment, complete with newspaper interviews and a giant picture of her outside the museum, didn't catch on. Business at the museum not only didn't pick up; it dropped off. Barnum wasn't long in putting his finger on what was wrong. Several fake Bearded Ladies who had from time to time been exhibited here and there had ruined business for this genuine one.

So Barnum came up with another first—one that was later copied by such spectacular operators as Harry Reichenbach, Barnum's modern successor as a master of ballyhoo. P. T. decided to contrive a court litigation around the Bearded Lady and thus have the machinery of justice grind out for him columns of free newspaper publicity.

Barnum dug up a confederate named Charr. "What I want you to do," he told Charr, "is go to the police and complain that Madam Clofullia has taken money from you under false pretenses because she's nothing but a dressed-up man wearing a beard."

The police fell for Charr's complaint and Madam Clofullia, who was not in on the caper, was slapped in the Tombs. The papers hopped all over the story.

Barnum, decked out in lavender, appeared in court when the Bearded Lady was placed on trial. "I am here, Your Honor," Barnum said to the magistrate, "to defend my good name. Madam Clofullia is exactly what I have represented her to be—every inch a lady."

"What proof do you have to sustain your contention?" asked the magistrate.

Barnum smiled. "I am glad you have asked that question, Your Honor," he said. "I shall proceed to offer my proof."

Barnum produced certificates from several physicians to the effect that it was possible that a woman could grow a beard.

"Fake!" cried the stooge Charr.

Ignoring Charr, Barnum next produced three physicians who had examined the Bearded Lady. They all said they had found irrefutable evidence that the Bearded Lady was a lady. Then P. T. produced the Bearded Lady's husband. *He* testified that his wife was a woman—pretty impressive testimony.

The case was tossed out of court. Then it was the same story all over again: the peasants beat down the doors of Barnum's museum to get a look at the Bearded Lady.

Barnum was constantly on the alert for some new enterprise in which to invest money. One of his major projects was the purchase of more than 200 acres of land across the Pequonnock

River from Bridgeport. He announced that he was going to start a new community—East Bridgeport—invite industry to join him and build homes for sober workmen.

P. T. poured more than $2 million into East Bridgeport, underwriting notes for the construction of a bridge connecting the community to Bridgeport proper, the building of roads and the erection of houses. When the notes fell due he couldn't meet them and was forced into bankruptcy. The museum went into the hands of receivers.

On his uppers, Barnum had another one of his inspirations. He decided the time was ripe for Tom Thumb to appear in Europe again. Thumb, who was now a 23-year-old cigar smoker, had gradually grown from the 26 inches he had been when Barnum had first seen him eighteen years before to a height of just one inch under three feet. He had put on a lot of weight, looked wizened, and was mainly riding along on his reputation.

So Barnum went abroad with the midget. Barnum was right. Thumb was a smash hit on his second European tour. Barnum returned in a year with a bundle, retrieved the museum and stuck this banner across the front:

BARNUM'S ON HIS FEET AGAIN!

A New Hampshire farmer walked into Barnum's office one day with his 17-year-old son and asked him if he could use the boy. "Possibly," said the showman. The farmer's son was George Washington Morrison Nutt, who was 29 inches tall and weighed 24 pounds—only 3 inches taller than Tom Thumb had been when Barnum discovered him and about the same weight.

"How much do you want for the boy?" asked Barnum.

"Five hundred dollars a week and a five-year contract," said the farmer, who had obviously been well informed.

"Bosh!" replied Barnum. "Why, I've got a boy coming here tomorrow who's willing to sign up for two hundred dollars a week for three years—and he's three inches shorter than your son. You can take my proposition or leave it." The farmer, falling for the fable, grabbed Barnum's terms.

First thing Barnum did was to change his new midget's name from George Washington Morrison Nutt to Commodore Nutt. Then he dressed the kid in a Naval uniform, dripping with gold braid, took him to Washington and barged into the White House.

"I'd like to see President Lincoln," Barnum said to a man at the door.

"What for?" The man at the door looked down at Commodore Nutt.

"I think perhaps the President might like to get his mind off affairs of State for a few minutes," said Barnum. "Just tell the President that P. T. Barnum is here." Such was the power of the showman's personality that the message was relayed to Lincoln. Honest Abe, who had heard about Shady P. T., laughed and ordered Barnum and the midget shown in.

Walking into the President's office, Barnum strode forward and offered his hand. The Chief Executive grasped Barnum's hand warmly, then looked down at Commodore Nutt. "Here, Mr. President," said Barnum, "I'll give you a better look at the young man." With that, Barnum lifted Nutt up on Lincoln's desk.

"What will I tell the newspapers you think of the commodore?" Barnum asked Lincoln.

"You can say," replied Lincoln, "that you have an attraction that should win you many friends and make you a fortune."

"Thank you, Mr. President," said Barnum, bowing out and taking Nutt by the hand. "*Thank* you."

In springing Nutt on the public after the send-off at the White House, Barnum hit an incongruous note. Although the commodore's natural habitat would seem to have been a ship, Barnum displayed him in the museum riding around a small circle in a coach shaped like a half walnut and drawn by two Shetland ponies.

The customers were intrigued by the little fellow but some of them felt gypped. "You ain't nobody," yelled one man, "but Tom Thumb!"

"And you ain't nobody," snapped back Nutt, who had a sharp tongue, "but a damned big fat head!"

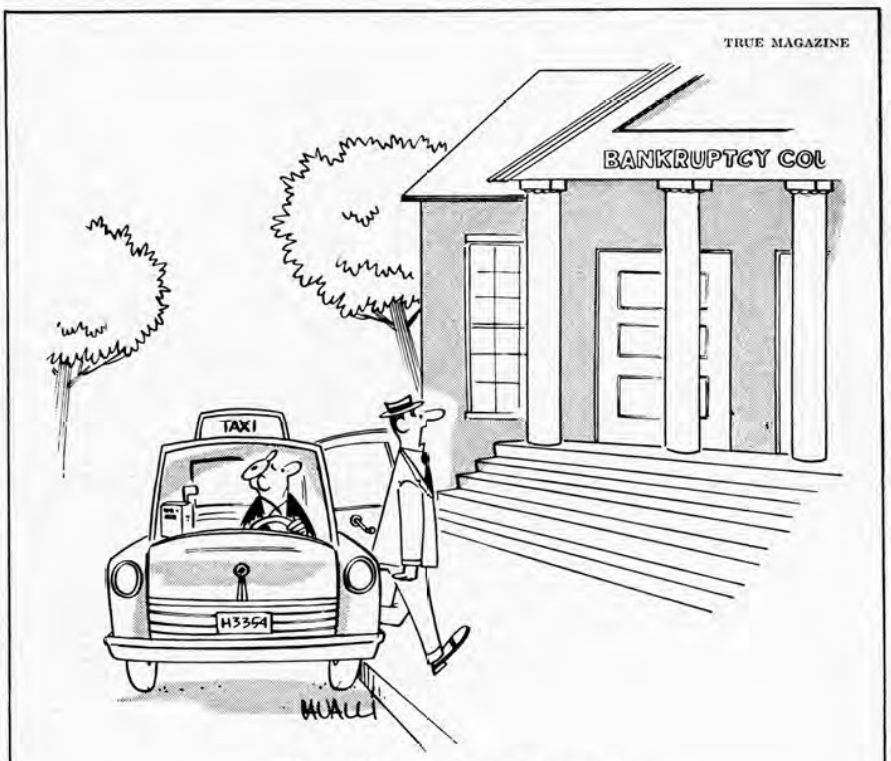
Barnum pricked up his ears at the remarks of the suspicious customer. He dashed to his office and, assuming the mantles of Taxpayer, Citizen and Curious, got off letters to the newspapers suggesting that Commodore Nutt was in reality nobody other than Tom Thumb. The letters, raising just the kind of inconsequential question that the public considers vital, touched off a city-wide debate and the museum portals were stormed again by mobs.

After skimming the cream off the controversy, Barnum went up to Bridgeport to see the real Thumb and said he thought it would be a great idea if Thumb and Nutt both rode around in that half walnut. Thumb liked the idea and so did Nutt.

When the two little fellows met in Barnum's office at the museum they took an instant dislike to each other. "God, but you're fat!" said Nutt. "You're just a damned nothing at all," Thumb told Nutt. "Keep your fresh mouth shut or I'll knock your teeth down your throat," said Nutt. And Thumb knew Nutt could do just that.

The two midgets used to get into violent arguments as they rode around the circle in the half walnut. The customers, who were none too bright, finally handed down their verdict. Nutt was Thumb and Thumb was an impostor. Thumb left Nutt to ride around in the walnut all by himself and went back to Bridgeport to brood.

Shortly after Thumb left the museum, Barnum had another piece of luck. One of his scouts turned up a *female* midget—and a perfect little doll she was, too. Her name was Mercy Lavinia Warren Bumpus of Middleboro, Massachusetts. She was just 21 years old, 24 inches tall and weighed 20 pounds.



"You might as well come in, too."

HOW BARNUM TOOK THE SUCKERS

She was nothing less than a perfectly-proportioned, ravishing brunette beauty in miniature.

W-e-l-l-! When Barnum chopped off the little lady's first and last names and put her on display at the museum as Lavinia Warren, Father Knickerbocker took her to his big, soft, fickle heart. Lavinia Warren became the toast of the town.

Commodore Nutt, approaching his 18th birthday, fell in love with Lavinia. Barnum asked him what he planned to do about the way he felt. "I'd like to ask her to be my wife, Mr. Barnum," said the commodore. "Leave things to me," said Barnum, the publicity wheels beginning to grind in his head. "Just leave everything to me."

Barnum went up to Bridgeport and called on General Thumb. "General," he said, "do you know what you should do?"

"No, Mr. Barnum, what?"

"Get married."

The general drew on a cigar and dropped into deep thought. "You know," he finally said, "I've been thinking of that for some time. But no regular-sized girl will have me and I'd rather stay single than get married to one of them giants."

"I've been thinking of the perfect mate for you, general."

Thumb searched Barnum's countenance. "You mean Lavinia Warren?"

"Yes, Lavinia Warren."

When General Thumb arrived in town and headed straight for the museum to get a knock-down to Lavinia Warren, Barnum saw to it that Commodore Nutt was in another part of the building. The meeting between Thumb and Lavinia took place in Barnum's office. Thumb, an oily little character, bowed from the waist, took Lavinia's hand and kissed it. "Enchanted," he murmured. "Enchanted." Lavinia blushed prettily and Barnum beamed.

Lavinia had no sooner left Barnum's office than Thumb said, "Mr. Barnum, it's all settled. I've got to marry that girl."

Barnum, the old tattletale, rushed to Nutt. "Gosh, Commodore," he said, "I don't know what we'll do. That fellow Thumb has just been here and I think Lavinia's falling in love with him."

Nutt, trim and in good shape, went on the prowl for Thumb, who was bloated with the good life. He found him in a remote corner of the museum, talking to Lavinia. Nutt didn't do anything but wade into Thumb and beat the living daylights out of him.

Barnum had pulled the strings well. His three little people had behaved like puppets. So he released the story of the triangle among the midgets to the newspapers. In a couple of days the whole town was talking about the triangle and the museum was stormed again by people who were curious to lay eyes on the little girl who was the apex of the triangle.

One week end, Barnum had Lavinia up at Bridgeport as his house guest. Thumb followed the girl and proposed to her in Barnum's home. Barnum sent the announcement of the engagement to the newspapers and talked Thumb into appearing jointly with his betrothed at the museum. The Lovers were the greatest attraction Barnum was ever to have. They drew $3,000 at the box office one day.

The wedding of Tom Thumb and Lavinia Warren was solemnized at Grace Church on February 10, 1863, and the whole town tried to get a gander at the newlyweds. Several members of Congress and a glittering array of society stuffed-shirts witnessed the ceremony. Gifts poured in from the Astors, the Vanderbilts and the Morgans. President Lincoln sent Thumb and his bride a little fire screen.

The couple spent their bridal night at the Metropolitan Hotel, but what was accomplished became a matter of conjecture because the curious jammed the street outside the hostelry all night long, demanding, and getting, personal appearances of Thumb and his wife from the balcony of their suite.

A couple of days after the wedding, Barnum and the newlyweds went to Washington. There they called on President Lincoln. The President was quite taken up with the bride because, he explained to her, she reminded him so much of his wife.

After the marriage of Tom Thumb and Lavinia Warren who popped up but a sister of Lavinia's—another doll of a girl, aged 20 and named Minnie. Commodore Nutt promptly fell for the sister of the girl he had lost and proposed marriage. But Minnie, thinking the commodore fickle, wanted no part of him.

Tom Thumb and Lavinia Warren had one child, a girl who weighed about 5 pounds at birth. The baby died at the age of 2½ from inflammation of the brain. Thumb died at the age of 45.

After her husband's death, Mrs. Thumb married an Italian dwarf, a cocky and repulsive squirt known as Count Primo Magri. Magri thought he was marrying a bundle but got the disappointment of his life. Thumb, who had assumed lavish tastes, such as yachts and horses, had left his widow very little. The count and Lavinia wound up keeping a general store for automobile tourists in her home town of Middleboro, Massachusetts. There Lavinia Warren died in 1919 at the age of 78.

After marrying off Thumb and Lavinia Warren, Barnum once again retreated to Bridgeport. Now he began to sink his money in Bridgeport real estate. He was luckier this time. He integrated himself into the future plans for the city. The result today is that some streets of Bridgeport, wide and tree-lined, are among the most beautiful in the East.

Always anxious to do anything to keep his name before the public, Barnum embraced politics as a sideline. He served several terms in the Connecticut legislature. It was at this time

"No thanks. . . . I'm driving."

in 1865 that he one day received news that his museum had suddenly burned to the ground. Oddities and rareties, worth possibly half a million dollars, which he had collected from the four corners of the world were completely destroyed. However, no person was injured. Thousands of New Yorkers crowded to the scene, one of the city's most spectacular fires.

Although we associate Barnum's name with the circus, it wasn't until P. T. was 60 that he became interested in the Big Top. It came about when, in 1870, a couple of well-to-do showmen—veterans named Coup and Costello—called on him with a proposition. "Mr. Barnum," said Coup, "we'd like you to join us in staging a circus."

Barnum questioned Coup and Costello at length. He found them to be sound men who thought pretty much as he did. Then he said, "Gentlemen, I'll join you on one condition: that we put on the biggest circus there is."

Barnum got up and began to pace up and down as the wheels in his head gathered speed. "Yes," he said, his voice increasing in volume, "our circus will be the biggest. It will in fact be the greatest."

P. T. stopped and his face lighted up. "That's it!" he said. "That's what we'll call our circus—*The Greatest Show On Earth*!"

The Greatest Show On Earth opened under a tent in Brooklyn one fine day in April 1871. It was a one-ring affair, with the spectators seated on crude wooden benches that graduated upward. Barnum, sporting swallow tails and top hat, appeared as ring-master. He was an agile old boy and he was in fine voice as he rode around the ring standing in a carriage, bellowing introductions to acrobats, a new midget named Admiral Dot the Elderado Elf, his old giant friend Colonel Goshen, a troupe of Swiss bell ringers, Ann Leake, the armless woman, and Esau, the Bearded Boy. But Barnum kept telling the spectators that they hadn't seen anything yet.

The stars of the first *Greatest Show On Earth* were the latest products of Barnum's imagination—a group of Negroes, about a dozen in all, whom Barnum called the Man-Eating Cannibals from the Fiji Islands. The man-eaters, who were tall, fierce-looking men, probably natives of the South, were dressed in loin cloths and sandals. They were on foot and Barnum lined them up behind his carriage. Then he cracked the whip and the carriage began to move around the arena, the fake cannibals following it in a dog trot.

"There's nothing to be afraid of!" Barnum kept shouting to the spectators. "Now everybody just keep calm—perfectly calm!" Occasionally, P. T. would reach into the back of the carriage and brandish a big shotgun. "Don't be afraid," he'd bellow. "I'll fire if a single one of them makes a move to come near you!"

Around and around went Barnum's carriage, with the men dogtrotting after it. Barnum kept yelling to the spectators to keep calm, that he would shoot before any of them were eaten. In ten minutes the place was on the verge of a panic.

Aware that he had gone far enough, Barnum got the men out in a hurry. Then he called for some bareback riders. The bareback riders quieted things down.

Costello and Coup took Barnum to task for scaring the spectators. "Gentlemen," said Barnum, "you just don't understand crowd psychology. People like to be scared. Why, they'll go home and tell their friends what a wonderful time they've had at the circus."

That night, just as Barnum predicted, word about the man-eaters had spread throughout Brooklyn and seeped over into Manhattan. Next day, and for several weeks thereafter, *The Greatest Show On Earth* was a sell-out. Nightmares or not, everybody wanted to go to the circus.

Barnum's cannibal-fake paid off so beautifully that Barnum and his partners put the show in wagons and hit the road. It played up and down the Atlantic Seaboard until the leaves began to fall. The total take for the first season was almost half a million dollars.

That winter, Barnum went to Europe to scout talent—acrobats, educated horses, bareback riders and fat women and thin men.

While in Germany he received a cable notifying him of the death of his wife. Phineas and Charity had traveled a long road together. Their daughters were now grown up and married. There was not time for him to get home to the funeral. He spent three days in his hotel room grieving. And then as soon as he could, he packed up and returned to America.

Next season, Barnum added something new to the circus—an extra ring. This was the first two-ring circus in existence—the forerunner to the present-day three-ring-plus affair. Barnum's thinking in introducing two rings was that a spectator, trying to keep up with everything that was going on, would be so busy shifting his attention from one ring to the other that he wouldn't have time to realize that some of the stuff that was going on in both rings wasn't worth looking at. Thus the sucker would think that he had been given something extra and go out and talk it up.

Barnum put on practically the same show the second season as the first, including the fake man-eaters, and almost doubled the take with the two rings and word-of-mouth advertising from the previous season.

During the winter between the close of the second season and the opening of the third, Barnum suggested to Coup and Costello that the circus should travel by rail instead of in wagons.

"But think of the expense!" yelled Coup. Barnum sat down with pencil and paper and began to figure things out. "Actually," he pointed out, "rail travel is cheaper than wagon travel. Look at these figures here." What Barnum was proving was that the speed of rail travel, enabling the circus to play more stands in one season, would more than offset the increased cost. So the circus traveled by rail from then on.

Barnum and his partners were strolling along Madison Avenue in New York one fine Sunday afternoon when, at the corner of Twenty-seventh Street, P. T. became fascinated by the abandoned terminal of the New Haven Railroad.

"Gentlemen," he said to his partners, "what a wonderful spot this would make to open our circus each year."

Coup and Costello, knowing they would have to foot the bill, exchanged glances.

"I have it!" said Barnum. "We can build a huge structure here for boxing matches and every kind of entertainment—and the circus can open here each spring. We can call the place Madison Square Garden," he said. "Buy the property, gentlemen, get an architect and start building. I'll go to Europe and hunt up some new attractions."

Everything was set for the first circus to open at the original Madison Square Garden when Coup and Costello found Barnum uneasy. The project, he pointed out to his partners, lacked something. "But don't worry," said Barnum. "I'll think of something."

What Barnum thought of was to have the President of the United States—Ulysses S. Grant—present at the grand opening. So the big show opened with the President of the United States sitting in a flag-draped box with Barnum alongside of him.

The first circus in the Garden was run-of-the-mill stuff—acrobats, clowns, wild animals in cages, and horses, horses, horses. But by now there was a certain magic aura about everything that Barnum touched. Madison Square Garden and the circus caught on in a big way—a status it maintains today when, gobbled up by the Ringling boys, it opens its tour each spring in the new and bigger and greater Madison Square Garden.

When Barnum was 70 and had moved into big-time circus business, there were several other circuses going around the country. Most of them were broken-down one-ring affairs but one of them bothered Barnum—an outfit operated by a couple of men named Cooper and Bailey.

Cooper and Bailey's outfit, which was almost as big as Barnum's, also traveled by rail. And a good thing, too. Traveling by wagon, as most of the circuses were doing, had become hazardous. It was the practice of one circus to burn a bridge

crossing a stream along the main highway so that a rival circus couldn't follow it into the same territory.

But Barnum and Cooper and Bailey were above that; they satisfied themselves by trying to cut each other's throats by nasty publicity. Barnum finally hit upon what he considered a master stroke in dealing with Cooper and Bailey. He sent snoops around to the Cooper and Bailey outfit to learn in advance what the Cooper and Bailey route would be. Then he hustled advance men along the itinerary with big signs reading:

WAIT FOR BARNUM

It was natural that Barnum and Bailey should get together. The union was hastened when Barnum quarreled with Coup and Costello.

So Barnum and Bailey, brought together in a New York hotel room by an intermediary—at Barnum's suggestion—could hardly have been less alike. Barnum, at 70, was big, genial, resonant of voice, splendid of attire, a daring thinker and well preserved for his years. Bailey, who was only 33, was a small, thin, squeaky-voiced little go-getter. His real name was McGinnis, but his parents had died when he was young and he had been brought up by a man named Bailey, whose name he had taken. He had been in carnival work until he had gone into the circus business.

There was one thing that both Barnum and Bailey quickly understood at their first meeting. They were so opposite in nature that they would get along fine. Barnum had the name, the go, and the imagination. Bailey was the business man—the one who would keep things in line. So they decided to team up.

And so Barnum became the principal attraction of the Barnum & Bailey Combined Shows. The old boy opened each performance by riding around, standing up in a flashy coach drawn by eight horses, smiling to the audience, waving his top hat. Then he got the show off winging by personally introducing the acts while Bailey stood in the wings biting his fingernails and counting the house.

Barnum was 72, and going strong as ever, when he hit upon the idea that has today become synonymous with the circus. Barnum told Bailey it would be a great stunt to get hold of Jumbo, the tallest elephant in captivity. Jumbo had for several years been the property of the Royal Zoological Gardens in London.

Bailey was against the idea. "Why?" asked Barnum, genuinely surprised.

"Because," answered Bailey, "Jumbo is the favorite of every child in the British Empire. If we ever attempted to take Jumbo out of England the reaction over there would be terrible."

Barnum was beaming. "That's exactly what I have in mind," he said. "Why, we might use Jumbo to create an international incident!"

Bailey was still against taking Jumbo out of England. But Barnum laughed him out of it and went ahead anyway. He entered into undercover negotiations with the Royal Zoological Gardens and bought Jumbo for $20,000. Then he released the news to the papers. The howl that went up in England was just as Barnum had anticipated—something fierce.

However, Jumbo landed in New York on a freighter one fine Sunday in April of 1882.

Barnum and Bailey, riding on horses, led Jumbo through the streets of old New York. A joker in the crowd slipped Jumbo a bottle of booze and the elephant sucked it up. Barnum was outraged.

"Why," he said to Bailey, "that elephant drinks."

"I could have told you that," said Bailey. "I thought you knew it all along."

During the ride to the Garden, people hanging out of second-story windows and knowing elephants' tastes, held out peanuts for Jumbo. The beast, who could reach almost thirty feet into the air with his trunk, grabbed with delight.

That gave Barnum an idea for one of the greatest posters of his career. It showed Jumbo walking alongside of a three-story house, reaching up to the third story, taking a handout from a lady. The poster read:

JUMBO—THE ONLY MASTODON ON EARTH
WHOSE LIKE THE WORLD WILL NEVER SEE AGAIN
THE GENTLE AND HISTORIC LORD OF BEASTS
THE PRODIGIOUS PET OF BOTH ENGLAND AND AMERICA
A COLOSSUS OF INTERNATIONAL CHARACTER
A FEATURE CRUSHING ALL ATTEMPTS AT FRAUD
THERE IS BUT ONE JUMBO—THE ADMIRED OF MILLIONS
THE TOWERING MONARCH OF HIS MIGHTY RACE
JUMBO—THE UNIVERSAL SYNOMYN FOR ALL
STUPENDOUS THINGS
STEADILY GROWING IN TREMENDOUS HEIGHT AND WEIGHT
GIVE THE LITTLE ONES A LAST RIDE ON THEIR
GIANT, DOCILE FRIEND

Jumbo was a great favorite wherever he went. The roustabouts with the circus, knowing of the beast's liking for liquor, used to slip him whisky and buckets of beer—but never when Barnum was looking.

Jumbo staggered through three and a half years of popularity in this country and Canada. Then one day he was caught between two circus freight cars in Canada and died of his injuries.

As the Eighties moved on, the Barnum and Bailey Show became a fixture in the North, South, East and Middle West. It got bigger and bigger each year, more and more like it is today. Before it hit a town, advance men would appear, scattering passes in newspaper offices and papering the countryside with posters.

Barnum was in his lusty 79th year when he talked Bailey into taking the show to England. "I know a lot of people there," he told his partner, "and we'll be a big hit." And a big hit the circus was. The royal family and the elite of society attended the opening in London and the crowds poured in until the show closed and returned to America.

Then after the circus reopened in the spring of 1890, Barnum had a heart attack in his Bridgeport home. He had never, apparently, thought much about death up to that time. But now, as he lay in bed, at the age of 80, he sensed that the end was near. He called his lawyers and had them read to him a will he had made a few years previously. The instrument, which left everything to his kin, contained one clause that specifically provided that anyone who questioned a bequest be cut out of the will. He set aside $100,000 for the specific purpose of fighting any contests over the will. There was none.

The New York *Sun*, knowing Barnum was dying, sent a reporter to Bridgeport to ask him if he had any objection to the *Sun's* printing his obituary before he actually died.

"Why no," said Barnum. "How can I help you with it?" Against the doctor's orders, he spent several hours giving the reporter a refresher course on his career. He lived long enough to read four columns in the *Sun* about himself.

And then, when the crowd in Madison Square Garden was watching the daring young women on the flying trapeze flying through the air with the greatest of ease, P. T. Barnum quietly died.

Barnum had, during his later years, written his autobiography and peddled the book at the circus. One day a woman who had read the book approached the big showman at the main entrance and said, "Oh, Mr. Barnum, you have no idea how much I have enjoyed reading your life."

"Madam," replied Barnum, beaming, "you have no idea how much I have enjoyed *living* it."—**Alan Hynd**

A True Book-Length Feature

☆

THIS funny life

The farmer for whom I worked was showing a prospective buyer an old hack horse. "It may not be a thoroughbred," he said, "but this horse has been bred in the best military tradition."

After a little more sales talk the deal was consummated. But a few days later the buyer returned with the horse and angrily shouted at the farmer, "It's impossible to get this horse to move any faster than at a slow trot. I thought you said he was bred in the best military tradition."

"So he is," replied the farmer calmly. "He'd rather die than run."

—Edward Houghton
Waterville, Iowa

My neighbor and I met in the bus on our way home and I complained about having to raise some money to pay an insurance premium.

"That's one thing I don't have to worry about," he said. "I've never had a dollar's worth of insurance in my life."

"But you told me you were in the Army four years," I said puzzled. "How did you ever avoid all those Army high-pressure National Service Life Insurance drives during all that time?"

"Well, you see," my neighbor explained. "I was the insurance officer."

—Dan Thackery
Birmingham, Ala.

The guest of honor at our annual club dinner was a much decorated war veteran who had been elected to public office. He was asked how he liked politics. "It's much tougher than the front lines," he replied. "At least out there all your enemies wore identifying uniforms."

—Jerry Hafney
La Porte, Texas

☆

My wife was busy in the kitchen when my 6-year-old daughter interrupted her. "Why are you making so much food?" she asked.

"I'm having the girls in for bridge this afternoon, dear," my wife answered.

"You mean, Mommy, those girls with the grandma faces?"

—Rae Took
Vancouver, B. C.

One of the few things I remember from my year at college happened in my French class. The professor called on a student to translate a lengthy passage from a classic. We all knew that the guy hadn't done his homework and wasn't prepared but he took a crack at it anyway. Reading from the book, he hesitatingly translated, " 'I fell to the ground humbly and clasped her by the knee'—and that's as far as I got, Professor."

When the laughter died down, the professor, with a straight face, said to him, "For your information, that's as far as the man in the book got, too."

—Les Templer
Omaha, Neb.

An acquaintance of mine does it every time when he plays poker. If he wins a few hands and gets ahead he announces he has to go home and get some shuteye.

The other night he tried to pull it again. After winning his third big pot in a row he started yawning ostentatiously and inquired: "What time is it?"

The fellow on my left cast an appraising eye on the pile of chips in front of the winner. "At a rough guess," he remarked wearily, "I'd say it's about $8.75 past your bedtime."

—Parke Cummings
Westport, Conn.

Early this year, an ad appeared in the *Wall Street Journal* which read: "Middle-Aged Woman will share her Public Utility with a good manager."

—Brian Colvay
Union City, N. J.

My brother-in-law is one of those dopes who can't resist any opportunity to show-off how smart he thinks he is. I had taken him to see the Bears play the Rams and while waiting for the game to start, he overheard the man sitting in front of him complain about the impossible parking situation. Joining in the conversation, he boasted that he had the problem licked and then went into details. Six months previous he had received a ticket for parking next to a hydrant, which he never paid. Now, whenever he was stuck for a parking spot, he'd just pull up beside a hydrant, attach the old ticket and go on about his business. Any cop seeing the already tagged car wouldn't bother with it.

The man sitting next to my brother-in-law joined the conversation then and observed that it was very clever but he didn't see how anyone would have the nerve to do it.

To prove his bravery, and that he wasn't lying, my brother-in-law pulled the old ticket out of his coat pocket.

Without a word the stranger produced a police shield, and after the game loudmouth paid a $50 fine.

—Pete Fontanna
Chicago, Ill.

I was one of the policemen sent to put down a near riot that had broken out in a tough waterfront saloon. When our patrol car arrived, everyone in the joint was flailing away with fists, bottles and chairs—that is, everyone but a mild-looking man who stood at the bar unconcernedly drinking a glass of beer. When we finally restored order, I remarked to the man how lucky he was that he hadn't been hurt.

"I knew I was perfectly safe," he replied. "You see, I owe money to everybody in the joint."

—Thomas Orr
New York, N. Y.

TRUE pays $50 for each of these true, humorous anecdotes. They must be original, not previously published, preferably taken from your own experience. Payment is made on acceptance; if you do not hear from your submission within four weeks, consider it rejected. None can be acknowledged or returned. Address True Magazine, Fun Editor, 67 West 44th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

ALL ABOUT TOBACCO... INCLUDING SEVERAL REASONS WHY

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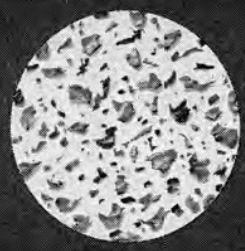
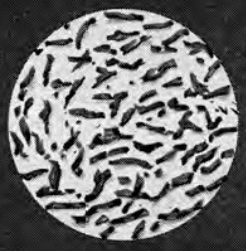
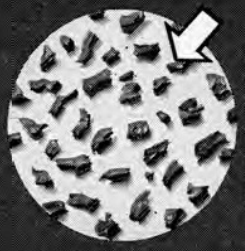


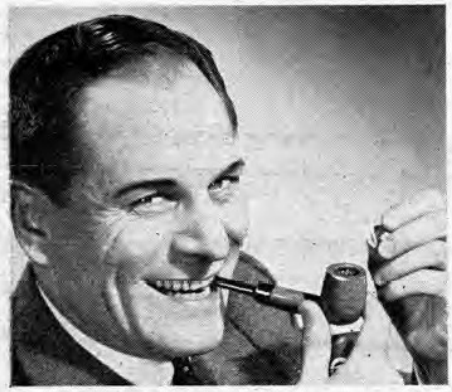
Some brands give you shorts and bits which burn like tinder—fast and hot.



Others give you fine-cut shreds — good for cigarettes, but not so good for pipes.



Only Edgeworth gives you slow-burning "chunks" made for pipes and pipes alone.



Edgeworth's Way with White Burley Has Never Been Equalled

Your true tobacco expert will tell you that white burleys are the world's coolest smoking tobaccos. Edgeworth is a blend of white burleys only—aged like fine wine, for years. Of course, other tobaccos use white burley too—but nobody yet has found out just how to blend and process tobacco to give it the even-burning, cool-smoking character that Edgeworth "Ready-Rubbed" has maintained.

What "Ready-Rubbed" Means to Your Smoking Pleasure

Old time smokers knew the secret of cool, even burning. They carefully "hand-rubbed" their tobacco until it crumbled into chunks of just the right size. Now Edgeworth does all this for you *before* the tobacco is packaged. An ingenious exclusive process "ready-rubs" Edgeworth into chunks that pack *right* in your pipe, giving you a cool, leisurely smoke with never a touch of tongue bite.

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FOR A COOL MIXTURE TRY HOLIDAY

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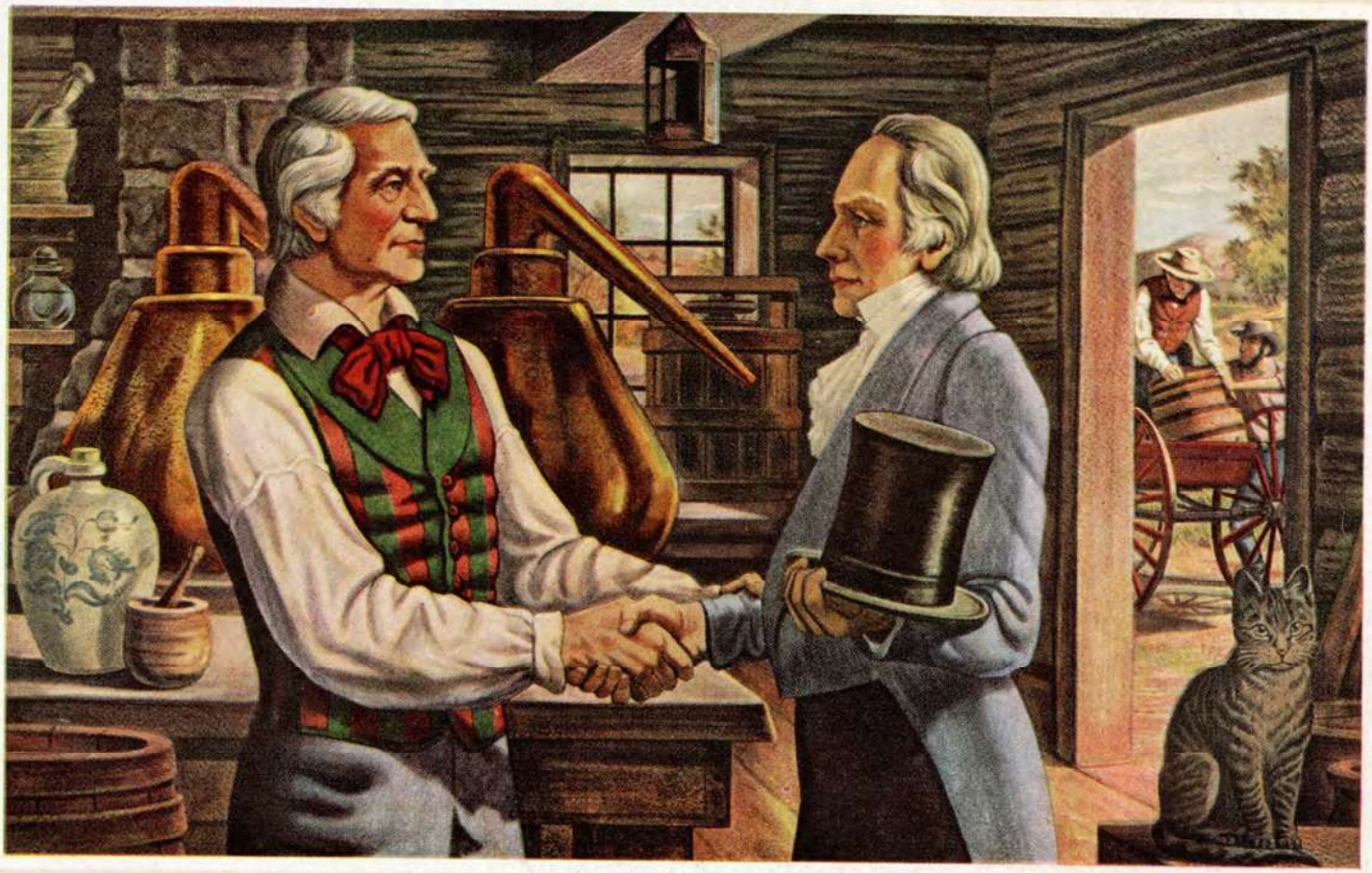

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